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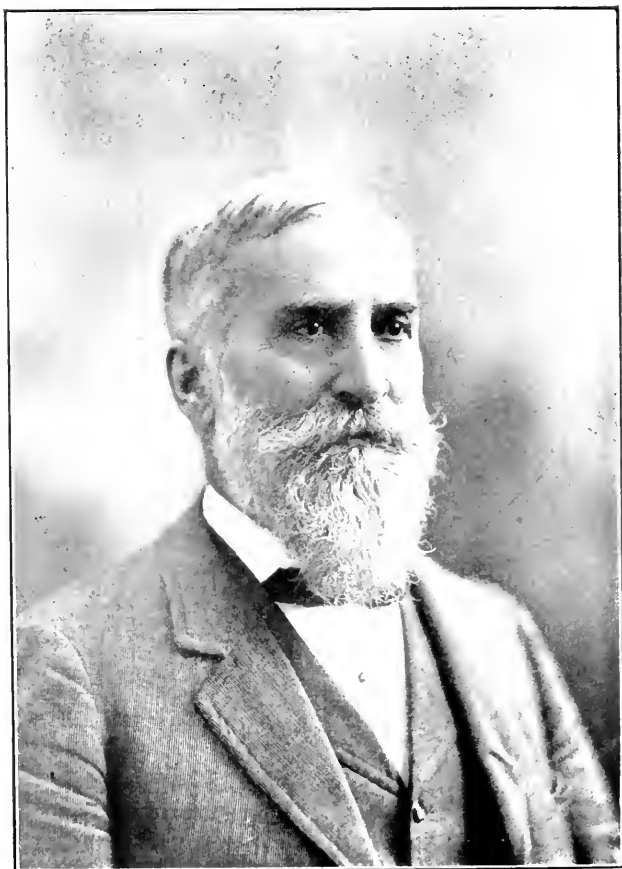


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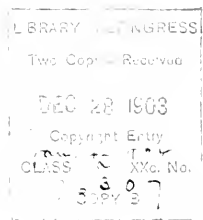
Yankee Jumbles

*or, Chimney Corner Tales of 19th
Century Events, Comprising
Subjects of Fact, Fun and Fiction.*

By F. T. IVES



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INTRODUCTION.

THINKING it possible that an apology may be due to the public for imposing upon them such a work as is to follow, a brief explanation is perhaps in order for doing so. The present generation talk of the great changes and improvements that have occurred in the last fifty years, which is about as far as the general public can make comparison. It is not the purpose here to review and recount the numerous inventions and discoveries of the last half century, but, to go back one hundred years and compare the customs and habits of the people with the present condition of the country, the character of its population, the way they lived and the various odd and quaint characters so common the early part of the last century. A brief notice of Indian remnants and last traces of negro slavery, a casual review of the social, religious, political and military habits of seventy-five to one hundred years past, it is hoped will furnish a few hours' enjoyment to peruse. The state of society and methods of living, the commencement of the nineteenth century were as different from the present as the use of the scythe and cradle were to the modern mowing machine and reaper. The percentage of men living whose memories run back approximately three score years and ten is very small, and rapidly growing less. It will be but a few years

when a large part of the precious information gained from reading this book would be lost, if the present is not employed to preserve such a heritage to the human race. Genealogies are mostly of local interests, unless the subjects are of world wide notoriety like Adam, Moses, Samson, Mark Twain, Carrie Nation and others of like repute. It is hoped this work will not be confined by lines of latitude or longitude, but that instructive food may be gathered from these pages in all climes, and light be shed to illumine a world lying in darkness. There is to be no windup with a wedding or funeral; there are no tales of woe, intended to lacerate hearts or to fill eyes with scalding tears. While there may be many silly things to incur the disapproval of some, it is hoped there may be enough of interest to encourage the reader to give the work as a whole a merciful criticism. While some may enjoy this and others that, it must take its chances as did the specimen work of the painter, that pleased nobody and everybody.

It is the writer's firm belief that with the apparent lack in those times of what are now esteemed comforts and luxuries, people enjoyed more of life to the square inch than at the present day. Those who live in our back hill towns and valleys are to-day happier as a class, with less anxieties, rivalries, jealousies and perplexing cares than the residents of Fifth Avenue in New York, or the proud tenants of Beacon Hill in Boston. With a comparatively new country covered largely with its virgin forests abounding in game, and streams alive with the choicest fish, with the finest sea food in

abundance close at hand, a profusion of staple fruits and nuts, with a strong, hardy population of men and women, rearing large families to mingle, and looking out over a field offering new enterprises in every direction, there is little doubt that the opening of the nineteenth century had a greater measure of hope and enjoyment, than it is reasonable to expect with the crowded and conflicting interests that confront us at the threshold of the twentieth.

It is not presumed these tales will take a place in classical literature, as that is not the aspiration of the writer, or that Shakespeare, Milton, Holy Writ or Gulliver's Travels will be entirely discarded for the truths abounding in this volume. Like the ones mentioned there may be some chronicles that to those skeptically inclined may look slightly fictitious. As we are told that variety is the spice of life, it is hoped the reader may find enough in the succeeding pages to relieve any charge of monotony, with the diversity of Indians, negroes, characters, history, biography, poetry, anecdotes and general assortment of subjects good, bad and indifferent to make up this conglomeration of

“Sense and Nonsense.”

YANKEE JUMBLES.

INDIANS.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century there were a few straggling Indians left of the old tribes roving about the state, very few of them single, but generally an Indian with his Squaw, and frequently with some Indian boy with a bow and arrow. This boy served somewhat the purpose of a monkey with an organ-grinder to aid them in obtaining resources to supply themselves with rum, or cider, the more common drink of the day. This was done by standing up a stick about a yard long stuck into the ground a few yards off with a four pence, ha'penny, or nine pence, in the slot, and sometimes good luck of a quarter at perhaps a greater distance, which the youngster was to shoot at and knock out of the slot, thus winning the money. They were expert enough to hit the slot with more than half the shots they made.

When only the Indian and his Squaw were roving about, the Squaw always went ahead several rods. She stopped at the houses in quest of food, and to beg cider, and usually to offer for sale some fancy-made, or useful baskets. If any trade was negotiated or not, she usually got the food and cider, but Mr. Indian was always there with her in time to share it.

The only burden he tasked himself with was a good ax to come in service when they discovered in some swamp or wood-lot a black ash or oak tree suitable for basket splints.

In these times any man's liking for cider was likened to that he loved cider as well as an Indian.

The only Indians in the memory of the writer were Sobue and Sequonk. They were both innocent when not filled with cider or some stronger drink. On one occasion, Sequonk was discovered annoying a man's wife to make her draw him some cider. He had her backed into a corner of the room, keeping his arms spread on each side of her so she could not escape until she should promise to draw the cider. Fortunately her husband unexpectedly returned and Sequonk took a well-deserved thrashing.

Sobue was once employed to skin a dog that had been put out in the field; taking the butcher knife he went to skin the dog, and was gone for a long time, when he came back and complained of the job being unpleasant, and asked for a drink of rum to brace his stomach, when he would go back and give the finishing touches. Getting his rum he returned to his task, but being gone so long the man suspected the dog's skin was stolen, and going to investigate, he found the knife stuck in the dog's haunches, and the skin untouched.

They were about the only Indians that tarried over the territory occupied by some of their ancestors, but the stragglers with their Squaws were roving all over the state.

NEGROES IN CONNECTICUT.

Until nearly 1800 slavery had existed in Connecticut, as the writer can remember some who had been slaves, and many children and grandchildren of former slaves. These all proved to be an honest and trusty people, and of their posterity scarcely a remnant exists in the state. The negroes of the present day in our state are almost entirely importations from the South since the war. In certain ways they are a distinguishable type from the old stock of negroes. The old class settled more or less on farms, and were more generally mixed up in country than in town life. Many identified themselves with their former owners. They were of a very gregarious nature, fond of music, social occasions and dancing. As late as the middle part of the nineteenth century you would see an annual order published in several newspapers, noticeable by the picture of a militia man with his gun and accoutrements, underneath which you would read in large letters, "Attention, Battalion, Company so and so, you are hereby ordered to appear on such a day and date, at such a time and place designated, fully armed and equipped with side-arms (which meant the fair sex), for inspection and drill." This meant a general call for the colored community in all directions to gather at the time and place designated with all sorts of instruments of music, refreshments in the way of eatables and drinkables, with their wives and children, for a day of great enjoyment, and winding up with a dance at night, which to witness was worth a trip across the continent.

These dances, or heel and toe performances, on these festal occasions, might properly be classed under the head of genuine "shindigs," being well prepared for with full libations of cider-brandy and Santa Cruz rum during the day. Their programme was not made up of round dancing and quadrilles, as of later years, but of what was termed "country dances," such as Money Musk, Virginia Reel, or the Fisher's Hornpipe, and any style of music that would admit of a regular "hoe-down." Their dancing, too, was no walking around through figures to display elegant dresses or to show off graceful movements, but it was a drumming of heel and toe and a twirling around of big wenches, who were whirled as if they were animated tops. Occasionally an interval would be given to a dozen or more of their experts, both young and old, in which a spirit of rivalry would be exercised to see which could cut up the greatest amount of capers on the floor. These interludes were many times performed for the edification of spectators.

An old negro fiddler of those early days, who frequently fiddled for such occasions, used to remark that after two or three figures the hall smelled like a boar's nest.

Such a condition may be the source of a conundrum that used to be put in the early burnt cork concerts. "Why is a negro never dead broke?" After many guesses, and being given up, the reply was, "Because he always has a scent about him." After the smiles of the audience, some other member of the troupe would say the answer was not correct. Not being able to guess

why, the answer was, "The scent was not a good one."

For a long time, until recent years the colored community recognized the authority of one of their number whom they called "Governor," selected for his wisdom and physical strength. Whether this test was made the same as with mules when brought together into an enclosure, settling the question of which is the best mule by several hours spent in kicking each other to ascertain which is the best kicker, is unknown. It does not take long for the best mule to develop, when he can walk serenely through the drove and all who have had a taste of his heels pass complacently out of his way.

So this "Governor" dictated from his headquarters which for many years was in the town of Derby, where these military demonstrations were to be performed.

This order of negroes having become almost entirely extinct, such a call for such a training has not been issued for nearly fifty years.

Among the slaves in Connecticut were two negroes by the name of Chatham Freeman and Cato Barker, the former, I just remember, was always known as Chat and the latter Cato. Both were born in Africa and captured by slavers when young and brought to this country. Chat claimed to remember distinctly the day he was stolen, and how he begged to be released to his mother, being only about five years old. He promised if they would let him go to bring his playmate Cato, which he did, expecting thereby to gain his own liberty, but failed to obtain the freedom of either. He used to tell that for awhile they expected they would be

killed and eaten as he had seen boys devoured by the cannibals, and cautioned Cato not to eat enough to get fat so that they would be in any condition for roasting, but after awhile he found that instead of being fattened they were more likely to be starved, and had to set their wits to work to satisfy their pangs of hunger. On board the ship were large coops of chickens which were so located that Chat could get to them occasionally, and bethinking himself (as many of his successors have), that there was a good relish to chicken, he would slip his hands through the slats and occasionally get a chicken by the head and choke it to death. This dead chicken being found in the coop the next morning, orders would be given to throw it overboard. Chat would make pleas to let nigger eat it, which the officers of the ship readily consented to, saying if nigger wanted to eat dead chicken let him have it.

Chat became quite a favorite aboard ship for his apt and cunning ways. After landing in this country he came into the possession of a family by the name of Yale, and Cato was bought by a Barker family in Wallingford. At the time of the Revolutionary War one of the Yale family was drafted to go into the army, and as a substitute Chat's master promised him if he would take his son's place and serve until the end of the war he should have his freedom. This offer Chat accepted, and served until the termination of the war, after which he returned to Meriden to spend the rest of his days.

A slave girl by the name of Rhea obtained a warm spot in Chat's heart, and to obtain her freedom he

served a second term similar to that of Jacob in obtaining Rachel. But there was no kind mother in Rhea's case to ameliorate Chat's waiting years by the substitute from time to time of maid-servants as a reward for Chat's faithfulness and patience. After serving his time for Rhea, they were duly married and lived happily together to quite extreme old age. The fruit of this marriage was one daughter, whose name was Katherine, who on maturity married a colored man by the name of Robert Prinn, the pair being familiarly known as Robin and Katy.

Chat used to entertain his friends by telling some of his army experiences, how when in battle the bullets would come flying through the air "whish, whish," "and make nigger dodge." "When the bullets began to whish faster, some of the white men they dodge, too. General Washington (he said) would ride along and say, 'No dodgey on parade.'" Soon as the bullets began to come again nigger could not help dodging for all General Washington. Chat was an entertaining character with the farmers among whom he worked, usually taking his pay in some product of the farm. When they were measuring out grain on the barn floor, to pay him for threshing, when putting his grain in the measure Chat would begin to hop around on the floor so as to shake the measure down, always asking if they didn't want to see nigger dance? It was generally submitted to for the pleasure of seeing him take a double shuffle, in which performance he was quite expert.

Chat had a peculiar experience with a deacon who had volunteered to help him in the purchase of his

supplies under the pretence of guarding him against being cheated or being taken advantage of. One season after Chat had performed considerable labor for the deacon, he was to receive his pay in pork, which the deacon was to pack for him and deliver in Chat's cellar. When Chat began to use his pork, he found the first layer quite satisfactory, the next layer was very much poorer, and the third made up of feet, skirts, and hocks, and all the poor pieces of the hog, at which discovery Chat became very angry towards the deacon to see how he had deceived and cheated him in his representation of the quality of the pork, so the next morning he hurried to interview the deacon, and arriving at his house, he found the deacon just ready to engage in family devotions, and without any hesitation or delay for the deacon's family devotions, he abruptly inquired of the deacon "where he expected to go to when he died?" The deacon replied that he hoped and expected to go to heaven. "No," said Chat, "Deacon Mitchell (which was the man's name), you will go to hell sure," and then came an explanation about the pork: "any man who packed pork in that way was sure to go to hell." As all slaves who lived in old orthodox families were taken into the church, Chat before the war was enrolled as a member in the same church in which the deacon officiated. Chat made the case so public that the church proposed to him that they have a meeting of the members for the reconciliation of Chat and the deacon, which meeting was held and the hatchet agreed to be buried, after which one of the members of the peace conference remarked to Chat as the diff-

culty between him and Deacon Mitchell was all settled, "and now you promise, don't you, to forgive and forget all that has transpired?" Chat had a little impediment of speech in the way of stuttering and replied that "he w-would p-promise to f-forgive Deacon Mitchell, b-but it w-was m-more than he was able to d-do to f-forget it."

One year the crops were very poor and Chat raised scarcely enough to carry him through the winter and tried to purchase of several neighbors enough to piece out his supplies, but nobody seemed willing to sell. At last he appealed to a man by the name of Yale, known as Uncle Isaac, but Uncle Isaac had no corn to sell; then Chat said to Uncle Isaac, "Supposing you hadn't anything to eat, and you couldn't buy, borrow or beg, would you consider it wicked to steal?" After Uncle Isaac reflected on that question a few minutes he decided to sell Chat enough to help out his wants.

As Chat served as substitute in the Revolutionary War, he became entitled to a regular soldier's pension of \$96 a year. One year on receipt of the \$96 in silver he put it in a bag. On his return home he laid this bag down by the side of a curbless well while he stopped to get a drink of water. Abel, a brother of the Isaac Yale who sold him the corn, was nearby, with whom Chat engaged in a short conversation, during which an old sow (according to the usual custom running at large) discovered the bag of silver dollars in which the pension was put and tried to satisfy her curiosity by rooting it over, in doing which she rooted it into the well. The jingle of the money attracted Chat's attention and the man with whom he was talking, who

went at once for the rescue of the money. After a long effort spent with poles and pails and various other devices they succeeded in recovering ninety-four of the silver dollars, the other two remaining a loss, still probably in the bottom of that well.

Chat's daughter, Katy, was a member of the Baptist Church. On the road to town from Chat's home lived a woman known as "Old Chicken," and as "Granny Guy," who was also a member of the same church. In those times it was customary for the sewing societies to be held at the residences of the families belonging to the church, and all who were so circumstanced as to be able to accommodate a liberal attendance were expected to take their turn in having the society at their house.

This Granny Guy was an eccentric character and lived in rather a shiftless, untidy manner, but had a reputation for a great deal of low cunning and diplomacy, so one day when Katy was on her way to market the Granny called her in for an interview. She said, "Katy, you know you and I both belong to the same church, and other people have the sewing societies at their houses. Now I have been thinking it over that perhaps we were not doing our duty as Christians, and, knowing that you could not very well have the society at your house, I have thought that we might join together and have it here as yours and mine." The plan looked plausible to Katy and from a sense of Christian duty she fell into the trap. The plan was for Katy to come and help Granny put her house in order for the occasion, which Katy consented to do and spent several days in cleaning out all the dirty and filthy holes with which the

Granny's house abounded, and after getting everything once more in respectable shape, with encouragement constantly held out of the credit it would be to them, the whole scheme ended and the society was never held at the Granny's house. This same Granny frequently complained of lack of attention from her minister and of some of her neighbors, and at times on retiring to her bed, she would write on the floor, "I died in a fit," to give evidence of her neglect by friends. One morning her minister made her a brief call while she was preparing her breakfast, which consisted of buckwheat cakes. The minister seeing she was about taking her breakfast, excused himself as soon as he reasonably could on that account. As he was about to depart, Granny said, "Why, parson, you are not going without praying with me, are you?" "Oh, certainly not, certainly not, Sister Guy," turning back from the door to perform his parish duty. After reading a brief portion of the Bible, as he was about to kneel in prayer, the Granny remarked that as she had just got her cakes fried, she thought she would eat them while they were hot, and he could engage in prayer at the same time, which arrangement was conformed to, he praying while she ate her slap-jacks.

One amusing feature connected with Katy was her ailments. For several years she was somewhat disabled from performing much labor, her trouble being generally described by Robin as "wandering gout." As Robin worked and visited about the neighborhood, people would invariably inquire how Katy was? Robin would describe her pains and troubles as best he could

and return the compliment, inquiring for the neighbor's health. The neighbor would have pains in the chest, in the side, weak back, headache and various other complicated troubles, and as each one was named over, Robin would say, "Yes, Katy is just so, Katy is just so." Calling on another neighbor and inquiring after her health, the next neighbor perhaps would be troubled with dizziness, nausea, crick in the back, limbs paralyzed, and so on, to every one of which ailments "Katy was just so," and so it would go; no matter how many pains or aches would be enumerated, Katy was always "just so."

The other boy, Cato, captured with Chat, assumed the name Cato Barker from his owner, but was always known as Cato. After obtaining his freedom, Cato married a wench named Mary, who evidently did her full share of the courting. After living some years with Mary, and having no olive branches added to their household, Cato became dissatisfied, and found out that Mary was much older when he married her than she represented, as was evidenced by her having lost most of her teeth, as he claimed, so Cato's affections grew cold towards Mary, and he never shared his bitter bottle nor any other thing which he esteemed to any extent with Mary, who, more or less from his neglect, after a few years died.

Cato had a cabin and several acres of land, and near his cabin was a very large natural apple tree, which was a profuse bearer of apples of good quality and long keepers. This tree was grafted from for a good many years, for quite a section around about, and the name

of the Cato apple became as familiar as a Greening or Baldwin. Cato's resources were not very large, and in raising a pig he was as limited in his supply of food to the pigs as he was to old Mary his wife, and would always complain how "rabbenus" the pig was, would eat a whole green pumpkin at a time and would still squeal and not grow any. When he came to kill him he had not learned the philosophy of sticking a pig so as to cut his jugular vein, and he thought that stabbing him in the side would perform the execution just as well, so he would take it down and stab him anywhere in the belly, and the pig, he said, would squeal the same as he did in the pen, and get up and run. After several attempts by stabbing him, he put an end to that exercise by putting him in a tub of scalding water, drowning him and scalding him at the same time.

After old Mary's death, another wench, known as Nab Griffin, having an eye on Cato's estate, coaxed him into another matrimonial alliance. Nab began to be a terror to Cato, and soon began to tease him to make his will in her favor. After haunting him beyond all endurance, Cato consented to make his will in accordance with her wishes. Going with Nab to a justice of the peace in the neighborhood, he informed the justice that he had come to make his will. Justices in those days were called squires, so the squire asked Cato what disposition he wanted to make of his property. Cato stated that his house and land he wished to give to his dear wife Abigail, and after adding several other small bequests of different articles, called on the squire to read it over. The squire read the different bequests all through down

to the point of signing the will. Cato said: "That's all right, squire; done pretty well, squire, done pretty well," and got up to go. "Well, but," said Nab, "you haven't signed it yet, Cato." "Well," said Cato, "done pretty well this time, done pretty well; I'll come again." But Nab repeats, "You haven't signed it yet, Cato; the will isn't good for anything until you sign it." Cato repeated that it was all right; had done pretty well this time, and would come again, all the time moving off, and Nab had to go off with him, cursing and scolding him as they returned home. Every few months they would return to complete that will; the squire would get out the same copy, read it over as before, Cato would pronounce it all right, with the same assertion that they had done pretty well that time, he would come again, and start for home. After all the attempts of that kind that were ever made, the will was never signed, and Cato's estate reverted to the town.

An old darky by the name of Moseley, who prided himself as Col. Abel Pomp Moseley, used to work about among the different families, and was a first-class cider drinker. When well filled with this beverage it was a great pleasure to him to enumerate his names, making up the diversity of A. P. Moseley, Abel Pomp Moseley, Col. A. P. Moseley, and so on, with a dozen or more variations. It seemed to be a great satisfaction to him that he had such a diversified name. When he went to hoe corn he always placed the jug of cider in the middle of the field to insure a drink on every row.

Another descendant of the old slave stock was Philip

Samson, of Waterbury, Conn., a very honest and trustworthy man, difficult to engage in a quarrel, or to anger in any way, but in case he were so disposed, would have been a very dangerous antagonist. He used to put his hands at each end of a barrel of flour and raise it up to his breast, turn the barrel up endways and balance it on one hand. A conceited fellow, doubting Samson could throw him in a "collar and elbow" wrestle, challenged him for a hold. Samson took hold of him, lifting him up at arms' length, and held him nearly a foot above the ground, kicking the air for the crowd to laugh at for some minutes, then swung him around like an empty pair of pants, finally putting one arm around him, laid him softly on the ground as a gentle nurse would a baby.

A funny old ducky was Jim Robinson, who lived on the mountain between Meriden and Middletown, in a group of huts known as Fiddle City.

On town meeting and training days Jim was always the center of a circle of men and boys, listening to his stories and laughing at his mimicry. One day he put a drove of mules into utter confusion by his deceptive he haws, as they were passing through town. He used to tell of once being on a wolf hunt on the mountain when they found a big hole in which his party felt quite sure was a nest of young ones. One nigger decided to crawl in and get the young whelps, but when he got to them they raised a cry that the mother wolf heard, and came rushing past them and into the hole after the intruder. As she went in another nigger

grabbed her by the tail and held on. The nigger inside became blinded, and sung out, "What's that darky the hole so?" To which the holding nigger replied, "Gorry, I guess you find out if this tail comes loose." Jim soon got hold of the wolf's hind leg and the whole litter was captured.

Then Jim passed the hat for an offering.

A clever darky was old John Cambridge, familiarly known as Uncle Jack. In the school district where he lived was a teacher one season by the name of Richardson, who gained quite a reputation as a mathematician.

Uncle Jack heard of so many difficult problems being solved by teacher Richardson that it created a desire to see where his limit in solutions ended. So Uncle Jack evolved the following problem for the trial.

Meeting Mr. Richardson a few mornings after, he says: "Good morning, Massa Richardson;" with the time of day pleasantly returned by the teacher.

Uncle Jack says: "Massa Richardson, I hear you are great in figures and I got a sum I wants to ax you."

"Ah, ha," says Mr. R., "what difficulty have you encountered that you can't solve; let me hear it and I will try to help you out."

"Well," says Uncle Jack, "it is just this: suppose in that lot," pointing over the way, "there is 9 acres of land, and in the lot is 9 rows of apple trees, and 9 trees in a row; now under every tree is 9 sows, and every sow has 9 pigs."

The multiplication table seemed competent to handle the problem thus far.

"Now," says Uncle Jack, "the question's just begin to come: How many boar pigs would there be?"

Massa Richardson was floored.

FORESTS.

The forests covered a large extent of the country, and wood was the only fuel in use; the timber being made up mostly of hard woods—of hickorys, maples, birches, beeches, chestnuts, butternuts, etc. The nut bearing trees always produced in the greatest profusion, so much so that after the frosts the ground under the oak, walnut, chestnut, butternut and beech trees would always be well paved with a great supply for the people, pigs and squirrels. The people used the shag bark or rough bark walnuts, and the smooth bark trees bore a walnut known as the pig walnut, which was left for their use.

Pigs were allowed to run during the autumn through the woods, in which they obtained their entire living, although it used to be said that some seasons when shack was scarce, the pigs would come in so poor that before they began to feed them for the winter they would have to be soaked a day or two before they would hold swill.

The beechnuts were the favorite nuts of the wild turkey, and from which nut their flesh obtained a very delicate and fine flavor. From the lack of other trees of this species to produce fertilizing blossoms, the beechnut has not for many years filled out its kernel and has greatly depreciated in quality and abundance.

GAME.

The first part of the century a large proportion of the country was covered with its primeval forests. Many thousands of acres that are now cultivated fields had then never known the stroke of an ax. Connecticut was then a paradise for game. The woods were alive with partridge, woodcock, wild pigeons and various other wild game, and the fields were alive with quail, plover and every variety of singing bird known in this country.

There is no State in the Union that has afforded better cover for these games mentioned, that most delight the sportsman, than has existed in Connecticut. In those early days there was no need of dogs to stalk your game, for a man could alone tramp up dozens and scores of partridges, woodcock and quail in the bushes in a few hours. The woodcock were then considered of little importance as a game bird, and were called snipe, while the real snipe, which always lives in the open, living on the marshes and lowlands, was called the shad spirit. Shooting game on the wing was a diversion almost unknown. Partridge were almost invariably caught in snares. This was done by breaking down a lot of bushes and constructing a low hedge several rods long not more than a foot high, and at intervals of two or three rods a clear space made large enough for the bird to run through, and in that space hung a snare braided from the hair of a horse's tail, of which every boy would avail himself of getting a supply when he came across a good long-tailed horse. The partridge

would follow this hedge, never jumping over it, until he came to the open spot in which hung the fatal snare. The flint lock gun of those days did not cultivate the practiced markmanship that has grown up since the days of percussion locks and breech loading guns.

The other great feathered game for the sportsman up to the middle of the century was the wild pigeon, now entirely extinct throughout the United States. It then abounded in millions all over the country, and its roosting and nesting places often breaking down and seriously injuring large tracts of forests.

A very vivid description of their great numbers and how they congregated and their daily flights for hundreds of miles around, in quest of food, darkening the sky like clouds, is given in Audubon's *Ornithology*.

These pigeons in their extended flights each day would find some new feeding ground. If it chanced to be of rye or buckwheat they would fill their crops with what they found first. If on their flights homeward they passed over a field of wheat or any food that they liked better than what they had already taken in, they would stop and disgorge their crops and fill up with preferable food. The markets all over the country would be supplied in the fall season with pigeons more than any other game. The favorite method of capturing them was to clean off a spot of ground two or three rods long and a rod wide, which would be strewn with grain for two or three days, attracting several flocks to feed upon it. When they came in such numbers as to cover this spot almost solid with pigeons, men in ambush would spring a net arranged on one side of this feeding plot

over the whole swarm of pigeons, in which case they would have to jump on to the opposite side of the net with extra weight to prevent the pigeons lifting the net and escaping. In this way, thousands or more would be taken with one spring of the net. Another cruel method when they had no net to spring, was to arrange two rows of poles parallel with each other, about eight inches apart, two or three feet from the ground. The ground being baited as before to attract them, the birds would come and alight on these poles, filling them as thick as they could set, always facing from one pole to the other, so that their heads would cross in the center in a perfect mass. When all the poles were thus filled, the men would be in ambush with their guns in range of this compact line of heads. One firing would commit a terrible slaughter of the poor birds.

Usually, in the month of April, enormous flocks would come from the west, going eastward to the shores of the salt water. For days at a time, flocks of birds, apparently a mile in length, formed in line, would come so rapidly that before one flock was out of sight another would appear to follow.

Men and boys used to go on top of ledges in our mountain ranges during these flights, and shoot at them with their flint lock guns as they passed over their heads in such quantities as to seem almost impossible to miss them, but owing to their rapid flight, their shots would go behind them, not bringing down a bird scarcely once in a dozen times.

This favorite game, once so abundant, owing to the murderous habit of men and boys intruding upon their

nesting and roosting places, and slaughtering them particularly at nesting time, when the firing of guns would not disturb them, and they could even be knocked down with poles in great numbers; and when squabs, from increased weight, would often break down great branches of trees, they would be picked up for marketing by wagon loads. This murderous business has resulted apparently in the retirement of this favorite bird entirely from our country.

BIRD HABITS OF COURTSHIP.

Every game bird has its peculiar habit of courtship. The male partridge in our woods attracts the attention of its mate by getting on to some large log lying on the ground, and running from one end of the log to the other at the same time giving his wings a rapid motion on his sides, making a drumming noise that can be heard for quite a long distance in the woods, thus inviting the presence of his lady friends.

The quail has his season of courtship, and makes his announcement of being ready to receive visits from his feminine friends by sitting on the fences and repeating his favorite note of "Bob White," by which name he is familiarly known.

The woodcock has the most peculiar habit of all. While always living in the bushes and under cover, in its mating season in early spring, just before nightfall they will fly out into the open. After alighting on a smooth pasture ground for a moment they utter a pouting sort of noise sounding like "Woork-wape" a dozen

times, then they start on an eccentric flight, making a regular spiral circle, twenty-five or thirty rods in diameter, soaring so high until the chickering of their wings cannot be heard. Then they commence a descent, diving in zig-zag directions, at each one of which they utter a peculiar noise like "weecher, weecher, weecher, weecher," the noise increasing in volume as they come back, scarcely ten feet from where they started. Then uttering the same note of "Woork-wape" a few times, as when they came out, and repeating those same eccentric flights several times. This habit of coming back used to be taken advantage of by boys and pot hunters to shoot them on the ground till darkness prevented them from seeing them, as the bird's habit was to return to the bushes after a few flights.

The last bird to notice will be the jack snipe, whose mating and nesting habits are somewhat similar to the woodcock, which bird, having an exceedingly long bill, evidently confounded one for the other in name.

Their habit was to fly high in the air from marshy grounds at nesting time during dark and foggy days. After attaining a great height in the air they would make a succession of plunges in which their wings would make a noise similar to the whinneying of a young colt; not usually being visible, and from the fact that they appeared in the shad season, they were called shad spirits.

Aside from these game birds named, the woods and fields abounded with hawks, crows, owls, pigeons, wood peckers of various kinds, yellow hammers, or high-hoes.

larks, herons, cranes, bittern, shikepokes, kingfishers, and a great variety of smaller songsters.

The clearing up of the country by cutting down forests and clearing up hedges, together with the destructive work of mowing machines in our meadows and fields in their nesting seasons, the shot gun employed diligently at all times and seasons, and the demand trimming ladies' hats, has resulted in an almost complete extermination of all this variety of game birds and songsters.

About the only thing left to command the attention of the present generation are the English sparrows, potato bugs and microbes.

Aside from the feathered game, our woods and fields abounded in game chiefly useful for its fur—the fox, the raccoon, mink, muskrat, some otter, and squirrels of all kinds, skunks and woodchucks. Scarcely a stump existed in the woods but what was the residence of a nest of chipmunks or striped squirrel, which is a species of gopher, and has the habit of digging a burrow in the ground with no particle of dirt outside the hole. This is the source of an old story that used to be told of a company of convivial fellows when it was proposed by one of their number that any one asking a question that he could not answer, should pay for the treating of the crowd. Soon one asked the question, "How does a chipmunk dig his hole and leave no dirt outside?" He was called upon to answer it himself. Replying, "The chipmunk began at the bottom of the hole." Another member of the company then asked him, "How did the chipmunk get there?"

That question was left at his disposal to answer, which not being able to do, resulted in his being obliged to pay for the drinks.

SNOWBIRDS.

In Audubon's, and I believe in Wilson's Ornithology, a description is given of the snowbird, assuming that such a specie exists. With all deference to such high authority, this kind of bird must be ignored. The claim that such birds nest and breed in the far north, and make a migration south, to spend the winter in this latitude, is entirely erroneous. In fact, very few small birds exist north of New England.

Fifty years ago and earlier the so-called snowbird could be seen during early winter in large flocks whirling about like the gusts of snow, alighting on the fences and top of drifts. For the last thirty years they are rarely to be seen. You will ask what were those birds. They were our common tree and ground sparrow, or chipping birds of the summer, and the common bluebird, with some other varieties, all of which, in accordance with the habits of every species of birds at certain seasons, gather into flocks. The flocks were always noticeable as being of different sizes and notes.

The reason why snowbirds are so scarce now is the rarity of the aforementioned birds in summer. That the bluebird remains with us through the winter good evidence is in the fact that nearly every year during warm, bright days in February, bluebirds may be seen and heard on trees in the old orchards, but with the

return of a cold wave will go back to their holes in the trees where they had moulted and changed their plumage from snowbirds to bluebirds. This second hibernation will usually keep them from showing themselves again till the warmth of April will allow them to appear in full force to stay and commence early nesting. The reason there are so few snowbirds now is the scarcity of all these small varieties in the summer. Why is this so? I will ask. Nobody kills them for game, and birds of prey grow less and less. With the absence of such agencies to exterminate, why don't small birds increase instead of becoming almost extinct?

FISH.

The streams of Connecticut were probably as prolific of fish food for the table as any part of the country. Every small stream abounded with trout, suckers, eels and smaller fish. Every pond was alive with perch, pickerel, bullheads and sun fish. The rivers were alive with salmon and shad and other numerous small fish. The shad were so plentiful and so cheap that almost every family would buy from one to six or eight dozen fine, large shad, costing five to ten cents apiece to salt down. The favorite Sunday dinner with farmers was a big salt shad, freshened over night, then broiled and served with cream and other trimmings.

Transportation not being as convenient as in more recent times, people would come from quite long distances to the river on horseback, filling large bags with shad and tying the mouths of sacks together and hanging

them across their horses' backs to carry home. It used to be related of men coming from the northern part of the state from the town of Canton, when they were on the way in the spring to the shad fisheries, after the long cold winter with short supplies, people on the way would ask them where they were from. Their reply was given very faintly, "Canton, good Lord." They would spend a few days at the river eating plenty of shad, and on their way home, when questioned in regard to where they were from, they would answer in a very bold, emphatic voice, "Canton, G—— d—— you."

Salmon were very plenty in the Connecticut River, so that for several years when they were hauled in with the shad in the seines, the fishermen would insist that the purchaser of the shad should take for a specified number a portion of salmon, which condition has not existed for a good many later years.

HOUSES.

The houses of these days were of a very uniform appearance, mostly two-story fronts and an entrance in the center of the front, with a large front room on each side of the entrance hall. Back of the two front rooms were usually two bedrooms, between the bedrooms was a long back kitchen. In each front room and in the kitchen were large fireplaces. From the front entrance was a zig-zag flight of stairs landing in a small hall overhead, each side of which was a large front room. Back of these were usually two chambers and a big middle room, which would be over the kitchen. The rear

roof usually ran down to one-story, admitting pantries, cheese room and wash room. This style of house was known as a lean-to roof. The fireplaces in the kitchen were many of them of immense proportions, running from six to eight feet wide. At one side of these, built in some three or four feet from the floor, was a big brick oven with a door large enough in front to put in an abundance of wood for heating it. From this oven a flue went up to connect with the main chimney. To heat this oven, a special pile of wood was always prepared of hickory, maple or beech. After filling the oven with wood, and the fire had burned it down to a mass of coals, these would be spread over the bottom of the oven, then it was ready to receive a baking for the family, which would generally be a half dozen loaves of bread, as many or more pies, a pan or two of pudding, a pan of baked beans and various other things to supply the appetites of the large families that prevailed. The fireplaces were so large as to admit of wood and logs four to six feet long. In fact, it was not uncommon in those old-time fireplaces to receive back logs hauled into the house by horses, logs from a foot to two feet in diameter. In front of this log would be set great iron dogs or andirons. On these dogs would be piled smaller wood, which, when well under way in burning, produced the most cheerful fire that ever a family sat by.

In the ends of the fireplace would usually be hung strings of red peppers, dried apples, with bellows and peal and tongs for light fire work. Set into the jamb at one side were staples, in which swung a crane, on which hung pot hooks and trammels on which to hang

pots and kettles over the fire. Each could be swung to and fro by the crane. Above the crane was usually a bar of iron running across just under the throat of the chimney, called the chimney pole. This was a convenient place for hanging various things to dry, boots, shoes and various other articles.

In those times a friction match, which is now so indispensable an article in kindling a fire, was unknown. The only substitute when fire was lost was a tinder box, a small box adjusted with a flint and steel, with tinder in the box under it, when a stroke of the flint on the steel would throw a spark into the tinder, which for a moment would hold fire. To transfer this to the kindlings was done with strips of pine split up like coarse matches with one end dipped in sulphur. This touched to the live tinder was the first inception of a match to kindle a fire.

In order to preserve fires when the big back log was all aglow and nearly a mass of coals, as it would be about retiring time, the abundance of live hot ashes in the fireplace would be heaped over this log, which would almost always keep an abundant supply of live coals to kindle with in the morning. If this precaution failed to keep the fire, and no tinder box was at hand, the only recourse was to go to a neighbor's and borrow fire. This was usually done in one of the old perforated foot stoves, or between two large chips, between which a good draft would keep a fire long enough to get home with.

Another method of baking was in a tin oven placed in front of one of these glowing fires, in which most of the roasting of sparerib, beef, geese and turkeys was

done. In fact, anything roasted in this way had a superior relish to any other method ever known. In the ceilings of these kitchens were driven large hooks through which were laid poles. These were for hanging up dried beef, strings of apples, chains of sausages and sometimes hams, and were also a convenient place for drying clothes. Cooking stoves were unknown articles, the first being introduced about 1825. The only thing called a stove prior to this time was a plain box stove for mere heating purposes, in stores, schools and saloons. Cook stoves had, when first introduced, no ovens, merely a fire-box with four holes on top, two directly over the fire and two further back. To improve this arrangement was invented a rotary stove which had a fire-box and a revolving frame of iron for the top, in which were four holes varying from six inches to a foot in size. On one side of the stove was a crank attached to a ratchet which ran in cogs on the underside of the stove rim. When they wanted a change of holes or to turn an article away from the fire or onto it, the turning of this crank would revolve everything on top of the stove.

In the construction of these houses the native timbers were almost entirely used, particularly for the frames, which were selected from the woods, scored and hewed by the joiners into sills, beams, posts, and various timbers needed for the construction of a house. Posts and beams were so large as generally to need casing over in the corners of the rooms and crossbeams overhead.

Floor boards, clapboards, mouldings, doors and shingles were nearly all sawed out and planed by hand work.

The cellar walls of the house were rarely laid in mortar, thus exposing the cellar to the cold winter. This was guarded against every fall by banking up the house to the baseboard with leaves, straw and dirt. The chimneys were on a foundation of stone and timber in the center of the cellar, from eight to twelve feet square, and on this foundation the chimneys and fireplaces above were built. The chimney thus being so large took up a large space of the best part of the house. These great chimneys were great breeding places for chimney swallows, who would take quarters in them by the dozen every season.

When their nests became heavy with the young, or from some drenching storm, they would become loosened from the inside wall and fall down into the fireplace, when the greatest pandemonium of noise behind the fireboard would be heard of the chirping and squealing of both young and old.

The fireboard was a battening of boards together and fitted to fill up the fireplace during the summer or its disuse. When a stove invented by Benjamin Franklin was introduced, called the Franklin stove, but merely an iron fireplace set out into the room, the pipe running back through the fireboard was about the first economy of heat in a room.

THE HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

These were of the plainest character. Very few rooms were carpeted and these were home-made almost without exception. A Brussels, tapestry, or ingrain car-

pet was almost unknown except in the cities and among those considered rich. Almost everybody in the country spun their flax and prepared their wool for making their carpets. These were all made in stripes, and looms were common in many of the houses for weaving them. The colors for the stripes were all prepared at home. The yellow stripes were all colored with yellow oak bark, the black with log-wood, the red with Nicaragua wood, pink with cochineal, green with copperas, and these all arranged in stripes to suit the different fancies. Some were filled with coarse yarn and some with rags, cut up in strips and sewed together for a cheaper use. One method of coloring, now quite obsolete, was in what used to be called the dye-pot. This was done in a large earthen pot holding four or five gallons. The dyeing preparation was made up of urine, copperas, and indigo for coloring blue, for which reason this receptacle was usually known as the blue-pot, and was commonly covered with a square board, thus making one seat in the chimney corner for some member of the family and at times would send forth quite a noticeable fragrance. This was the favorite method of dyeing stocking yarn, after being braided tight, when it would come out mixed and mottled blue and white.

WOOD PILES.

The universal fuel being wood, every home had what was termed the wood yard, in which great piles of wood were cut and split and piled up to season in advance for many months' use. This was a necessary precau-

tion to make quick fires in houses that during the severe winters would be intensely cold in the morning. The sleeping rooms were mostly like going into ice houses and to relieve some of the misery of crawling into cold beds quite a free use of warming pans was resorted to. These were commonly made of brass about the size of a domestic tin pan, with a lid, and handle about three feet long, and this pan filled with live coals of fire with the lid closed would be shoved between the sheets long enough to make it feel warm and nice getting into bed.

FIREPLACE FURNITURE.

Several articles were in household use for managing the fires. Every fireplace had its peel and tongs. The small peel was for general use in the fireplace and the big peel was mostly for covering the back log with ashes at night and for putting in and taking out bread, pies, and cake from the brick oven. The big peel, so called, was a flat piece of iron about the size of common letter paper with a handle three or four feet long with which one could reach the further part of the oven.

The frying pan was nearly like the common tin pan with a handle three feet long. In this was done most of the frying of meats, which had to be held over the fire by the long handle. After the meats, eggs, etc., were fried it was then used to fry buckwheat cakes, known as "slap jacks." These were not cooked in small cakes as in later days, but poured in so as to cover the whole bottom of the pan, which would be as large as the largest dinner

plates. The turning of these "slap jacks" was ordinarily done with a broad knife, but many cooks became so expert in turning them that they would toss them up a foot or two high above the open kitchen fire with the reverse side up as the cake came down into the pan. These tricks some became so dexterous in performing that they could toss the cake up over the chimney pole, catching it as it came back.

These pans were a favorite receptacle in which to pop corn. A lump of butter about as large as a butter-nut and about a pint of corn poured into the pan with a tin pan inverted over the whole, then held over the fire until the butter melted and the corn was shaken until it popped so full as to raise the pan. This produced the finest effect in taste of any way that corn was ever popped.

Another important article in the fireplace furniture was the flip-iron. Flip used to be a very favorite drink, being composed of about two-thirds of a glass of beer that had become old and stale with an addition of brandy or Santa Cruz rum to suit the taste.

The flip-iron was a piece of iron half as big as an egg, attached to an iron handle a foot or so long, in the end of which was a ring to hang it up by on one of the jambs of the fireplace convenient when wanted. The flip-iron would be thrust into a bed of coals when needed and heated nearly red hot, when it was plunged into this mixture of beer and rum which would be compounded as the occasion required, by the glassful or pitcherful. The hot flip-iron would set it into a de-

licious foaming condition, at the same time blending the flavors of the mixture.

It used to be told of a man who was arrested for drunkenness, when brought into court, he was asked if he got drunk on brandy, rum, or gin, and if so, where he got the liquor? Giving a negative reply to all the catalogue of liquors named, the justice asked him, "What did you get drunk on?" The man replied it was flip. The justice responded, "Oh, well! That is not so bad; I get drunk on that sometimes myself."

THE MODE OF LIVING.

The table fares were of a very plain, substantial character. The leading article among meats might be said to be pork, which was always packed down by the barrel and considered the standby of the family. Beef was also packed down by quarters and halves, to last through the winter and into the summer, and would consequently be pretty salt and rank before the supply was gone. The other staple salt food was shad.

Speaking of pork being a staple article of food needs perhaps a passing attention. It was considered by many people who were great pork eaters, that hogs raised in this section of the country were superior in eating qualities to such as were raised in the West. Evidence of scrofulous consumption that has wiped out a large portion of the old New England families would hardly justify such a claim for some of the reasons which follow.

It is claimed by authorities that fat pork is the equivalent of scrofula, and that the analysis of the scrofula glands of a consumptive's neck and that of a large piece of fat pork were almost identical. The hogs raised in New England, having but little out-door exercise, were at an early age enclosed in pens of small area, allowing little exercise. The hog-pen is the general receptacle for garbage, dead cats and hens and any offal to be got out of the way. Frequently the privy will be standing on the edge of the pen, and many horse stables were so adjusted as to have their out-heavals into the hog-pen. Here a hog is kept from six to twelve months in a small, filthy pen, with rains pouring into the combination of filth outside in which the hog has to wallow during his whole life. His sleeping accommodations were usually equally limited, and he is fed from a trough in which he gets a combination of sour milk and sloppy dish water, with mixtures of poor brans and grains, many times musty and unfit for any use, scarcely ever seeing or tasting a drop of clear water or having a chance to root in any clean earth; he is stuffed from three to five times a day with all that can be got into him, in strife often with neighbors to see how fat and heavy he can be made. For lack of exercise he has no muscle any more than a cucumber. His blood becomes stagnant and thick as molasses so that when let out of the pen, he often has to be chased around for a time to make a successful flow of blood when they stick him. Many are fed until in their pens they cannot rise on their feet to get to the trough, but swing them-

selves around on their haunches. Nine out of every ten of such hogs twelve months old, when butchered will show ulcerated livers, and it was quite common to see a half dozen ulcers cut out of the liver before sending into the house for the families to eat the rest of it.

That anybody can conceive of anything more unfit for the human stomach to digest, and expect to be healthy on a large amount of diet of this sort, seems impossible. Western pork has this great advantage: hogs run in the fields nearly their whole life, like sheep and cattle, have plenty of fresh earth, fresh air, and fresh water. They have plenty of exercise, feed on roots, and in fields of clover and during the last of their fattening ramble in grain and corn fields. Compared with the Eastern hog, enclosed in pens and crammed until he becomes nothing more or less than a mass of disease, and would die of an ulcerated condition of the liver in a short time without being killed, Western pork has great preference over our Eastern method of production.

In the country where pork is a staple article of food, men are afflicted with face and lip cancers. Shin or fever sores, so called, abscesses in their hips, backs and sides, and during the winter season when eating freely of fresh pork, the farmers used to be rotten with boils. These seem to be the developments of pork eating with men. With women scrofulous sores and tendency to consumption or resulting in breast or ovarian tumors and cancers. If properly grown, pork may be safe to eat in moderate quantities, but the less the better.

DINNER TABLES.

Such a thing as a table cloth was rarely seen except among the best livers and in time of company. A favorite dinner would be called potluck, made up of a liberal piece of pork or corned beef with a large kettle of potatoes, turnips or other vegetables; rye or cornmeal bread with a dessert of apple or "punkin" pies. All liberally washed down with good Connecticut cider with which every cellar was supplied.

Bean porridge was considered one of the most healthful dishes that children could be brought up on. After the first meal had been taken from the pot of beans, water would be added to the remainder and so on for several subsequent meals. One of the evening diversions indulged in was for a couple of boys and girls to sit down facing one another and slapping their hands on their knees, then slapping their hands together, repeating this rhyme:

*"Bean porridge hot,
Bean porridge cold;
Bean porridge in the pot;
Nine days old."*

The bread of New England in the "bean porridge" time was made almost entirely of rye, wheat flour being used chiefly for pastry, and goodies for company. Sweet cider was boiled down as a substitute for molasses in preparing apple sauce, which was stored in tubs or barrels.

DRINKING HABITS.

While cider was the most common drink in the country, yet distilled liquors being very cheap were freely indulged in. Cider mills were very plentiful, there being a dozen where there is one to-day. From the surplus of cider was made cider brandy, which was sold for twenty-five and thirty cents a gallon. Santa Cruz rum was the next common liquor and cost only fifty cents a gallon. The above liquors were of better quality and purity than anything to be obtained at the present for ten times the cost. Everybody drank on all occasions, at weddings the wines were freely served, at the raising and moving of houses and barns, liquors and refreshments were always in order.

An old Baptist minister used to provide for a donation party two vials, as he called them, which were five-gallon demijohns, one with cider brandy and the other with Santa Cruz rum. This old elder did farm work outside during the week, and dispensed the bread of life to a hungry congregation on the Sabbath. He had a son who became a favorite preacher whom the older people used to admit that in preaching he went far ahead of his father, but not so solemn in prayer.

The rendezvous for the older class of men was at the country hotel in the bar-room, where many very jolly and convivial events took place, to be noticed later. In every house was kept a bitter bottle made up of rum and flavored with orange peel, fennel seed, juniper, cardamon, and often a mixture of tansy or wormwood.

The habit of treating was so universal that the parson

in making parish calls would feel neglected if the bitter bottle was not frequently set out, in which case he would go home quite well fuddled.

As a universal beverage, cider was the favorite drink of the country. For the table, for evening entertainments, with walnuts and apples or pop-corn, and for the field hands. Boys would be sent from the fields to get pitchers or jugs of cider during the day's labor, and were taught one lesson when in case the cider was all drank up in the fields by the men so that none was left for the boy, he would be reminded that his place was to drink at the tap.

Some farmers in order to economize the quantity their men would drink would water their cider at the mills. One good deacon who used often to apologize when treating his friends that his cider lacked body, had a very peculiar remedy for this weakness contributed one night by some young men who had been hunting skunks. Having captured four or five small ones, and being near the cider mill where the deacon had several casks in fermentation, one of the young men, knowing the deacon's excuses for the weakness of his cider and lack of body, thought best to prevent such difficulty that season by inserting a young skunk into each cask.

A man who was an inveterate cider drinker incurred thereby a weakness of the eyes. He consulted an old physician of the times to know what he should do for his eyes and the doctor told him it was the result of drinking so much cider, which if he would leave off, his eyes would be well again. His cider drinking continued, however, and again he consulted the doctor for

his eyes, from whom he got the same advice as before. After several interviews, he finally, by the doctor's insistence, agreed to leave off the habit. Meeting the doctor a month or two later, the doctor inquired of him how his eyes were. He replied that they were no better. The doctor asked him if he had left off drinking cider. He said he did. Asked if he was drinking any then. Said he was. He asked how long ago he left off. He said more than a month. Asked how long he went without drinking; he said he didn't drink any for two hours, and made up his mind at the end of that time that eyes that would not stand cider were no eyes for him.

Among early cider drinkers was one incorrigible character whom no persuasion could induce to leave his chronic habit. His friends, thinking to frighten him out of it when he got drunk on cider, threatened they would bury him and get such a repulsive character out of the community. The threat did not induce him to quit, and soon being drunk as usual, they enclosed him in a coffin inside a very dark cellar. About the time they thought he might recover his senses, a movement was heard in the coffin by a watcher near at hand. Soon a rap was heard on the lid of the coffin and then a voice asking, "Children of this world, have you here any good cider?"

This experience in burying a lover of cider was somewhat duplicated in another case when the victim was as before placed in a coffin and left one very dark night in a graveyard, surrounded by stones and monuments. On his recovery from his debauch, he pushed off the

coffin-lid and raising himself from his coffin, looked about him. Seeing no signs of animation, he rubbed his eyes and spoke so as to be heard by a listener: "Well, this is d—— strange, I must be the first that has *riz* or else am most cussedly belated."

Uncle Bill Ives was an eccentric man of North Farms. He could tell stories from morning till night, quote more Scripture than Moody, and was always a jovial addition to a crowd.

One day some friends dropped in for a neighborly call, when he soon, in the absence of his boys and conforming to the time's custom, lit his tallow dip and took his pitcher to draw some cider.

Going down the cellar stairs, he stepped on a loose board and fell headforemost to the bottom, the noise attracting his good wife's attention. Hurrying to the top of the stairs, she excitedly asked: "Husband, have you fell?" To which she got an affirmative reply, accompanied with most profuse embellishments. Then she anxiously inquired: "Did you break the pitcher?" "No," he says, "but I swear I will;" and in his pain and wrath smashed it against the cellar wall.

WELLS AND METHODS OF DRAWING WATER.

The methods of drawing water one hundred years ago are seldom in use now. Wells were fitted up with sweeps which are rarely seen except in the most remote places. This was done by setting a tall crotch or post in the ground, the crotch being twelve or fifteen feet high. Laid up through this crotch would be a long slim pole

some twenty-five feet long with the butt end on the ground on which would be put weights to balance the weight of the small slim pole or chain with a bucket on the other end, which would be pulled down into the well and haul up the bucket of fresh water. This is no doubt the origin of:

*"The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket."*

The latter of which can never be found except in wells that never fail.

Rain water was all gathered in hogsheads setting under the eaves, or in large wooden cisterns made to hold thirty or forty barrels.

SOAP-MAKING.

The fancy brands of modern soap for toilet or washing purposes were very little known. Barbers' soap was usually in the form of balls, and the story is told of an Irishman who went into a barber shop and asked to be served. The barber after receiving the fee of ten cents in advance, took his shaving cup with the soap ball in it and poured in the water, filling it with lather, which he set on the stand in front of Pat. Stepping into another room to get his razor, on his return he met Pat going out, at the same time remarking that the soup was very good, but his turnip was not quite boiled.

The ashes for soap-making were reserved from the great fireplaces. These were kept in bins and boxes

until the soap-making season, then big barrels or tanks were filled and set up on a tight platform with holes in the bottom of the casks, then water poured in, which leaking through, produced lye, the substitute for the modern potash for making soap. Then big kettles were hung on the crane in the fireplace, into which were put the reserves of grease and bones of several months, and a certain proportion of the lye mixture, and after some hours' boiling became soap. It was considered correctly made when a broomstick was set up in the middle of the kettle after it was cooled and would stand erect. This was about the universal washing soap of the country for a great many years and used to be peddled about the streets by soap-makers, taking their pay in money or old grease and bones, which to some extent is done now.

Often in soap-making, when apparently the right proportion of lye and grease had been used, the proper results were not obtained. This disappointment would try to be remedied by a council of old women in advising to add more lye, or more grease, as the case seemed to require and then boiled down with similar results, sometimes ending in a complete failure to get soap of the required quality. This led to the old woman's trite remark which is often applied to the failure of enterprises that, "Soap will bile so sometimes."

As soap would sometimes come unexpectedly and at other times go back when apparently right, another maxim was born, "Comes and goes like the old woman's soap."

LIGHTS.

About the most primitive light for a great many years in hotels and dwelling houses was what was called the petticoat lamp, filled with whale oil, commonly not holding over a gill. These were usually served to hotel guests, largely to prevent the undue burning of oil in their rooms. The petticoat lamp was a small tin affair with a fount about the size and shape of a goose egg, the big end down, and around this a skirt of tin about an inch and a half deep for it to stand on. This was japanned over, with a small ring soldered on one side for a handle, and was used to a great extent for many years. Its contemporary would be the tallow dip. In every house where whale oil was not in use would be a bunch of candle rods. These were sticks about two feet long, about the size of one's little finger. About each stick were doubled a bunch of candle wicks, some eight to ten in number, to hang down the desired length of the candle. These would be placed across two poles with their ends resting on chairs, then dipped into kettles of melted tallow being kept the right consistency by pouring in hot water. The wicks when dipped were laid across the poles. After dipping them through once, they would repeat the same process, till the cooling tallow had built up the wicks to the proper size of the candle. This was the universal candle until the modern process of running them into moulds came into practice. While the light from these candles was dim, yet it was better for people's eyesight, preserving the same to a greater extent than modern illuminations.

The next advance in lights was with fluid lamps, a mixture of alcohol and turpentine, which in these days would be the most expensive light that could be used. The tallow candle made an ideal light for courting by, as, unless frequently snuffed, it would make a very dim illumination.

Snuffers were used to cut off the wick when getting too largely burnt. They are made on the plan of lamp-trimming shears with a box above the blades to hold what was cut off and prevent dropping. This was the origin of the riddle: "What kind of snuff, the more you take the fuller the box is?"

A pleasant courting experience under the tallow dip light was carried on by twins by the name of Morse. They looked so much alike that very few of their most intimate friends could tell which they were talking to when seen apart. A very bright girl that they took a fancy to play a joke upon, consented to keep company with one of the twins for the season. One would go to visit her on a Sunday evening and talk up the usual important matters that are discussed during courtship, and what was going on around about in society. Returning home he would inform his brother twin of the subjects that had been discussed the previous Sunday. The next Sunday the other brother would pay the visit to the young lady and talk about things that were apparently discussed the previous Sunday, without exciting any suspicion in the young lady's mind that she was entertaining a new lover. The next evening the alternate brother would visit her, and by keeping up this process of informing each other on topics of

the previous evening, they continued to visit alternately for several months, enjoying the joke themselves and at the same time the young lady had nothing in her mind to mar the pleasure she supposed she was enjoying with only one of them. After she discovered the cheat, they were both, of course, readily dropped from her attention, and she afterward became the landlady of one of the oldest and most popular hotels in Saratoga.

A neighbor of early days, a very bright young woman, telling of one of her courting experiences, told of one persistent lover before she was married. A young man of very good character and fine business prospects was very ardent in his attentions, which on her part were very slightly reciprocated. Coming to see her one evening in early summer, he thought to give a pleasant surprise by bringing her half a dozen fresh cucumbers. These she knew if exposed to her brothers and sisters and let them know the source they came from would be a subject of ridicule for a long time, so to avoid that unpleasantness, before retiring, she went out to a deep well back of the house and threw them in. It was the habit of people, before refrigerators and the use of ice was common, to hang their meats, butter and some vegetables in the bottom of the cool wells for preservation, The season of the year being warm enough to commence that practice, within a day or two the well was resorted to for to hang something in. Looking into the bottom some one discovered what they thought looked like cucumbers; the appearance was so strong that a pail was lowered and being dipped out proved to be fresh cucumbers. This led to a current report over the neigh-

borhood of how to preserve cucumbers over winter, as such a thing had not been thought of anywhere about that season, and no other solution could be thought of why they were there, but that they must have remained over from the year before. Further experiments in after years failed to prove successful and the reason was unknown until the young lady's marriage.

Next followed coal oil as it was made from coal before the discovery of petroleum, from which followed kerosene, while gas has been more or less in use in the larger cities for a much longer time.

HUSKING, PARING AND SPINNING BEES.

Husking, paring apple and spinning bees were occasions of a pleasant nature to young and old. The husking would be arranged for by pulling the ears of corn off the stalks with the husks on and put in a large pile on the barn floor. Then invitations would be sent out quite extensively inviting the young people to participate in the husking. As there were no glass lanterns in those days, the lights were furnished by tallow dips, and perforated tin lanterns with a door on one side, which afforded very little light unless the doors were open. The tallow dips were many times inserted in a piece of pumpkin, or a large turnip, and aside from this a profuse furnishing of what was termed "Jack o' Lanterns." These were made by hollowing out the pumpkin and cutting holes in the side to represent some grotesque face, with a tallow dip set inside to cast a light out through the hideous eyes, mouth, and

nose. These were good substitutes for the modern Japanese lanterns. In every pile of corn to be husked was expected to be a small percentage of red ears. Any boy finding a red ear was privileged to kiss any girl in the party; when the girl found one she was subject to grant kissing privileges to any of the young men. It is easy to imagine with what zeal red ears would be sought for. After the husking exercises, the usual collation of sweet cider and "punkin" pies would be administered.

The paring bee was for the preparation of dried apples for a season's supply when the fresh fruit was out of the market. Being before the day when paring machines were much in use, the work was done almost entirely by hand.

A good deal of rivalry would be displayed in taking off the parings and young ladies, when obtaining a fine whole specimen, would whirl it around their heads, then casting it on the floor; then an interpretation would be called for, and what initials it resembled on the floor, assuming that such initials would be those of a lover or future husband. Apples in those times were usually quartered and cored, then strung on strings so that they could be hung on the south side of the building in the sun, and during the unfavorable weather could be brought into the house and hung on hooks driven in the kitchen ceiling, or in the ends of the fireplace until they were dry enough to safely put away for future use in making pies and apple sauce.

Spinning bees were usually gotten up by older people, particularly the women, for the benefit of some poor fam-

ily or to help any family that had had such necessities delayed by sickness or some misfortune by fire, or to help some contemplated bride in getting her marriage outfit. These bees would be in the nature of wool spinning to which each woman attending would contribute a certain amount of wool rolls. This work was performed on a large wheel, which was done by walking to and fro from the spindle pulling out the threads with the left hand and turning the big wheel with the right, in which hand was usually what was called a wheel-boy, to relieve the pressure on the hand, made very much like a toddy stick used in hotel bars or in saloons.

The linen wheels were small enough to be carried from house to house almost as easily as an umbrella. This wheel was propelled by a crank connected with the pedal on which the foot produced the motive power. Standing in an upright frame was what was called the distaff, made frequently of a young tree or bush, where four or five branches came together, and tied at the top, around this distaff were spread the hanks of fine flax, and this was drawn out by the spinners into the fineness of thread required onto a spindle around which were called flyers turning at a rapid rate to twist the thread and at the same time to wind it on the spindle.

A very curious old woman of those times known as Molly Besto used to tell many queer stories to interest children and grown people. She told how she was once at a spinning bee and a cyclone of the most frightful nature came up. She said there were over a dozen spinners at work spinning linen. The wind struck the house and took it up from the ground and whirled it

around in the air without a jar to interfere with their work. She said they sailed through the air without a shake, any more than if they had been asleep on a feather bed. They kept right on spinning and the house finally landed in a new place which on coming out of doors they found to be several miles from where they had started out, and to thoroughly impress the wonderful part of the story, she always asserted that they never stopped spinning a single "minuet." She was also a great gatherer of herbs, of which most families were in the habit of laying in a good supply in case of ailments during the winter and in consideration of the long distances usually required to find a doctor. The rafters in most farmers' attics would be filled with pennyroyal, liverwort, hysop, boneset, spearmint, wormwood, and various other herbs adapted to any complaint that might befall their commonly large families. Molly told her experience in gathering herbs on the mountain-side, how becoming very tired she sat down to rest on what she supposed to be a log, and falling asleep did not awaken until almost night, when she found herself at the foot of the mountain, and to her surprise instead of being on a log, she found herself on the back of a large snake. Molly used to be very fond of cider and of telling stories to compensate for this beverage, and when entering a house where there were several children who would expect her to tell some wonderful stories would appear to be in a great tremor. When inquired of as to her health she would explain that she was so "narrow" it seemed as if she would fly all to pieces. As the people were familiar with what was needed for her

recovery, a pitcher of cider would be suggested which she always thought worth trying. The mug of cider being brought she would take a good drink and soon call the attention of her friends to see how wonderfully it had quieted her "nerves," and then she was prepared to relate her interesting experiences.

COURTSHIPS AND WEDDINGS.

Less than 100 years ago the prevailing religious habits in Connecticut were the keeping of Saturday night as an introduction to the Sabbath. From Saturday, sunset, to Sunday evening, a pall was spread over the community, and nothing of a worldly or frivolous nature to be tolerated. Family devotions and church attendance were the only duties to perform, and preparing meals beforehand was the custom of many. Sunday at sundown the clouds of orthodoxy rolled by, and the world breathed afresh. The parlors were lighted by the gentle misses and if the weather required, the fireplace put forth a cheerful blaze of wood, which in many cases afforded all the light the occasion required for lovers to court by. If the tallow dip was in use for the evening introduction, it was not often snuffed to increase the light, and the dimmer it grew the better excuse for courting at close range.

In the town of Waterbury lived a young man who, —later became one of its most prominent citizens as well as a deacon—while courting a young lady in an adjoining town, had an experience, it used to be told, of a failure of both fireplace and candle light.

At this quiet juncture the young lady's father unexpectedly entered the room and found the lovers on the sofa in a peculiar position to prevent taking cold, when the surprised parent exclaimed: "Aaron, Aaron, are you going to have that girl?" To which Aaron calmly and coolly replied, "Haven't I got her!"

The later marriage of this couple produced the heads of some of the finest families in that now thriving city.

Old-time engagements were usually announced some two or three weeks before the nuptials, from the church pulpits where the lovers attended, and was called publishing the betrothed.

Weddings were nearly all at the homes of the brides, and invitations to the mutual friends of bride and groom generously sent out.

Instead of the modern church weddings, made up largely of guests expected to contribute a general outfit for housekeeping, together with a profusion of mixed goods enough to fit up an ordinary fancy store, presents were rare, except the presence of a jolly company. A bountiful supply of wedding cake of the same style known as Election or a straight old-fashioned raised loaf cake, well filled with raisins and ornamented with sugar sand of various colors. Plenty of old Madeira wine and sometimes heavier drinks were freely supplied. After the wedding ceremony, running round the big chimneys, and other common evening amusements were indulged till breaking up at a reasonable hour.

Bridal trips were rare and the happy couple commenced their matrimonial experiences usually at the bride's home. There were no showers of rice, or throw-

ing of cast-off foot-wear, but sometimes kind suggestions were given by elderly people, and at times the help of friends would be tendered to aid the new couple in their retirement and ample adjustments of furniture insistently be made. But those were days of happy marriages, lots of olive branches, strong men and women, few divorcees, and Connecticut was filled with swarming, bustling and prosperous homes, which now in the country towns are rare to find.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS AT HOME.

The old-fashioned houses with their plainness of architecture and lack of rich furnishings, and anything in the way of the conveniences of the present day, still were the scenes of as much merriment and enjoyment of life as it is possible for anything modern to claim. About the wide and spacious fireplaces where blazed the big logs and wood, the families would gather for their evening entertainments and diversions. Neighbors both old and young would come in from long distances. Boys and girls would amuse themselves with the old games of "Three and Twelve Men Morris," and "Fox and Geese," "Hull Gull Hand Full, Guess How Many," checkers and dominoes.

My first experience at cards was at a resort some miles away in a negro's cabin for a chance to play cards. The first point learned was in the game of "High, Low, Jack," in those days known better as "Old Sledge," or "Seven Up." My antagonist played an eight spot of hearts which was promptly covered with a ten of clubs;

to my surprise my opponent hauled in the trick, to which I demurred, claiming to have played a higher card. "Yes," said he, "but you didn't follow suit." Thus the first point in card playing was learned.

In those large kitchens, blindman's buff was a favorite amusement, kitchen furniture change places, and in front of the fire a string of boys and girls would seat themselves, when at the end of the line one would pick up a fire-brand or a stick with one end burned to a live coal. This he would shake in his hand and repeat these lines:

*Robin's alive, and alive like to be,
If he dies in my hands, you may saddle bag me.*

He hands it to the next one, who must repeat the same distich and pass it. Whoever the last one was who took the stick and had the last spark give out was the subject of being saddle bagged or any sort of pranks the rest of the company chose to play on him. The common refreshment of the evenings consisted of sweet cider, apples, walnuts, pop-corn, with an occasional treat of pumpkin pies.

EVENING PARTIES.

Aside from the ordinary family and home entertainments, of course, special parties must be given for getting together the boys and girls in the surrounding districts. Young men would drive long miles to collect their lady friends for an evening party. Many of the girls were brought in on horse-back and both rode on

a single horse. It was expected of every young lady to be prepared with what was called a pillion. This was a sort of a cushion adjustment to the back part of the saddle. When the young gentleman had received the pillion from the lady and got it properly attached, she was assisted on to the same. When he mounted into the saddle and she with one arm around him, they enjoyed a very pleasant ride to the scene of the evening's entertainment. The same method was quite universal in taking a partner to a ball or any other dance. At their evening entertainments, one of the particular diversions was running around the chimney. The construction of the houses was such as to admit of this circuit, around through the front hall and two front rooms and the long kitchen. When the game commenced, the course around was kept clear; some gentleman would, as they called it, snap his finger at some lady in the company, so they called it "snapping up." She was expected to respond by chasing him and catching him. All sorts of subterfuges and dodges and running backwards and any method was allowed to catch the fugitive, which when accomplished, the lady, of course, was rewarded with a sweet, juicy kiss. The next in order was for the lady to snap up some gentleman to catch her. These games used to be the most exciting of anything in an evening party, often leading to collisions of a more or less serious nature. The old-fashioned doors were all fastened by what were termed thumb latches with somewhat pointed hooks driven in to catch the latch. On this a great many fine dresses were caught and sadly torn.

One evening a lawyer, who was noted for his extremely homely features and awkward manners, yet in mind and practice was decidedly smart, was at a party in full dress and was chasing his lady victim around the chimney, when he caught one side of his swallow-tail and tore it entirely off on the latch hook. The appearance of the gentleman after this disaster, you could only imagine by the amusement it furnished. The principal feature of enjoyment with the young folks just budding into society was their kissing games. These were indulged in forming rings and singing amorous ditties as an accompaniment to the osculations. A few of these might be given in order to refresh the minds of the passing generations. All gathered in a circle these favorites would be sung:

*"Here we stand in a ring so straight,
For you to choose while others wait;
Choose the one you love the best,
And I'll be bound it will suit the rest.*

*"Oh! What a wretched choice you've made,
You'd better in your grave be laid;
Sing a song, we cannot stay,
Give her a kiss and send her away."*

Another one:

*"There stands an old maid, forsaken,
She is of a contented mind,
Although her lover has left her,
She'll find some other as kind.*

*She'll find some other as kind, sir,
Therefore, I'd have you know,
She is ever so well provided for,
She has twenty-five strings to her bow."*

Another:

*"Very well done, said Johnny Brown,
Is this the way to London town?
Stand you still and stand you high,
Until you see your love pass by,
Down upon the carpet kneel,
While the grass grows in the field,
Rise and stand upon your feet,
And kiss your true love all so sweet."*

Another:

*"There she stands, such a handsome creature,
Who she is I do not know,
I'll go court her for her beauty,
Let her answer yes or no.
Now, kind Miss, since I've gained your favor,
Tell me, tell me, tell me true,
Would you call it rude behavior,
Just to give you a kiss or two?"*

Another:

*"Green grow the rushes o'
Green grow the rushes o'
Choose your true love now for to be,
Come and stand by the side of me.*

*"Green grow the rushes o'
Green grow the rushes o'
Kiss her quick and let her go,
Never mind the mitten o.'"*

Another:

*"Molly, put the kettle on, kettle on, kettle on;
Molly, put the kettle on, we'll all take tea.
Cut your bread and butter fine,
Cut enough for eight or nine;
Choose you one from the ring,
Kiss her right away."*

These osculatory performances would send a young man home feeling as though he had spent an evening drinking nectar and rolling in honey, so surfeited with sweets, he would be almost unfitted for business for a day or two.

Another play was by all hands forming a chain around the chimney. A gentleman and lady standing at one door holding their hands together over the chain that was passing under, singing this refrain to the tune of "Primrose Hill:"

*"The needle's eye that doth supply
The thread that's passing through,
It hath caught many a smiling lass,
'And now it has caught you,
And now it has caught you."*

This was done by dropping their arms to intercept the line which privilege was given to the first lady to

stop the gentleman she preferred to have kiss her, and next the privilege was for the gentleman to stop the lady he wished to bestow a kiss upon. The tune to which these words were sung is known to almost everybody, but doubtful if its origin is known to a dozen people in this country. An age before knew it as the tune of "Primrose Hill," a sweet little love ditty which the writer doubts if another person in America knows at this day, and for its preservation will here insert it:

*On Primrose Hill there lived a lass,
A sweet and lovely maid,
Not Venus could give more delight,
When you her charms surveyed.
For the roses dear, and the lilies fair,
They both combined and so inclined,
To form her beauties rare.*

*This fair maid many a suitor had,
And treated them with scorn,
Until at last young William Grey,
Came tripping over the lawn.
He was dressed so neat and he sang so sweet,
The ladies fair did all declare,
They loved young William Grey.*

*"Fair maid of Primrose Hill," he said,
"I've come a courting here,
So do not treat me with disdain,
Nor use me too severe,
For my love 'tis true and 'tis fixed on you,
Constant I'll be to only thee,
Thou flower of every few."*

*This fair maid gave her head a loss,
Returned a scornful air,
"I wonder that you dare to me,
Your fruitless love declare,
For nobles great, both of land and state,
Have offered me their bride to be,
Sir, you have come too late."*

*Then with a sigh he took his leave,
Saying, "Proud girl, adieu,
I'll quit thy charms for war's alarms,
And glory I'll pursue;
For love must yield to the martial field,
The fife and drum invite to come.
I'll march with sword and shield."*

*Then with a smile she called him back,
Saying, "Dear William, stay,
I did it but to try your love,
So don't you go away.
For there's none so dear, nor yet so fair."
She did agree his bride to be,
And married thus they were.*

*Then to the church without delay,
They tripped with speed away,
'And joined their hands in Hymen's bands,
And hailed the happy day.
Now they love each day and are always gay,
And who so happy, happy can be,
So happy, happy as they.*

FARMING TOOLS.

To see modern farming machinery and appliances for tilling the soil, makes it appear almost a miracle how our early agriculturists cleared up the country, removed the forests and stumps and monstrous burdens of rocks from the soil.

Until into the nineteenth century plows were made with wooden mold boards. This was a very rudely made plow in its workmanship, with the plow-share made of wrought iron and when dulled would be taken off and carried to the blacksmith's shop to be resharpened the same as is done with picks, drills and other tools. How such a plow with a strong team of oxen drawing on it through ground filled with stones of all sizes, through roots of stumps left standing, and not be broken to pieces in short order, seems a mystery.

Axes with their helves were rudely and coarsely made, shovels thin and soft, hoes with an eye in the top of the blade through which a handle was pushed, like what was later called a "nigger cotton hoe," and badly tempered tools of all kinds either too soft or too hard so as to either batter or break. In field work for corn, turf ground was plowed into ridges by turning two furrows together and planting the corn on the ridge. In most cases it would be difficult to get dirt enough to cover with, and when it came to hoeing, every ridge would be green with grass. After running through these rows with a pair of cattle or horses and trimming the ridges with a plow, then hoeing began. Any hoe would do for a boy, and he must hoe and skip three hills.

in order to keep up with the men. An old darky who used to take his jug of cider into the field with him when hoeing corn, found it a long time between drinks when he had to hoe clear around his two rows, so instead of placing his jug at the end of the rows, he always began at the middle of the field, thus getting his drink on every row he hoed.

In haying and harvesting time, all the mowing and cradling was done by hand. Boys, when they commenced, were generally put off with some old scythe and snath that had been cast aside as unfit for a man to use. This was considered all right for a boy to learn to mow with. A scythe snath was always made from some limb of a tree and not as of later make, being steamed and bent into form, so that every pear tree, peach tree and other trees of eccentric crooks were always carefully examined to get one of the right bend for a snath. For some time after bent snaths came into use many mowers would stick to their old natural crooks, so that this expression became a by-word of a man who proved successful in his business transactions, he was defined as a "natural crook." Many of these expressions were in common conversation like: "The little value of a tinker's d—n," and when some enterprise had failed in its expected results it was said to have "flashed in the pan." This phrase was in reference to a flint-lock gun missing fire when the flint struck the steel lip over the pan in which the powder for the priming was placed. The spark might ignite the powder in the pan and fail to fire the gun.

These guns were of the same rude nature as the farm-

ing tools and generally known as the King's arms, so named from revolutionary service by the British, weighing about ten to twelve pounds with a stock running out nearly the whole length of the barrel clasped with iron bands with thimbles underside, through which was run an iron ram-rod as long as the barrels. They were too heavy for boys to hold at arm's length and usually had to be rested on a fence or against a tree in hunting; powder was carried in a large ox-horn, scraped and prepared with a great deal of care for such a purpose, the big end of the horn being stopped with a piece of wood nicely fitted in. A cord tied to a peg at the bottom and the other around the small top of the horn allowed the horn to be hung over the shoulder of the sportsman. Shot pouches were made in many rude ways. When loading the gun the powder was poured loosely into the hand, guessing the amount for a charge, and from the hand poured into the muzzle of the gun. These guns were so long that a boy would almost need to get on top of a fence in pouring in the charge of powder to have it run down to its chamber in the barrel.

Wadding was an article of some account, as newspapers, in fact all kind of paper was scarce. The country people were obliged to lay in a stock of various kinds of wadding, which was often made up of swingling tow, hornets' nests, and sometimes punk. Some of these articles would be on top of the powder, rammed down with an iron ram-rod and the shot measured out, guessing according to the quantity needed for the game to be shot at, with a small ramming top of them. Then

from the powder horn the pan would be filled and the gun ready for business.

Speaking of hornets' nests introduces an experience of two Irish greenhorns.

In our primitive forests, the large paper-like nests of the big striped hornets were quite common, being in bulk as large as a ten-quart pail, somewhat pear-shaped, with a hole in the pointed bottom through which the hornets entered. By careful work the boys would often stop this entrance with a bunch of moss or grass, and the hornets were all made prisoners, and then the limb on which the nest hung could be cut off, and the whole carried away.

On one such capture of a nest to carry home, a boy was met by two young Irishmen, just over, and their curiosity was aroused to know what it was. Being informed that it was a humming-birds' nest, they at once were anxious to buy it, as they had some idea of those little birds being very pretty and quite a novelty.

They had no difficulty in negotiating a trade and after obtaining the prize, wished to know the best way to care for and handle the birds. The boy told them they had best take the nest into a tight room to avoid their escape when they let some out. In letting them out for inspection they had only to remove the plug and there would come some of them at once put in an appearance.

After examining and admiring them as much as they wished, and wanting to send them back, they could do so by rapping on the nest for the birds to return.

Jim and Pat hurriedly sought a favorable room in which to inspect their treasure in ornithology.

Getting a close room, with much secrecy and high anticipations of pleasure, they proceeded to open up the show by pulling out the plug of grass, thus setting the birds free.

The first that came out lit on Jim's hand, who at once gave forth expressions of admiration of his exquisite stripes and other lines of beauty, at the same time remarking: "Lord Jesus, how hot his little feet is!" Others followed in rapid succession and went for Pat, lighting on his hands, neck, face and nose, but before he could discover and admire their beauty of colors and plumage he was so impressed with the hotness of their feet that he wished to defer the exhibition by appealing to Jimmy to "dhroom on the hive, dhroom on the hive, Jimmy;" when, of course, they were soon assailed by the whole swarm and driven out of the room stung half to death.

WAGONS AND CARTS.

Wagons and carts were built in a very substantial manner for the heavy work required on a farm. Carts were made with only two large heavy wheels with a long neap and strong body for use with oxen. An ox-cart usually weighed from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, their strength being required for hauling heavy stones for building walls and carrying wood to market.

Some boys one night for amusement, took a neigh-

bor's cart and dragged it into a field where there was an old well, putting the neap down into the well, and leaving the cart body standing over the well. The farmer needing his cart the next day, found it in the morning in the predicament named. He required the help of nearly a dozen men to lift it out, and after his success, coming home, told what a heavy job they had to lift the cart out of the well. A boy living with him, after hearing him tell of their serious job, asked him if they took off the wheels, which were more than two-thirds the weight of the whole. This inquiry made the farmer suspicious that the boy helped to put it in, which proved to be a fact, but he was so ashamed to think the men had not been wise enough to lighten their work by so doing, that the boy escaped any punishment.

Haying seasons called for a large amount of hand labor, which in modern times would seem very cheap; the best able bodied men would leave the shops for the harvesting seasons, working twelve and fifteen hours for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day. It was expected of them to be up soon after daylight, dull scythes to be ground, during which many a boy has spent a sorry hour turning the grindstone. If in a little hurry, an hour or two would be put in before breakfast, as grass cut easily when the dew was on it. It was a prevailing custom for men to have a glass of bitters compounded with Santa Cruz rum, mixture of rue, tansy, or wormwood, as an appetizer. After breakfast, if in a religious family, the devotions would be duly performed, in which the hired men were privileged to participate. One farmer who usually employed five

or six men was in the habit of having family prayers. One of his employees, who was a conspicuous character during revival seasons and at prayer and conference meetings, chanced to be with him one season. When the proprietor finished his brief reading of the scripture, followed with a briefer prayer, this revivalist, who preferred praying to mowing, was always moved by the Holy Spirit to invoke favors from the Throne of Grace. He would therefore follow up the prayerful exercises for nearly an hour, to which pious duty his employer could not consistently object.

In these old haying times, meadows and fields were alive with quail, larks, robins, brown thrashers, and all sorts of favorite songsters. Turtles of every kind were found in great numbers in all the low meadows. One known as the box turtle would shut himself up so closely that the point of a knife could not be stuck into him at any place. It was a pleasant custom for men to mark their initials with the date cut with a knife into the bottom shell of the turtle. These turtles lived to a great age. The writer once found a turtle marked in 1754, another in 1795, fifty years later in 1845. A brother, he recollected the time of his marking one in 1833, the place under a small apple tree, and never saw the turtle afterwards until the year 1861, when plowing the same field, picked up the same turtle, under the same tree, within two feet from where he saw his brother mark it, 28 years before. For such reasons a man scarcely ever passed a box turtle without picking it up to see if it had the marks to indicate the work of some friend dead or alive inscribed in years gone by.

Besides the profusion of birds and turtles, snakes of various kinds were numerous in the meadows. Black snakes were almost as plentiful as mice, and in the spring of the year when they first began to crawl out from their winter quarters, to sun the south side of stone walls and in other warm places, there was little difficulty in capturing dozens of them in a day if one wished to hunt for them. Of course when they first came out of their winter hibernating, they were a little numb and clumsy in their movements, but as warm weather limbered them up, there were very few specimens of animate nature any livelier than a black snake. To find them six to eight feet long was nothing uncommon. Although harmless in their bite and otherwise, they were a subject to intimidate from their size, blackness and their agile motions.

There seems to be a peculiar dread of black snakes by the colored race. Knowing this to be the case, a party of men mowing some meadows found a black snake and killed him. One of the men, thinking to have some sport with the colored fellow who was tending the hay, carried the snake to a tree under which was a spring, around which was the hay that had been mowed. Under the hay they concealed the snake, around the neck of which they tied a string. Wherever a spring occurred in a meadow was always the place for depositing the bottle of rum which was expected to be partaken of between ten and eleven o'clock. If they were far away from the house, a luncheon would be served with it. During this lunch time, when the company were all together and lunch was about through one of

the men observed that he had the biggest ankle in the party. Being understood, this was disputed by two or three others, and so seeming to pull a string from his pocket, the fellow took the string, the other end of which was tied around the snake's neck. After measuring three or four ankles he said to the darky whose name was Jube, "Let's see how big an ankle a nigger has, Jube." Jube put his foot down for the measure, and one end of the string was put around it and was deftly fastened. At the same time the snake was jerked out from under the grass where it was hidden and all appeared to jump in fear of the snake with loud exclamations. Jube, of course, jumped with the rest and the string being fastened around his ankle to the snake soon jerked the snake around his heels, which in his fright set him running around the meadow, and he was so thoroughly frightened, that it was with much difficulty the whole party succeeded in catching him to relieve him from his fright.

Households during harvesting time almost amounted to a hotel. The requirements for feeding the help were made up of five meals a day, breakfast about six o'clock, luncheon at ten, dinner at twelve, luncheon again at four and supper at seven or eight o'clock. If near at home a spread would be set for all these meals in the house, if at a distance in the fields, a luncheon would have to be prepared for the usual times.

One of the seasons near the time of the snake episode, a girl, some dozen years old, who afterwards became one of the first ladies of the town, was sent to the field with the luncheon for the men. Getting over

a fence through a bunch of bushes with quite a growth of high weeds, she jumped off among what she supposed to be an old cat and a nest of kittens. They were all very handsome black and white kittens and looked so pretty she thought she must catch one or two of them for pets. As soon as she picked up one of the kittens, the old cat commenced a broadside of very pungent perfume, filling her face and eyes with a liquid that produces a pain as intense as would be inflicted by a charge of tincture of capsicum. Instead of being as she supposed a domestic cat and kittens, her presumable pets were pole-cats.

TOWN POOR.

Instead of town houses in these days the town paupers were put out among families by auction. Different classes of paupers would be bid on by some man who would keep them the cheapest for what seemed to be a system of slave trade. Some men would be able to render slight service to the ones who bid them in, and consequently would be kept very cheaply. Women, of course, cost more as a rule and many of them had to have supplies of opium in order to keep them in a quiet, peaceable condition. Opium was furnished by rations allowed by the town, and if the ration did not prove sufficient to keep the woman as quiet as was desirable for those entertaining her, they would sometimes contribute an extra quantity.

One of these paupers was known as Granny Parker. Whoever got her on their hands had to invariably in-

crease her supply of opium. It was difficult to keep it hidden from her if in the house in case the family should absent themselves for a time. On one occasion when opium had been secreted so as to be thought entirely out of possibility for her to find, the family on their return from church one Sunday discovered some of the pills of opium that had been so deftly hidden were gone. Of course there was nobody to suspect of stealing but Granny. She made it a subject for several days, protesting her innocence and expressing the distress of her mind that such a thing should be suspected of her as stealing the opium. Not being able to convince her accusers of her innocence, the subject was dropped for a few days, when one morning rising a little later than the rest of the family she came into the room where they were all together and said her innocence had been vindicated.

Lying in great agony of mind during the night, not being able to get a wink of sleep tossing in her bed in perfect misery, all at once a still, small voice spoke to her from overhead, saying, "Be quiet, Miss Parker, be quiet, Miss Parker, you're an innocent pairson."

This so disgusted the man of the house that he told her if she ever alluded to the subject again, he would pitch her out of the house head first.

This Granny Parker had seen some queer experiences, one of which she related was at a place in the town of Wallingford, then called Old England, on account of the number of English families that had settled in the neighborhood. These families were in the habit of meeting together in one of the old-fashioned lean-to-roof

houses, which was the best adapted to accommodate one of their festal occasions. It had been observed by a man living in the neighborhood on various occasions when these families met, that he had wood missing in generous quantities, frequently logs of good dimensions. Having one or two logs left near this rendezvous he thought he would try to obtain good evidence of where his wood went to, thinking that the log would be likely to find its way to the next gathering; so he bored a large hole in the end of this log, and put in nearly a pound of coarse powder, filling up the hole over the powder with a plug, leaving it so as not to attract the attention of whoever would be likely to take the log away. The time came for the usual festivities, to which all brought contributions of chickens, turkeys, goslings, spare-ribs, and various vegetables, a great majority of which were stolen goods, and the log was missing. They had certain ones delegated to prepare the different contributions for a grand supper. The old-fashioned fireplace was hung full of pots and kettles and with meats and vegetables cooking in tin ovens set in front of the fire, with roasts of pork and beef. The company were in the front rooms having a very jolly time.

The tables were arranged in the big back kitchen, filled with dishes of everything, nearly ready for the guests to come to. When this prepared log, that had been stolen for the back log, had become burned down to the powder, an explosion occurred that upset their tables into a total wreck, blew pots and kettles out of the top of the chimney, the roof being spread with

chickens, meats and vegetables in a conglomerated mass.

This was the last grand feast gathering in Old England.

In speaking of town poor, the writer spent a season in the customary beginning of the young business man in peddling tin. Travelling among the hill towns of the state in his time for peddling, paupers had begun to be taken care of altogether, in some house kept by the town, or by some individual who took them for a stipulated price. Calling one day at a house to offer some tin-ware in exchange for rags or old metals, a little, short, dumpy, insignificant looking woman came to the door. After making the usual inquiry if any goods could be sold there, and getting a negative reply, it was noticed that a large room opened up with quite a variety of old and superannuated people. The remark was made to the little woman, "Is this the house where the town poor are kept?" She drew herself up with a desperate effort, trying to make herself appear of as much consequence as possible, and exclaimed with some emphasis, and repeating to make sure of being understood, "Yes, I keep the town poor." It would not have been suspected if she had not explained it so emphatically.

Seeing so many of these groups of paupers in different towns among the hills, a noticeable feature being quite a percentage of idiots in every outside locality, the question used to arise, "What is the cause of so many fools in these country towns?" The person asking himself this question sought in his own mind for a reply, which was this: "These fools represent the fruits

of intermarriage of near relatives." In most back towns families for several generations have intermarried, cousins marrying cousins and near blood relatives. The mixture for a series of years produces these freaks both in their intellectual and in their physical structure. In the city, an idiot is a rare production, as a matter of choice in matrimonial selection has so much more generous scope than in the country.

This is a subject to commend a crossing of native-born Americans with any good foreign blood, producing a healthier and brighter progeny than to marry some debilitated growth brought up in the same locality with themselves. It seems reasonable that this should be as good policy with human kind as with the importing of foreign blood in horses, cattle and dogs. It has been a question in former times whether this country was adapted to the healthy growth of the white race and whether without a constant flow of foreign blood in it, the white would not ultimately become degenerate and extinct. There are certainly evidences in New England that such might be the case.

In looking back three or four generations we would see the very large families that were so common throughout New England; families of ten to fifteen children were nothing noticeable, but rather common. In one district school adjoining the one in which the writer was born only one generation before him had within its borders ten families, numbering one hundred and ten children all at home, an average of eleven; the largest family was fourteen and the smallest nine, all

boys, the writer's wife being the daughter of the oldest one.

In the days of those great families, the public school would have an attendance of seventy-five to a hundred scholars, including some smaller families. Within the last thirty years, the native-born children have been reduced as low as six of all ages in the same district, not enough to scarcely keep the school alive within these limits.

In the time of these large families a race of very strong able-bodied men, numbering about forty, organized themselves into a body known as the "Plump Guards." Regimental trainings were in order calling together some ten companies of militia to what was called a general muster, these musters bringing together a motley crowd of gamblers and fighters and all sorts of crooked characters from the ten or twelve towns from which the companies came to make up a regiment for inspection.

On such occasions a great diversion was wrestling matches in which a deal of science and great strength would be displayed. With a plentifulness of cheap liquors, more or less bad blood would be heated up and rough and tumble fights and knock-downs were considered one of the requisites to make up a good day's entertainment among the crowds. The "Plump Guards" was organized for mutual protection, any member of which getting into any difficulty or quarrel was to be sustained and defended by other members of the guard, whether his case was right or wrong. They considered themselves invincible against any body of opponents

they were likely to encounter and always proved their powers and success on all occasions but one, that one not being of a belligerent character.

It was their boast that they could endure any hardship and partake of any kind of fare that any man could endure or eat. A doubt being expressed by one of their number of their ability to eat crow, a number of them expressed an opinion that they could all eat crow well cooked with a relish. To test the matter, a dozen of them decided to have a crow supper, each man to eat a whole crow and any one failing to eat his bird should furnish a gallon of rum for the benefit of the rest.

The crows were captured in a day or two and a Mrs. Captain Morse, quite a celebrated cook, was selected to cook the crows. They were all prepared in the best manner and the twelve members of the club met to partake of their supper. As they entered the dining room all expressed admiration and delight at the delicious and appetizing smell of the crows and were eager to get to work at them. Each man sat down with a crow on his plate and the feast began. Each one praised the rich and delicious flavor of the meat, all the time chewing the piece he had in his mouth. After extolling the exquisite flavor for a few minutes, one man took out his quid of crow and threw it under the table, soon another followed suit, the result being that not one man of the party swallowed any, and acknowledged one grand defeat of the Plump Guard.

Another curious episode happened at the same house some years later. Mrs. Morse had invited in quite a

party of her lady friends to partake of a fine dinner. A conspicuous feature of the same was to be a nice roast pig. The pig was duly roasted and placed on the table with the rest of the preparations for dinner. Just a few minutes before the guests were invited out, the central figure of the table, the *piece de resistance*, the pig, was missing. A search was at once made and much curiosity expressed as to where it could have gone to, as it was leaving a very serious blank to the entertainment. A simple-minded fellow by the name of Jep Lannon lived with Captain Morse, and anxious inquiry was made to find Jep to see if he knew anything of it. After serving the rest of the dinner, and giving up the search for the lost pig for a time, Jep suddenly appeared on the scene, picking his teeth. Inquiry being made of Jep where he had been, he quietly replied, "I don't know nothing about your baked pig," although no reference had been made to the loss. Some weeks after, the bones of the pig were found in an obscure place under the barn. Jep's having no knowledge of the baked pig was for a great many years made use of in the way of evasive replies.

While the appetites of the Plump Guard for crow proved too dainty to enjoy such a meal, some feats of eating were performed by others.

A man by the name of Sam Botsford, weighing over three hundred pounds, went out riding along the road, fell in with some acquaintances who were pulling down an old stone wall. As the foundations were being pulled up, quite a sizable black snake ran out, and was killed by a man named Clem Thomas. After killing the

snake and holding it up to exhibit him, he remarked, "Here, Sam, I wish you had to eat him," to which Sam replied, "I'll eat him if you will pay for a gallon of rum," which Clem agreed to, but Botsford said, "I've just eaten my breakfast, and not being very hungry for snake, the whole of him would be more than I would want to eat, but I'll eat half of him," to which compromise Clem agreed. Botsford took the snake, sitting in his wagon, took out his jack-knife, cut off the snake's head, skinned him half way down and ate him according to contract. Clem had no recourse but to pay for the rum.

A man by the name of Sam Anthony, rather a thin, spare man, had the peculiar habit of going for a week at a time without eating and feeling no serious yearning for food during that time. He wore a broad leather belt about him, which as he grew gaunt, he would buckle up from day to day. After his fast of several days, when he had the chance to wood and water his system again, he would set down and eat greedily for an hour or two, every few minutes letting out a hole in his belt until he was full. Travelling one time in Massachusetts with a friend, they stopped for dinner at a hotel and Sam had a good ordinary meal but not filled up to his full capacity. At the bar he inquired for some apples to eat. The bartender set out a plate with two or three good fair sized apples on it, when Sam inquired if that was all he had. Sam remarked that such apples as those he could eat two dozen of and that he thought that those offered were small allowance. The bartender doubted his ability to eat

twenty-four such apples, when Sam offered to wager the drinks for quite a large party who were present in the bar-room. The bartender accepted the proposition and the twenty-four apples were selected and put on the counter for Sam to dispose of. He made short work of the first dozen, and the next half dozen, and after eating the twenty-third apple, he picked up the twenty-fourth and said to the bartender that he could eat a dozen more but that he didn't need that one and being a nice apple, if the bartender was satisfied what the result would be he could save the last apple or have it eaten, just as he chose, leaving it to the bartender to decide, who being a little penurious, received back the apple, accepted defeat by treating the crowd, after which Sam got up and very graciously said to the company that if he had been ordered to eat that last apple he couldn't have done it to have saved his life.

Sam had a son, Philemon, who was a lazy, shiftless fellow, getting quite a large family on his hands, who were very poorly provided for. Phi's wife one very stormy day reminded him that there was nothing in the house for dinner and that if he did not get out to get something the family would go hungry. Phi looked out of the window into the storm and said he didn't think he should get out on such a day as that to get anything for his family to eat as long as he had a cat on the premises. So Puss, who was calmly lying by the fireplace, was taken out and had her head chopped off and prepared into a soup for their dinner.

The importance of owning a watch in his time was displayed by the evidence of a neighbor who went to

get Phi to do some work. Phi had obtained a very cheap old bull's-eye silver watch a few days before town election was to occur. The neighbor as he approached Phi's house heard loud conversation. Halting a little to see what it was about, he noticed Phi through an open window walking to and fro in his room with the watch fob prominently exposed and suddenly stopping, as if greeted by some acquaintance, when this colloquy seemed to occur: "How do you do, Mr. Anthony?" "How do you do, Mr. So and So?" "Fine day, Mr. Anthony?" "Yes, indeed." "What is the time of day, Mr. Anthony?" (Pulling out the bull's-eye): "Four o'clock by G—."

In this community of great families were many odd and eccentric characters. One, Asa Horton, was noted for his fishy stories. He was a great brag about his strength, and claimed to have been picking apples one day, when a companion picker, who was several feet above him in the same tree, fell, calling to Horton to save him. He was a man weighing over two hundred pounds, according to Horton's story, who said he put out one hand and grasped him by the leg, his fingers going through his overalls, pants, drawers and even through the flesh to the bone, but he stopped him and set him back upon the limb, admonishing him to be more careful in the future, as he could not always be with him. His controversies were always with the big fellows, one of whom at a time insisted upon fighting with him. However, he didn't want to hurt the fellow, who persisted in thrusting himself upon him. He only used one hand with no unusual effort, giving

a back-handed stroke to throw the fellow back and teach him to mind his own business. He found that his hand had gone into the fellow's bowels, and, withdrawing it, it was bespattered with blood and covered with bits of the man's liver. He just told the man he had better let him alone or he would get hurt.

Asa was full of such experiences when you let him tell them. He was a joiner by trade and used to tell of shingling a barn on North Farms when the fog was so thick that he did not know when he got to the top of the barn and shingled on four or five feet onto the fog.

TANNING INDUSTRY.

A very eccentric man was Dr. David Hall, bright, well-to-do, shrewd in business, and very hard to get ahead of. While he was fond of his glass, he always knew enough when he had taken a drink or two to let trade and business operations take care of themselves. A tanner in Wallingford by the name of Munson learned that Dr. David had a fine grove of hemlock trees under the east mountain, which will be referred to later on in this work as the Besek or Turkey Range. Inquiring of Dr. David if he would sell them he recieved an affirmative reply and was invited to go and look them over, setting a day to do so. Mr. Munson, knowing that the doctor liked a drop, provided himself with a pint of Santa Cruz rum for the trip. Going to the doctor's house they proceeded together to the grove of hemlock trees to look them all over carefully together.

At the foot of the mountain was a fine spring which Mr. Munson knew about and suggested going there for a drink of water. The doctor of course knowing the location of the spring piloted him to it. Arriving at the spring, Mr. Munson took out his bottle of Santa Cruz, saying that he sometimes thought best in going to the foot of the mountain to be prepared for snake bites, as this was a prolific ground for red adders. At the same time knowing the doctor's respect for Santa Cruz, he asked him if he would participate, which the doctor very promptly did. After imbibing a reasonable quantity of the fluid, Mr. Munson introduced the subject of the trees, saying, "Well, Mr. Hall, how much are you going to ask me for these trees that we have been looking over?" The doctor promptly replied, "I haven't any trees to sell," and that was the end of it, Mr. Munson having defeated his own case by treating the doctor at the spring.

The tanning industry was such as to make a good demand for all hemlock and white oak bark that was available in Connecticut of that growth of timber, and considerable bark and tanning material was brought in more or less from other states. With the depreciation of forests, the tanning industries have nearly all died out in Connecticut, and gone to other states where resources of tanning material are more available.

After hides have been through certain processes in tan vats, they require some treatment to take out lime and other material used in the tanning process. The use of hen and pigeon dung used to make these two articles a very salable commodity in the vicinity of

tan yards and such materials are quite extensively used now in tanneries elsewhere in the country. The writer during wartime gathered a great many sheep skins which were very marketable at large tanneries such as J. S. Rockwell & Co., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and T. P. Howell & Co., of Newark, N. J. Having occasion to visit the great tannery in Newark in the sale of several thousand skins, a book of samples was exhibited, showing the preparation of goods designed for their various uses which were more numerous than anybody would possibly conjecture. These samples were made from three grades of skins or parts of skins. The sheep skin is split by a machine into three thicknesses, the outside is called a roan, the middle a skiver, and the inside a flesher. Mr. Howell proposed to show the machine for doing this delicate work, and going through a variety of rooms and buildings connected with the tannery to where the machine was, one large storage room had nearly a hundred old sugar hogsheads standing on end. The contents looking like dog manure were noticed and an inquiry made as to what the material was. Mr. Howell replied that it was just what it appeared to be, and said he must tell a story about it. During the war this material became quite scarce and dear, ordinarily it was worth less than a dollar a bushel, it then rose to three times that cost. It was noticeable, he said, that their leather was not coming out in its usual condition and the tanners were much at a loss to account for the lack of success in their work. Various experiments were tried to detect the fault. While there seemed to be no lack of the supply furnished

by the dogs, suspicions were aroused as to the quality of the goods, and detectives were put out into the suburbs of the city to see how their supply was obtained.

They succeeded in making the very interesting discovery that among the colored people, the sheeneys, and other parties of whom they were purchasing, all had establishments in active operation making counterfeit goods. Mixtures of clay, mortar and hair and other ingenious devices of all colors and sizes to accommodate that of the dogs were produced by molding and shoving through tubes and old bottles with their bottoms broken off, and this material pushed through their necks, thus producing a great variety of designs and forms which were impossible to detect from the genuine article. This discovery revealed why the additional quantities had not produced favorable results as formerly. It seemed that the higher the cost of material they were using they were getting more unfavorable results.

This business has been sometimes recommended to young men out of employment as a means of earning an honest dollar.

After enjoying this revelation in tanning the machine was exhibited that cut sheep skins into three thicknesses, rarely making a hole or blemish.

In the West and South cattle were branded so as to be detected when found, and in case of cattle having been stolen and butchered the tan yard was the resort to find their hides and examining for branding marks, thus hoping to trace the thief. Being a good many years ago at an evening party, in one of the Western states, a

couple of old acquaintances met after an interval of twenty-five or thirty years. The gentleman expressed surprise that the lady should have known him so readily. "Bless your soul," she said, "I should have known your hide in a tan yard." It was conclusive proof of her good memory.

Speaking of barks for tanning purposes, they thus become a matter of merchandise, and forests of hemlock and oak had a special value for their woods and on account of the price of their bark. The white oak timber of Connecticut also was in high demand for ship timber. The ship-yards along the coast sought for all the large white oaks for quite a distance inland from which to cut knees, which would be taken from the roots as well as from the branches. The logs or bodies of the trees were sawed into wide planks in the woods, thirty, forty and fifty feet long for ship siding, and long timber bottoms for keels, beams, stems, futtocks and every other appliance made of wood in the construction of a vessel. Another very current use of white oak was being split into staves for sugar, molasses and rum hogsheads. These staves were cut out and packed at home in shooks so called, each one fitted and prepared for a hogshead when set up. Hoop-poles were also greatly in demand from which hoops were split out, shaved, and ready for the same uses. These bundles of shooks and hoop-poles were sold in New Haven mostly and at some other sea-ports. To connect with this history must be included another variety of goods which was associated with this trade with the West Indies. New Haven was until 1850 the largest receiving port of sugar,

molasses and Santa Cruz rum of any in the country. At that time mules were brought from Kentucky, Tennessee, Western Pennsylvania and some other states to Connecticut to be shipped from New Haven. They were raised quite largely in Connecticut for the same market. These mules, shooks and hoop-poles for hogs-heads were large commodities for exportation to Cuba and other West India islands. These all found a ready market there in exchange for sugar, molasses, and rum for the return cargo, such articles being mostly handled in New Haven by the old houses known as the Towners, Trowbridges and Hotchkisses, who obtained a great portion of the wealth accruing to these houses from that source.

This transfer of mules from the Western states named would seem at the present day to be very much out of the channel of trade, not more so really than has been the change in the marketing of cattle in the same time. Cattle for farm work were universally employed and for eating purposes were all raised and slaughtered by home butchers, making meats of a much finer relish than those which come from the West in refrigerator cars, and with preparations used to preserve their condition. Every autumn large droves of cattle were brought in to Connecticut from Northern New England and from New York state for the supply of the manufacturing districts. These droves of cattle to furnish butchers and winter's stock for farmers have become about as extinct as the great Auk.

A custom used to prevail of Yankees going out into the border counties of New York state to buy horses

of some of the old Dutch residents. Some of the traders after getting acquainted with the old Dutch farmers, introduced a credit system by buying their horses, and giving their notes for them. After the preliminaries of trade were completed, the notes made out and signed, in order to make assurance doubly sure, the Yankee would take the note home with him in order to be certain when it came due. This system worked well for a time, but did not prove to be eternal, as some of the purchasers failed to remember even with such a wise precaution.

A friend who had been on one of these trips to York state to buy horses of the Dutch farmers, used to tell a pleasant story of a scheme he saw an old man adopt for breaking a colt of shying. This story carries with it a warning to young men not to overdo in their endeavors in morals and business. The old man (to teach his colt steady habits) instructed his son, Hans, to secrete himself behind a tree while he rode the colt down the street quite a little distance, and was to turn about and come back on a good gallop and when passing the tree, Hans was to jump out and "pooh" at the colt. The arrangements all being made, the old man mounted the colt and rode a distance down the street and came back at a good lively gait, passing the tree. Hans jumped out and made one of his greatest efforts in "poohing" with the result that the colt jumped with all his might, throwing the old man heels over head into the gutter, nearly breaking his neck and bones, the colt going on up the street having it all to himself. It was some little time before the old man recovered

his senses to get up. Slowly raising himself in a dazed way, he said to Hans, "Py Gott, Hans, that vas too pig a 'pooh' for the colt. It was big enough for the old horse."

It used to be a favorite custom with the farmers particularly (although others joined them to a considerable extent) after haying and harvesting to make trips to the sea-shore. They would go in companies of twenty to thirty wagons; this trip was considered a great stimulus to pushing through harvesting exercises in order to be ready to join the crowd for the shore, for clamming, fishing, bathing and a general "blow-out." Provisions were largely carried, on which to subsist, outside of what they would gather from the salt water. A few would get accommodations for their meals and lodging in the limited number and accommodations of the sea-shore houses, the rest would sleep in barns, in their wagons and if necessary out of doors under the trees. These companies used to be called by the sea-shore people, "Portuguese Emigrants," and for a time while they were there it was wise to look out for their hen roosts, melon patches, and green cornfields. The drink habit would incite these parties to all sorts of mischief and carryings on as such a motley crowd would be likely to invent.

On one of these Portuguese excursions, were two young men from Wallingford, Ives Martin and William Carrington, the former always ready for some innocent fun, and the latter, an amiable, polite and popular bachelor, very quiet and reserved in his habits. While most of the party were spending their evening in jollity,

playing cards, smoking, drinking, and telling stories, Carrington quietly retired to bed in a room to be occupied in common with Martin. During the evening, Martin patronized a nearby barber shop and took a clean shave, which called forth some comments from his jovial friends that he looked like a young woman in male attire. At this suggestion Martin proposed to go to bed with Carrington and try a little piece of deceptive work on his modest friend.

Going stealthily into the room he luckily found Carrington sound asleep, and, disrobing himself, deftly opened the bed and at once threw his legs over his bed-fellow, clasping his arms around his neck and began to imprint most fervent kisses and affectionate embraces.

Carrington, awaking and finding himself involved in such a new experience, began in his bewilderment to offer apologies by exclaiming, "Madame, madame, excuse me, there must be some mistake about this, excuse me," and with a desperate effort extricated himself from the embrace of one whom he suspected was inclined to turn his feet from the virtuous path they had so long and faithfully trod and jumped out of bed. Before leaving the room, the familiar and audible smiles of Martin revealed the wretch in his base attempt to pollute a heretofore unsullied life.

The hot summer season was the favorite time for black fishing and catching round clams, both of which were very abundant. Every wagon would go home well laden with such stocks of sea food. In the spring time the festive soft clam was in season. At Indian Neck lived a quiet couple who were well-known by some old

acquaintances inland, and men were in the habit of visiting there to get a few meals of sea food and to visit them as old friends. The matron of the house was known as Aunt Eliza, a very kind and amiable woman. She used to allow her hens the privilege of the house almost as much as herself. In her sitting-room stood a bureau of drawers, in which one of her favorite hens sought a nest, and when she felt inclined to contribute to Aunt Eliza's store of eggs, she would walk demurely into the sitting-room and by gentle squawks would call Aunt Eliza's attention to her design, when the kind Aunt would open the drawer for her, into which she would jump, and, after a reasonable time spent in meditation, would leave her contribution. She was also allowed to hatch one or two broods in this same comfortable location. This amiable habit of Aunt Eliza's will give some idea of her general habits of housekeeping. A couple of her old acquaintances from Wallingford made a trip down one spring in the shad season, and, as was natural, called on Aunt Eliza, she being an old friend of their youth. The day was raw and chilly, and they were glad to sit by her large open fireplace to warm themselves after their chilly ride from Wallingford. It was nearly dinner time and Aunt Eliza had just put a half of a nice shad onto the gridiron and placed it over the coals in the fireplace for broiling. These two friends chewed tobacco and as they sat and talked with Aunt Eliza about old times, they would expectorate their tobacco juice on the shad, keeping it well basted. When the shad was turned to broil the other side, they continued to administer the same dressing of tobacco

juice. The shad was finally taken up after this delectable treatment while broiling, and placed on the table for her husband's dinner. He soon came in and this appetizing meal was set before him. As soon as he began to eat he criticised the seasoning on account of there being too much pepper on it, which Aunt Eliza was at a loss to understand, thinking she had prepared the meal in her usual way. The friends were invited to dine, but courteously declined.

It was quite customary in days before the canning industry became so general for people to preserve fruit and vegetables by drying. As pumpkins were so perishable an article to keep and made so popular a pie for families, one old lady was in the habit of preparing quite a stock to last through the winter in this way. This was mostly done by spreading soft boiled pumpkin on sheets of tin, in tin pans or pie plates to dry. Having a large family of small children they would of course be cutting up a great many antics about the room, climbing into chairs and on to the tables and every other place where they could scramble for amusement. In one of their pleasant little diversions a stand was upset on which were several dishes of boiled pumpkin in the process of drying, which by the upset of the table was scattered over the floor.

The mother, anxious to retrieve her loss, saw no other way than to gather up and save what she could from the wreck scattered over the floor. As she began to scrape it up into the pan some of the children would remark, "That ain't pumpkin, mother," and they would have regular disputes as to the purity of the pumpkin she was

gathering up. In order to be more positive, the mother would taste of the specimen gathered, and when she was in doubt about its entire purity, she would console herself by the assurance that "there was some pumpkin in it," so that this expression for many years became a byword in speaking of the character of some young man, if not specially smart—"He was some pumpkin."

NEIGHBORHOOD EXCHANGES.

Before there were any regular butchers or marketmen, families had to depend upon exchanges of food. When one of the farmers was out of fresh meat in the summer he would butcher a calf. This would be divided up among his different neighbors in quarters and halves. The neighbors were expected in time to return by butchering a calf or lamb, whichever the exchange might be. The same thing in making cheese, a neighborhood would join all their milk for a certain number of days, according to their number of cows, in order to produce a desirable size.

AUNTIES AND GRANNIES.

In the country districts, a great many elderly women were known as "aunties" and a large percentage of the old women were called "grannies." Firm in memory are "Aunt Sally," "Aunt Lucy," "Aunt Hopey," and "Aunt Tentie." Then there were "Granny Morse," "Granny Mix," "Granny Francis," "Granny Parker," "Granny Guy," and so on. The aunts were generally

favorite elderly women and were looked upon with a spirit of admiration and love. The grannies were almost universal snuff takers. The taking of rank yellow snuff by the old women was quite as general as the chewing of plug tobacco by the men. They commonly carried a handkerchief in their pocket with which to absorb the mucus from their profuse use of snuff. It was common to see them kneading dough with a pinch of snuff between their fingers, taking up meats and vegetables from dinner-pots, and making frequent use of the delectable handkerchief of apparently several days' use.

One of these grannies about a hundred years ago, used to live near where the First Baptist church commenced business. She was accustomed to entertaining one of their early ministers when he came to break the "Bread of Life" to the new congregation. The elder's name was Wheat, and in case of an invitation from a brother in the society to tarry over Sunday with him, he always declined on account of a previous invitation from "Granny Francis." This caused a great deal of talk among the good women of the parish. One Sabbath, after a sojourn over night with "Granny Francis," Elder Wheat took for his text the passage in Solomon's Song, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." The granny was seated near the pulpit, and this text was so often repeated, at the same time the elder looking down so affectionately towards the granny, that it became the source of so much amusement that people laughed outright.

In Wallingford, nearly one hundred years ago, the

old Presbyterian church had a stalwart parson by the name of Noyes. Elder Noyes had occasionally missed some of his chickens while counting them up mornings.

One night, at latish bedtime, some of his family thought they heard the squawk of a hen, and called the Elder's attention to it, when he stepped out of doors to listen.

He soon thought he heard some disturbance among his poultry, and stepped softly under a shed, in a room above which his flock roosted. As he got into the shed, he noticed two chickens lying on the ground in the cold embrace of death. Halting to listen, soon two more came down, when he called out, "There, I guess that is enough, you had better come down." There being no other recourse, the party overhead descended, when it developed to be a neighbor not far away, by the name of Cook.

The Elder greeted him very courteously, passing upon the nature of the evening, etc., and invited him into the house. Mr. Cook was very loath to accept the invitation, but knowing the parson's traits of character, dared not positively decline. Entering the house, family greetings were as familiar as usual, the health of his home circle as anxiously inquired about. The Elder, as was the custom of those days, brought out the usual bitter bottle and invited Mr. Cook to partake; but Mr. Cook insisted he was not dry, and begged to be excused, but after many protestations of not being dry was not allowed to avail himself of any excuse and took his medicine with the Elder.

"Now," said the parson, "we'll divide the chickens,

you taking half, and I will take half." Mr. Cook was most strongly opposed to taking the chickens, not caring for them at all, but the parson would not dismiss him till he accepted half the chickens to take home.

For many years after in declining a drink, the formula was, "Mr. Cook ain't dry."

During the common habit of letting cattle, hogs, geese and stock forage in the road, two or three men every season had running at large several old mares with their colts of different ages from one to four years old. For a pleasant exhibition of speed, this drove of young horses would be driven by men and boys in the neighborhood into some back yard, and there prepared for a race with strings or more commonly strips of green elm bark, which was stronger. One end would be tied to each colt's tail, the other to some old tin pail or pan or any other similar article that would make a noise. These articles were carefully hoarded by the boys for the races. They were then started out into the highway in a bunch, and whatever the missile that was attached to their tail was kept in hand until the ponies were got into the street and could have a fair start, without the usual delay at races of scoring up, which was avoided by the collection of missiles being thrown simultaneously against their hind legs. As they went off, the aggregation of old pails, pans, teapots, etc., would be jerked on to their heels, and then on to their backs, thus stimulating them to their speediest efforts. There may have been better time made by Dexter and Eclipse, but no horseflesh ever put forth more honest endeavors for speed than these un-thoroughbreds to

get away from the adornments of out-of-date tinware. Their attention being on things behind rather than before, would frequently result in some of the larger colts running over the smaller ones, and like blind leaders of the blind, be precipitated heels over head into some fence or gutter. No circus ever afforded the pure and unadulterated amusement furnished by one of these old tinware races.

Another pleasant diversion with the horse was practiced by a man by the name of Bull. His method was to take a split stick of wood and place it cross-ways in the horse's mouth, with a strip of bark over the horse's head and attached to each end to keep it in place. This used to be conducive of many smiles from people meeting this drove of horses, each with a big stick in its mouth. This proved such a success that the owner of the drove of young horses said they brought home nearly a hundred sticks one summer.

A man by the name of Foster was rather slow in paying his bills, but nevertheless was a man of good integrity. He lived nearly three miles from the center of the town. A man whom he thought was crowding him unduly sent a collector one morning to his home to present his bill and urge a prompt payment.

Handing the bill to Mr. Foster, he was told that he had not funds sufficient in his pocket to pay it, but if the collector would sit down and read the paper, he would go out and see what he could do. The collector seated himself to peruse the paper, while Mr. Foster went out and harnessed up his horse and drove to town,

where he spent the day seeing what he could do, leaving the collector to a day's work of getting news.

Some men have a particular hobby to talk about. I once knew a man by name of Moore who could not be engaged in conversation for five minutes any time or anywhere but what he would succeed in the introduction of horse talk in some manner.

Loyal Booth would do the same thing in gun talk. Sitting in a room with company, perhaps the subject of discussion might be on the tariff, free trade or protection. He would produce some noise by a stamp on the floor or some other way, and exclaim at once, "What was that? It sounded like a gun." From this starter he would go on, thus diverting the whole theme of conversation in the room.

Bill Cornwall was always bragging about his wife, never losing an opportunity to exalt her rare qualities and gifts. Some of his chums, having heard of Bill's wife to a surfeit, thought they had heard enough, and as Bill's wife was not considered by the community as entirely above reproach, one fellow says to Bill, after listening to a fresh eulogy: "Bill, how is it you are always boasting about your wife as a model of perfection? Isn't she a little too familiar with other men than a perfect woman should be?" "Wall," said Bill, "perhaps she is, but that's her only fault."

A queer fellow by the name of Jason Durrow was a sort of stroller about, never having any special home, but working a short time and after getting a little pay would shift his quarters. He was witty and had something of a gift in making rhymes and sometimes com-

posed epitaphs. His compensation for composing epitaphs was a meal of food, a drink of cider, or sometimes cast-off clothes. In his town was a Doctor Potter, who one day offered to treat him for a sentiment in the way of diversion. He would usually insist upon getting part or all of his pay before he delivered his composition.

The doctor got the following sentiment:

*"Doctor Potter's fat as butter,
Cheeks as red as a rose,
He can give a glyster
And draw a blister,
And that is all he knows."*

On another occasion, Jason called at a house, being thirsty, and suggested writing an epitaph for the lady of the house, for which she promised him his usual drink of cider, but wanted him to write it before she gave it to him. After some little bantering, he consented to write half of it, which was agreed to. He started off as follows:

*"Good old Sarah died of late,
And safely arrived at Heaven's gate."*

Thus far the epitaph seemed very satisfactory and a generous pitcher of cider was furnished to further inspire Jason's muse; when he was called upon for the other two lines he continued thus:

*"There Gabriel met her with a club,
And drove her down to Beelzebub."*

Another time Jason happened in one morning at a neighbor's house before breakfast, just as the family were seating themselves at the table. The family consisted of a man and his wife, a son and daughter. Jason came in rather cold, and was given a seat in the chimney corner, while the family sat down to breakfast. As soon as they were all located at the table, the man of the house said, "Well, Jason, what's the news down the road?" At first Jason didn't think of much, but finally starting upon a new thought, remarked that one of Col. Andrew's cows that morning had had five calves. "Well, well!" said the man, "that is news; never heard of such a thing before, five calves at once! What can the fifth calf do?" Jason said, "It can set and look on like a d—n fool, same as I do." This, of course, led to a very prompt invitation to breakfast.

An epitaph written for a maiden lady by the name of Charlotte ———:

*"Beneath this stone lies one named Charlotte,
She was born a virgin, but died a harlot.
Till the age of eighteen, she kept her virginity,
Which was doing well for this vicinity."*

On a woman who died of wind colic:

*"Wherever you be, let your wind go free,
For holding it back was the death of me."*

Many old sayings are passed about by people who have a very vague knowledge of where they originated. All

over the country the expression of "Even Stephen" is frequently heard. Being in a business office in Cleveland some years ago, a large iron manufacturer, speaking of the different mixtures of ores for making a certain quality of iron, remarked that a little of this and a little of that of another kind of ore would make an "even Stephen," which to him or anyone else there meant nothing but that it would make it come out all right. He was asked if he knew the origin of the expression, to which he said no, but being Connecticut born, he had always heard it. He was informed why. A man by the name of Peter Hall had a son Stephen. The old man was horribly close and penurious in all his habits. He doled out his food on the table in the most stingy manner. One day, having a dish of pot-luck for dinner, in which was a liberal piece of pork, he served out his usual scrimpy ration to his wife and son, Stephen. Stephen soon dispatched his piece of pork and proceeded to help himself to more, cutting much deeper than his father liked to see him. The old man exclaimed emphatically, "Stephen! Stephen! cut it even," to which Stephen very promptly replied, "Even or odd, I'll have a good slice, by G—."

In the old-time houses the best front room usually had a cupboard built across one corner known as a "boofat," meaning a buffet in which the bitter bottle, loaf sugar, and goodies were commonly kept for company. It was not considered a cordial reception of a friend without setting out some kind of liquors, wines or cider. At weddings, raising or moving of buildings, liquors and wines were profusely drank, and any man

within the circuit of invitation would consider himself greatly slighted if not invited to a raising or with his teams of oxen to hauling a building.

THE HABITS OF DRESS AND HOUSEHOLD LIVING.

A congregation of people during the first half of the century in dress, and the habits of living would be about as unlike those of the latter half of it as the contrast in almost any other feature of life that could be given. About the only thing known for men's wear in the place of store clothes would be broadcloth, cassimere and a fabric called satinete, the latter a cotton warp wool filled which after a few months' wear would develop white spots at the knees, seats and elbows. Broadcloth was the dress for the clergy and usually for wedding outfits. Aside from these, almost everything else were home productions. Nearly every farmer kept a flock of sheep, the wool being washed at home and taken to a carding machine and there worked into rolls about two feet long and the size of one's finger.

A spinning wheel was in every house for spinning wool. This wool yarn was woven into homemade cloth for men's and women's wear. Some went into carpets, some for sheets and bedding, underwear and various other things. The next staple article for home production was linen made from flax. Every farmer would have a small patch or a whole acre of flax. This on a rich piece of ground was sown very thickly to insure a fine fibre. When grown and the seed was ripe, it was all

pulled by hand, bound in bundles and after the seed was taken out, it was spread on a smooth piece of field to rot the stem and make it brittle preparatory to breaking and dressing, as they called it. After two or three months of this treatment, it was again bound up and taken to the barns.

During the winter, men were employed in taking this in handfuls and laying across the top edge of four or five boards arranged in a form called a break, with three or four more with the end enclosed in a heavy block to drop across it, bringing the two sets of edges together, thus breaking every inch of it. Then it was shaken out to separate what was called the shives and the remainder in large hanks was taken over the end of a board, set upright in a heavy block, and with a wooden instrument, called a swingling-knife, about two feet long, the coarser parts were whipped out. Then it was drawn through a coarse hatchel, taking out the coarser fibre, called swingling-tow.

This was separated and worked into coarse towels, coarse shirting and for various other similar uses on the farm. The next treatment of the flax was on a fine hatchel. This last treatment took out every coarse particle of the flax, and left a material to be worked into thread, fine table linen, fine underwear, sheets and pillow cases, and anything that could be produced from linen fabric. This work was a preparation for any young lady anticipating marriage. It was expected that she should have all of her necessities provided for furnishing the new home, with the materials above named, with her own hands as far as possible. Whereas

the spinning of wool was always done with the large wheel, the spinning of flax for these household purposes was done on a small wheel known as a Dutch wheel run by a treadle.

Many of these later specimens of wheels are still preserved in the country, the relics of a past generation, as bric-a-brac. These latter wheels were so portable that women could transfer them by hand with little trouble from one house to another; thus a number getting together to spin for the benefit of a special neighbor, or for a social entertainment, was the origin of spinning bees. The styles of wearing apparel were very different from those adopted in later days, conforming to those of New York or Paris. Ready-made clothing worn into town by country boys and girls would be a very attractive sight in these later days. To see the economy in the use of wearing apparel would be both a surprise and an amusement in our times. Men and boys were patched from head to foot. Elbows, knees, seats of pants and every spot of wear was covered with some piece of material without any regard to color or fitness. A boy's coat in those times would give a very good idea of the one worn by Joseph, who, a long time ago, was reputed to have spent quite an adventurous time in Egypt.

A very good illustration of the patching habit was given by a good old lady who fitted out her son, John, for a trip to visit his uncle, who was a man of some importance. She brushed up his clothes, patched the knees of his pants, and put a pair of her own gloves on his hands. John went to his uncle's residence out of

town and put in his appearance, announcing himself as a nephew, the son of a sister of the uncle. The uncle looked him over somewhat critically and said, "You are John, are you? Mary Ann's boy," at the same time remarking how well she had got him up for the visit, with this observation—"Patch on both knees, and gloves on."

The hats of those times were usually for Sunday wear and very important occasions. They were made of felt instead of silk as now, and were very stiff, heavy and uncomfortable for the head.

The boots were for special occasions made of calfskin kept polished with Day & Martin's blacking. The above named hat and boots were to be worn only at church or for some very special occasion, and would do service from ten to twenty years.

Boots made of cowhide were more generally worn than shoes, both of which styles were made straight, not right and left as now. These straight boots and shoes were a prolific source of corns and bunions, a cure for which is worth the price and reading of this book. A corn is caused by a pressure on the spot that stops circulation. An infallible cure is to soften with oil and pinch the corn till it is loose, which by a little persistence is easily done; soon as circulation is restored, the corn is done for. Future watchfulness will prevent a recurrence.

While these fashions prevailed throughout all New England for half a century, the country west repeated very much the same style of dress and habits, appearing to be using up the out-of-style ready-made clothing

thirty to fifty years later, in evidence of which will be introduced one or two bits of correspondence written to a young lady as late as in the sixties.*

Another essential with girls providing for matrimony, was the preparation of feather beds; such a thing as a mattress in those times was unknown. Nearly every farmer kept a flock of geese, being necessary to produce feathers for their beds, pillows and similar uses. The geese ran freely in the streets and to most farmers were an intolerable nuisance, crawling through fences and barways into their fields of grain, and waddling down the grass in their meadows. To avoid this trouble, it was the custom to yoke the geese, which was done by cutting a crotched stick with each prong about a foot long (just across which was placed a stick with holes bored) to receive each of these prongs. This cross stick was shoved up so as to form a triangular spot large enough for the goose's neck and fastened in place. It would seem like an easy matter to get crotched sticks enough with the abundance of bushes that existed, to yoke a flock of geese at short notice, but to get evenly balanced crotches was not so easy a matter as one might suppose. Therefore crotched sticks were generally kept on hand in some out building, as it was the motto, "The time to cut a goose yoke, is when you can find it."

The picking of geese was always an interesting exercise for boys to witness and participate in by catching the geese for their mothers to pick. While goslings at

* See poems under "Correspondence,"—addressed to "Sweet Ella" and "Prune Ella."

their first picking would be gentle and tame, the older geese and ganders would resent the performance by a most vigorous biting, to prevent which the old women generally pulled a stocking over their heads. In the absence of goose yokes being on hand to keep geese out of neighbors' fields, some people would resort to catching their neighbors' geese and goslings and tying strings around their necks just above their crops, after which performance the goslings would fill up their necks with green grass which could not go any farther down than the string, thus presenting much the appearance of a flock of pelicans with their pouches filled. A string thus covered is a source of a great deal of trouble to remove.

Other street nuisances were hogs, cattle and horses running at large. With hogs the same trouble was more or less experienced as with geese of getting into neighboring fields, and they, like geese, had to be yoked to prevent their depredations. If they were kept in fields they had to be caught and the rim of their noses perforated with an awl and a piece of wire twisted in it to prevent their damage by rooting. A much easier remedy has been learned since then than that quite cruel process. Riding on a western train a few years ago, with a man who was returning from Chicago, after the sale of a big lot of hogs, the train passed near a large farm in Missouri owned by this drover and leased to a party for raising hogs on. He said he had recently been on this farm and was taken out to the large fields in which the hogs ran, some two thousand in number, and remarked that there was no rooting done in the

fields. He suggested to the man who owned the hogs that he must have quite a **job ringing his hogs**, to which the man replied with a sense of surprise that he never rung any hogs to prevent rooting. When asked how he prevented it, he replied, "By giving them all the salt they want," of which he convinced the man by showing him troughs of salt scattered in various places.

APPRENTICESHIPS.

Until the last thirty or forty years, it has been the custom for most trades to be learned through an apprenticeship. Joiners, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths and tanners, in fact, nearly every kind of trade was learned by young men starting in at the ages of sixteen or seventeen years and serving with master workmen until they were twenty-one. After that time they were considered competent to work as journeymen and receive regular wages as such. During their time of apprenticeship they were required to work from ten to twelve hours a day, and when the days shortened from the 20th of September to the 20th of March, during these six months, shoemakers and such other trades as did work by lamp and candle light, were required to work till nine o'clock in the evening. Apprentices were usually, as they called it, bound out by their parents, under a written stipulation to serve their time in learning their trade, and were expected to be subject to all the rules and regulations under those who gave them employment. They must conform to the household regulations, attending morning devotions, and

in many cases where they lived, as was usual, with their employers in the absence of whom temporarily, the oldest apprentice was expected to ask the blessing at the table. A very interesting case of this kind happened in the family where the proprietor and his wife were extremely economical and miserly in their habits of living. During a severe storm, a nearly full-grown turkey was blown from off a tree on their premises into a pond nearby and was drowned. It was not discovered until nearly a week afterwards, when the lady of the house had it dressed and served for the apprentices. The man of the house happening to be absent when the fowl was served, it devolved as usual upon the oldest apprentice to ask the blessing. As the boys were aware of the nature of the feast prepared for them, the senior apprentice delivered himself of the following blessing: "Good Lord of love, look down from above upon this turkey hen; which has been dead and buried and now has rose again." Then all left the table in disgust, leaving the landlady to dispose of her turkey as she thought best. As another specimen of economy in this same family, it may not be out of place to record the most economical method in the use of tobacco. The man of the house chewed plug tobacco and after chewing his cuds until he had extracted all of their soothing juices, he then laid the quids on the mantel over his fireplace to dry, after which he supplied his pipe with the same for smoking. After smoking the same he reserved the ashes from his pipe for snuff, and it was told by his neighbors that he claimed the snuff produced snot enough to grease his boots with.

In the days mentioned, the tinning industry was the leading business in the neighborhood of Meriden. In the eastern part of the town, where many apprentices were employed and large quantities of tin were made for peddlers and for jobbers, was a locality known especially as "The Devil's Half Acre." This Devil's Half Acre was a sort of trade center for many years although nearly three miles from the real center of the town. From the stock produced in the shops standing on this ground, probably more Yankee peddlers were sent to the Southern states than from any other place in Connecticut. A large portion of the future successful business men of the town started in business from this point. For a time they would peddle tin about the state, taking, when they could not get money, such substitutes in exchange as old rags, geese and hens' feathers, old metals of all kinds, copper, pewter and lead, old gum shoes, butter, cheese and eggs, and at times various other kinds of produce. Their next advance would be to engage for a Southern trip; most of the peddlers from this region selecting Alabama as their field of trade. They would, with the aid of some friends to start them off, buy their dry-goods and Yankee notions in New York, commonly in the months of May and June, have them shipped through by water to Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Mobile and any port from which they could be transferred overland by teams to the destination in some county where they took license to peddle. In the month of September, they would start out with a new outfit of horses and covered wagons in strings of half a dozen or more teams, requiring a drive of several

weeks to get to the locality of their winter's work. Their goods would not much more than arrive in time for them to commence their sale in the fall, the means of transportation were then so slow. They would spend the winter months peddling, selling their goods to the planters, getting what pay they could down and taking notes for the balance. They returned in the spring to purchase a new stock of goods, spending the summer months north, and repeating the same migratory trip the following seasons. This history is given to show a great contrast in business between then and now. These goods were bought and shipped on individual credits to these young men on from six to eighteen months' time, which in these days would be an absurdity for anybody of however good credit to attempt to do business on such terms. To the credit of these young men they almost invariably paid their bills and turned out business successes in later life at home; it was rare that any of them ever betrayed the confidence of their creditors.

Among the apprentices of this tin-ware manufacture was one young man known as "Teenter Booge," who in settling up with his employer, a man very exacting of his apprentices, thought that he had been unjustly deprived of one dollar due him. He also took a trip south peddling. In those times, people receiving letters were expected to pay the postage; postage was charged according to the size of the package and the distance, ranging from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 25 cents. So Teenter Booge made up several packages and mailed them to his old employer, writing some indifferent matter in all but the last, in

which he put these couplets which became public property:

*"Old Noah Perkins, I am well,
Pay the postage on this letter and go to h—.
You owe me a dollar, d—n you;
This is the way I'll get it out of you."*

Another rather eccentric young man used to be employed on "The Devil's Half Acre" by the name of Tenant. If any piece of trickery was to be performed, Tenant was usually looked to engineer it. If a man came to the factory with a load of melons or other fruit, Tenant would be delegated to the man's wagon to divert his attention for a while in purchasing a small amount and then invite him into the shop to get his pay, when on his return he would generally find his wagon emptied of its contents. The horses used for fitting out tin peddlers from this establishment during the summer usually becoming poor and thin were disposed of in some way, before wintering. In the fall, the proprietor one season was applied to by Tenant for the privilege of selling his run-down peddling horses on commission. This was agreed to and Tenant took several of the horses to a neighboring town and notified the horsemen and others of the contemplated sale. The horses were well groomed and brushed up for the market, Tenant being very active about the horses, apologizing for their bad looks on account of their summer usage, but insisted on having them hitched up and driven to show the intending purchaser that while they

were poor and thin, they were high lived and ambitious horses. When the horses were harnessed it was a surprise to all to see what wonderful life every horse showed. Their heads and tails were high, and every one appeared to be a regular star gazer. After the horses were all sold at very fancy prices, it leaked out that Tenant had had his pockets filled with Cayenne pepper with which every horse was well anointed while putting on his cruppers.

In those days toll gates were general all over the state and everybody seemed to think it legitimate if they could beat a gate-keeper out of a fee when they were on the road.

In the old-fashioned winters, sleighing parties were common. Thirty or forty sleighs in a turnout to drive to some popular place fifteen or twenty miles away and have a big supper, frequently winding up with a dance in one of the old hotel ball-rooms. On one occasion, this same Tenant was in the party and as there were three or four toll gates on the circuit, he suggested that they were to make it a rule of the party to save trouble and time, that one should pay the toll for the whole, and that when they drove through the toll gate, the forward team should inform the gate-keeper that the person in the rear sleigh would pay, which rule all understood and would drive through without delay. In the rear sleigh would be Mr. Tenant and his lady. He took as much time as he saw fit in getting out the usual fare of six and one-quarter cents for a single team, handing the same to the gate-keeper, and prepared to drive along when the gate-keeper informed him that

the first team going through told him that the rear team would pay. At which Tenant, in apparent rage, exclaimed, "Haven't I paid you, you d—n thief?" and going on, indulged in most abusive language, uttering reproof for this dishonest attempt to defraud and take advantage of an innocent man whose chief pride was in paying his honest debts and who felt that when his integrity was gone, life was a blank. After a profuse shower of invectives, indulging in the most abusive language, mixed with loud profanity, he whipped his horse to catch up with the rest of the party now a mile or more away.

From the center of town the Devil's Half Acre was some three miles away. At this location for many years, hunting matches used to be made up by a party of twenty-four with twelve on each side. These would be selected something like the choosing of players in an old-fashioned baseball game, two men alternated in selecting a hunter for each side. The game was counted by numbers, a robin or a red squirrel four, grey squirrel or partridge ten, hawk or crow fifteen, fox fifty, small birds like the blackbird, chipmunks, etc., perhaps two apiece, and so on through a long list of different game. At night they would all be brought to these big tin shops by the bushel and counted and the side having the largest pile won a supper from the losers. Very few percussion lock guns were in use and a double barrel gun was rare.

On North Farms was a man by the name of Hall, who had several sons. It was a habit in the early spring as soon as the frost was out of the ground for farmers

to go off to their distant pastures and mend up the fences preparatory to turning out stock for the summer. As their pastures were under the mountain more than a mile away, they took their dinners, which in the shad season consisted of fresh shad and a large wooden bottle of cider, usually a gallon or more. After their forenoon's work they went to a warm corner in the field and ate their dinner, washed down copiously with good hard cider. No narcotic can be given to induce a desire for sleep more than a plentiful drinking of cider in the spring, and fresh shad is a good accompaniment. For their nooning they all laid themselves out for a nap, and after a good refreshing sleep, all woke up about the same time and proceeded to their afternoon's work. Before night they felt unusually faint and hungry and quit work somewhat earlier than was their usual habit for home. Arriving at home the mother of the boys exclaimed as they came in, "Why, boys, where have you been? We didn't know what had become of you." The boys looked at their mother with surprise. She asked John, "Where were you with the boys last night?" John says, "Here at home and abed." "No, you weren't," says the old lady; "we were worrying ourselves almost to death about you." For a time explanations seemed fruitless but finally the evidence was made conclusive that they were not at home and the cause of their faint and hungry feeling was from the fact that their noon nap had extended over night and into the next afternoon before they waked.

A quaint character was Enos Mix. In many ways he was very cunning and yet grossly illiterate. He always

spelled his name O S, Enos, O X, Mix. For evening amusements young people would amuse themselves around the old fireplaces in making rhymes, each one in turn composing some couplet. The following specimens are credited to Enos' turn in composing; the first effort was:

*"A burr and a rush chestnut burr
Turn which way you will and get out as you can."*

Another:

*"Well, well, well, crotch
Old Widow Mix and his wife, Wyudam cheese."*

Fishing for suckers by torch light was a favorite night sport. Torches were made with a roll of white birch bark, which, rolled compactly and lighted at one end, made a very brilliant light, and with a few extra rolls for substitutes a fishing trip in those times could be made quite successful, as the lights shining in the brooks and holes under the banks would expose the fish to sight plainer than by daylight. A man with a spear could make a very nice catch by thrusting at them in the brook by aid of the torch light.

This used to be a favorite duty for Enos to carry the torch. It would frequently be the case that Enos and his brother Tom on a trip for suckers, would both be pretty full of Santa Cruz rum and Enos would be a little careless in holding the light; sometimes from such neglect Tom would fail to hit his fish and always

laid the blame on Enos, and when he missed his fish, would exclaim fifty times in an evening, "Hold the torch, Enos; who the d—l can see to sucker."

Soon after 1800, England offered quite an inducement in the way of free lands for settlers from New England to locate in Canada, and for some inscrutable reason several colonies from Connecticut migrated over the line above Vermont, settling in the border of Canada just over the line. This oddity, Enos Mix, was one of a company of over forty, among which were two uncles of the writer, with the different families, making up over forty people, who moved into that inhospitable climate, where many of their descendants reside to this day.

The means of transportation when they went there to take up lands was by means of horses and some by ox teams. Their supply for clothing, medicines, groceries, agricultural implements, nearly all were obtained from Boston and Hartford and New Haven, and hauled hundreds of miles by horses. This colony settled on the east shore of Lake Memphremagog. On one of their trips to Connecticut in the winter, a sled with a span of horses was loaded with supplies consisting of warm clothes and summer dress goods, sugar, salt, and among their variety of wants was a barrel of rum. Being rather late in the season when they reached the head of the lake on which they made their winter's travel over the ice, this season the ice had become tender, and when getting some twenty or thirty miles down the lake, their load broke through the ice and only by expert work in cutting the traces the horses were saved

while the load sank in a hundred feet of water. This of course was felt as a serious loss to the colony, and by laying poles across the broken space of ice, fishing with ropes with hooks attached was kept up as long as it was safe to remain on the lake, with efforts to hoist up such a precious load of freight. This proving fruitless, they made land marks from which they could locate the spot exactly where the load went down and for three successive seasons, the efforts were continued to reclaim this load of goods, which at last proved successful. When raised to the surface and brought out onto the ice, the sugar and salt of course were worthless as well as many other things, but the barrel of rum was found to be in first-class condition, and most of the dress goods were saved in good order, and many of them worn for years after to Connecticut and exhibited as those which had lain for three years at the bottom of Lake Memphremagog.

These were migratory days, for the very crowding population that was accumulating in Connecticut through these great families which were almost as prolific as the French families in some parts of Canada are reputed to be. Two other uncles with a similar company of about forty people migrated to the Black River country in New York State, north of Utica, and were the first white settlers that planted their cabins there. This colony located in a much better country than those going to Canada, the Black River locality becoming a very rich farming section, filled up with a prosperous and thriving population.

During the early part of the century, Connecticut

owned a valuable possession in the state of Ohio, known as the Western Reserve or as New Connecticut. This consisted of the nine northwestern counties of that state granted to Connecticut by Congress for her extra amount of contribution to the war expenses of the Revolution. This valuable possession (which includes the present city of Cleveland) was finally sold to the state of Ohio for \$2,000,000, which is the source and origin of the Connecticut common school fund. The state of Ohio was a very inviting field for emigrants from Connecticut, its attractions being published in papers and sung at evening entertainments for young people who had expectations of marrying and moving out into that new country. Lands along the Ohio River were reputed as very rich and attractive. Among the diversions of the young class of people around the old-fashioned chimneys, marches would be instituted, starting off by some young man selecting a partner for the march, and leading off by singing this refrain:

*“Rise up, my true love, and give me your hand,
And away we will go to some far distant land.
To some far distant land, my true love and I will go,
And we’ll settle on the banks of that pleasant Ohio.
Ohio! Ohio! My true love and I will go,
And we’ll settle on the banks of that pleasant Ohio.”*

The first selection of a partner by some young man would of course be followed by all the others and then all in unison would sing the following:

*“There is all sorts of game, boys, a fitting for our use,
Besides the lofty sugar tree which yields us of her
juice,
And if you will spin and weave, love,
'Tis I will plow and sow,
When we settle on the banks of that pleasant Ohio.
Ohio! Ohio!” (refrain repeated.)*

Then the march would break up into a dance or some kissing performance.

Somewhat later on, the state of Michigan, then a territory and occupied largely by Indians, was considered an attraction to which to migrate, especially the southern part of the state, which was nearly allied to the state of Ohio. It may be well to relate here why the present city of Toledo is in Ohio. The original boundary line of Michigan was from the south shore of Lake Erie to the south end of Lake Michigan. The city of Toledo becoming settled was of course north of this line as well as many other towns west of it, and became identified with the state of Ohio before any controversy occurred about the state line of Michigan. Michigan, when becoming a state, laid claim to all from one lake shore to the other. As Toledo and other towns had become identified with the state of Ohio, they wished to remain, and to settle the dispute and pacify Michigan Congress gave her all that part of the state reaching to Lake Superior, now known as the Peninsula, and then considered almost valueless only for lumber, but the mining properties have since made it one of the richest legacies any state has ever obtained.

At this point a character included in one of the prolific families of North Farms in the town of Wallingford must be noticed. His name was Eldridge Morse. In the thirties he with an uncle, Albert Ives, the oldest banker, afterwards in Detroit, left North Farms where they were born, for the city of Detroit. The trip then was entirely by stages and was a long, slow and tedious journey. This was considered at that time the far West, as nearly everything beyond that was in the possession of the Indians. The uncle, Albert Ives, lived through the century and in conversation with the writer but a few years before his decease, told of staging it between Cleveland and Toledo, and the roads being so heavy and the stages so loaded, that he with several others walked a good share of the way, letting the stage carry their baggage, thus relieving the load and making much better time than if they rode.

This man Morse went into business in Detroit, keeping a diversified stock of goods. At that time in Michigan were several tribes of Indians, the Winnebagoes, Chippeways and others who came to Detroit to receive annuities from the government which were paid mostly in silver dollars and halves. Morse could adapt himself to any society or occasion, and soon cultivated the acquaintance of the Indians. When they came to Detroit, he very hospitably furnished them with plenty of free whiskey, thus obtaining much of their love and friendship. As they were in the habit of spending much of their money for supplies to take back to their camps, it was very natural that their liberal entertainer, Morse, should get a good share of their trade, which he did,

filling his coffers for the time quite freely with their silver which he would only take for goods, but whiskey was as free as salvation. He was invited by the chiefs to visit their tribal camps and he accepted their invitation. The highest compliment in entertaining among the Indians was to kill and roast some favorite dog, as a *piece de resistance* for a festal occasion. The Indian sets no table for his guests and asks no blessing at his meals, but whatever the collation is to be is served on the ground, the guests seating themselves on mats of buffalo robes and bear or wolf skins or other furs of a similar nature. Knives and forks not being in common use, the chief tears his game, or joints of dog, apart by main strength, passing portions about to his honored guests first. This was the first time, as Morse tells it, that he had ever had the pleasure of dining on dogs, but he said it didn't seem to kill Indians and he thought he could stand it, so he helped to eat their d—n dogs with very good relish. This of course made him sound and fast in the affections of the Indians, and in their future trips to Detroit, he would have a barrel of whiskey on the dock, ready tapped on their arrival, and putting himself in some conspicuous position he was the most attractive object the Indians would see from the boat when coming down the river, and such a shouting and cheering as would be set up by the whole tribe was enough to frighten a city.

About this time in several western states were a great many what were called "Wild Cat Banks," which were started on a very insignificant capital and put out a large circulation of bills with very little reserve for their

redemption. As a matter of course many of them proved to be such swindles on the community that legislative proceedings were resorted to prohibiting their business and continuance. Morse having gone into a heavy steamboat enterprise failed to make it a success and had to retire from business. Wild cat banks also having to quit operations and putting out circulation had on their hands a large amount of paper money already printed ready for signing and scattering among the people which then became useless. One of these was the Chippeway County Bank and Morse availed himself of getting hold of what would represent some \$200,000 of this Chippeway currency. Packing a trunk with sheets of it and cutting up enough to fill a capacious pocket-book, he started on a trip back to Connecticut. The ride by stages being slow and tiresome, with his affable manner he would get the privilege of riding on the seat with the driver most of the way, which is generally considered to be the favorite seat for riding through the country. During his ride with the driver he would ask him how much time he could gain between different points on his route, as he had important business in New York and wished to make every minute count, money being no object to him, and when being told by the driver how much quicker he could make his route, Morse would pull out that pocket-book and take out a five or ten-dollar Chippeway bill, handing it to the driver and telling him to make his best time. The long whip would soon begin to crack, the stage to bound over the corduroy roads and through the mud and over the hubs and whatever obstructed them on the roads,

to the bewilderment and wonder of the passengers as to what the driver was up to. Hills were apparently levelled down on the way, and at the different stations the horses would come in smoking and steaming like coal pits. Great hurry and haste were manifested in relays of new teams and no time lost in the new start, and speed kept up to the highest point. In this way probably the closest time was made through Pennsylvania and Ohio that was ever known by the various disbursements of Chippeway bills among the different drivers along the road.

On Morse's return to Connecticut, he looked about his native town of Wallingford. This was soon after the time of the Hartford and New Haven railroad being built. The road layout was half a mile west of the center of the town on the sand plains, where nobody had ever located any buildings of consequence. Morse conceived the idea that a factory should be located near the new depot, thinking it would be a good nucleus for business to gather around. He therefore contracted with different builders of the town to erect quite a spacious building for factory purposes, the reason and its intended use being kept secret. During the construction of this factory, Morse spent most of his time in New York City, coming up to his Wallingford home every Saturday night, and at all places making a conspicuous exhibit of his big pocket-book filled nearly two inches thick with Chippeway bank bills. After the building was well towards completion, rumors were passed about that Morse never would pay and the fact that he had not paid anything created uneasiness among

the contractors, who became so alarmed that a general strike was made on the job. Morse was notified in New York and came home in high dudgeon. Morse was a man that had few peers in Connecticut in scientific swearing. His denunciations of people who made such reports about his inability to pay and the scoring he gave the contractors in leaving their job before completed was a most fearful ordeal as reported by all who heard it. While denouncing their actions he would take out his big pocket-book, stuffed almost to bursting, run his fingers over the ends of the bills, showing twenties, fifties and hundreds, apparently enough to buy out the whole town, the sight of which very soon brought out apologies from the builders for leaving and profuse promises were made to finish the job, which were all ultimately carried out. At the conclusion of the work on the factory, a grand ball was given for the benefit of the contractors and the dedication of the building. As far as pay was concerned, Morse never liquidated one dollar. During its construction, Morse being present one day, a stranger who was passing, saw him standing out and inspecting the progress of the work, chanced to ask Morse what was the object of such a factory there and what was to be manufactured, to which Morse promptly replied, "Itch ointment, and fine tooth combs." The stranger remarked to Morse that if he was a fair specimen of the people about there they ought to enjoy an active trade. This reply suited Morse quite as well as if it had been on some other fellow, and when asked how and why he planned to build this factory with no purpose in

view, he said that they would need one there after awhile and somebody ought to set the thing off.

In his own business transactions he bought on credit large amounts of goods of about every conceivable nature in different parts of the country, and they had been shipped to New York for him to handle and a great variety of goods came to Wallingford to his old home-
stead. For years, creditors from various directions would visit him, hoping to collect something on their accounts. Whoever they were, on arriving at Morse's home, they would be received as cordially as if they were princes, treated and entertained in the finest manner and enjoyed the visit so well in Morse's company that they would rarely make any mention of any claim on him and go away seemingly pleased that they had contributed a bill of goods to such a genial entertainer.

This Chippeway money after the completion of the factory was quite generously given away to boys and any friend who wished to make a display of twenty or fifty dollars in something that had the appearance of money in their pockets, so that Chippeway money became as familiarly known for a time as modern greenbacks.

Morse was a brother of the twin Morses who courted a young lady alternately during several months. It seemed that one of the twins had sold a cow to a man in Meriden by the name of Lawrence, known as Uncle Sile Lawrence, who was among the first stage drivers and teamsters on the Hartford and New Haven turnpike. In the center of Meriden was one of the old turnpike taverns. This hostelry was the headquarters

for the older men of leisure to meet and spend their odd time exchanging stories and absorbing liquors from the bar. This old tavern stand bar-room was the scene of a great many jolly occasions and was not torn down for more improved property till nearly the year 1900. The old bar-room rarely lacked a convivial company of friends and one cool day Morse dropped in among them and among other introductions, was presented to Uncle Sile Lawrence as Mr. Morse, formerly of Detroit, more recently of Wallingford, North Farms, so called. "Morse, Morse," said Uncle Sile. "Is he any relation of Harley Morse? If so, I do not care to cultivate his acquaintance." Morse stepped back with one of his unique expressions of surprise at Uncle Sile's remark, exclaiming, "Why, my dear Mr. Lawrence, what do you mean by such an insinuation concerning my brother?" Uncle Sile explained that he had bought a cow of his brother, Harley, on which very flattering representations had been made to him of her fine qualities in producing milk and butter, all of which he found after his purchase to be utterly false, and he proceeded to denounce Morse's brother, Harley, in the severest terms. Morse put on an air of grief and wounded pride and proceeded to assure Uncle Sile that there must be something utterly out of the usual order of things in this case with his brother. He represented his brother as the soul of honor, one of the last things that he could be induced to do would be to misrepresent any article he had for sale with the intention to defraud. It was beyond his ability to express his grief and surprise. Every form of apology that he

could make on his brother's account was offered to assure Uncle Sile of his sincerity, and wishing to have his brother's reputation for integrity restored, he pulled out his big pocket-book and generously presented Uncle Sile with a fresh ten-dollar Chippeway bill, begging him to forgive and to forget this transaction with his brother, that he knew was made with the most innocent intentions. As soon as Uncle Sile received the bill, he made profuse acknowledgments and promised never to entertain the least unkind feeling towards Morse's brother and expressed much sorrow and freely apologized for what he had said.

The friends in the bar-room who had listened to this transaction, remarked to Uncle Sile after Morse left that for such a profitable interview, it would be no more than rational to expect him to "set 'em up" for the crowd. To this Uncle Sile could not reasonably object and invited up all the party in the room to take something appropriate to such pleasant results. After all had taken their libations, Uncle Sile, being short of other funds, presented the Chippeway ten, which the bar-keeper informed him was of no value. When the facts in the case dawned upon Uncle Sile that he was in for paying the bills with other money, it was claimed by those present that nothing in the way of strong language expressing Uncle Sile's views of the Morse family was ever heard in that bar-room.

After a season spent east at his old home, Morse made a return to Detroit to finish up some business affairs. Passing over the same stage route on which he came east, he noticed very few of the old drivers that he came

on with. Making inquiry what had become of some of the pleasant acquaintances he had made coming east, he learned that the majority of them were then serving time in jail, having signed several of those Chippeway bills and passed them on innocent people. One of Morse's pleasant diversions after his return West, was during a trip to New Orleans, being before any railroad facilities were known and nearly all travel went down the Mississippi from various points by steamboats. On one of these trips, which took several days, Morse, in loitering about the deck of the boat, observed a busy little man going to this one and that and engaging in short chats, who after awhile presented himself to Morse, excusing himself for so doing, by remarking that a trip on the boat was rather long and somewhat tedious without an acquaintance and that he always liked to make new acquaintances and gratify his curiosity by knowing where they were from, where they were going, and if they had no objection, to know something of their business ventures. This seemed to exactly suit Morse, and this little stranger was received in the most respectful manner and treated at once like long acquaintance. His ideas exactly suited Morse, and when business matters were led to, and Morse was requested to divulge the nature of his business, he remarked that he was engaged in an enterprise of rather a novel nature, which was dealing in dogs. Being asked what kind of dogs he dealt in, he said it did not make any difference, watch dogs, bird dogs, coach dogs, or any dog that could bark or bite he had a market for, was ready to buy or sell any dog that could

stand on four legs. His new acquaintance seemed pleased to have found such a new source of business, and after passing a few words more excused himself to pick up other acquaintances. This interview dropped out of mind with Morse until some three or four days later when the boat had gone down to some of the river landings for wood in Arkansas, being in the spring, when the country was quite wet and the black soil was like a bed of tar. The boat stopped at a landing to wood up, where on the banks was the usual swarm of niggers. The boat had been at the pier but a few minutes when Morse, who was standing on the deck seeing them load the wood, was approached by a darky with a big shaggy dog. Cuffy said, as he came up to Morse, "Massa, you de man buying dogs?" "Yes," said Morse, "have you a dog to sell?" "Yes, Massa, here he is; what you pay for such dogs?" Morse commenced the most serious inquiry as to what the dog could do, but before the darky could answer, another came and then another until in less than ten minutes from a dozen to twenty darkies and their dogs were tracking this black Arkansas mud on the decks, looking for the man who was buying dogs. Morse met them all with apparently the most honest intention of buying the whole lot; during the negotiations the deckhands of the boat called the captain's attention to this intrusion of both dogs and darkies, neither of which were allowed on the decks of a boat. To see such a swarm of intruders, the captain at once caught up a large piece of rope and proceeded to cut right and left among the new comers, exclaiming, "Where in

h— did all the d—n niggers and dogs come from?" The slashing of the captain's rope on the deck soon cleaned out the dogs and their colored owners. When the decks were all clear, Morse cast a look across the deck to a small man who was laughing until it seemed as though he would die. After that Morse and this small man were very close friends, Morse admitting that the little man had got his part of the joke on him that time.

The Morse family were somewhat noted for their eccentricities; and another brother, Elkanah, sometimes traveled with him. On one occasion putting up at a hotel, they had a room with two beds in it. Eldridge had gone to bed and learned from Elkanah that another guest was to occupy the other bed with them, so it was arranged that Eldridge should be sound asleep and that Elkanah should sleep with the stranger, as they were anxious to transact some business by themselves, so on retiring, Elkanah gave the stranger a little warning information which he said he always did in sleeping with a new acquaintance. He informed his expected bed fellow in a very serious way that in early years he had been bitten by a mad dog, and that sometimes, when retiring very weary from his day's work, he became so restless that he was liable to bite his bed fellow, but it was only of very rare occurrence and not at all liable to happen that night, but he merely mentioned it in order to prepare his friend if it should happen that he chanced to bite him during the night. He told him his name was Elkanah Morse and in case of his biting to speak his name, when he

always waked immediately and the trouble would be over.

With these directions they retired together and his bed fellow's fears being allayed by the apparent ease with which he could arouse his mate. Seemingly Elkanah soon fell asleep as did also his comrade, but in the course of an hour or so, Elkanah gave a fearful snarl and growl, turned over and grabbed his bed fellow in the shoulder with a good set of double teeth, biting him nearly to the bone. The man waking suddenly yelled with pain, but forgetting the name he was to call. The noise woke Eldridge in the other bed and he sang out, "Elkanah, the devil's in you, you are biting that man, you will kill him," when, of course Elkanah suddenly woke up. The man commenced rubbing his shoulder in pain and Elkanah to make most profuse apologies, excusing himself with the fact that when they went to bed together he was so tired that it made him give the usual precaution, but assured the stranger that he rarely ever bit more than once in a night and that he need not fear a repetition of it again that night, but the stranger concluded to take no further risks and went to the office for another room, leaving the two brothers to enjoy their room to themselves.

Elkanah was a peddler for a long time, peddling tin and Yankee notions. He had a sister, Lois, who had a friend in an adjoining town to whom she wished to send some remembrance in the way of a present. In those times a tin teapot used to be made holding just about a pint, known as an old maid's teapot. It had a

broad flat bottom and tapered to the top, similar to an oil can, with a small handle on one side and a spout running from the opposite side from near the bottom nearly as high as the pot. This was a very handy little teapot to brew a small drawing of tea in on the coals before the old fireplaces and later on the stove. The retail cost was ten cents. Lois purchased one of these teapots and sent it to her friend by Elkanah, and when it was presented it was a subject of the greatest admiration. Her friend on receiving the pot, exclaimed, "Did Lois send that to me? That is just like Lois, what a good soul she is!" At the same time holding up the teapot to admire it and wiping it over with her apron, continued to exclaim, "What a good critter Lois is," and bursting into tears, said, "How could Lois be so good as to send me that teapot, it's just like Lois, she always has to do something for somebody," and the tears continued to flow. Setting it up in the cupboard she went on with her eulogy of Lois and then would go to the cupboard and take down the teapot, brush it off with her apron, burst into a new flood of tears, exclaiming, "That was so good in Lois, just like her, how could she be so good!" This exercise would continue, alternating between praising Lois, wiping the pot off with her apron, setting it up in the cupboard, taking it down again with a new gush of tears, at the thought of Lois being so good as to send her that teapot. This was kept up for half an hour or more, wondering how Lois could be so good!

At an evening's entertainment on North Farms, quite a company of married people, meeting together for

diversion, they adopted some of the plays of the younger sets, in which judgments were passed to satisfy certain forfeits in their play. A namesake was judged to kiss a married woman, who in his attempt to execute his judgment met with rather unusual resistance for such an effort. The lady was not considered a very inviting morsel for any man to kiss, and getting a little impatient after several efforts to imprint the osculation, he exclaimed, "Well, seeing I've undertook to kiss you, I'll be d—— if I don't do it if I puke for three weeks."

Another character known as Old Put lived in this section for a good many years. Where he came from nobody could ever find out. A tall, venerable, stalwart man with a large head and red face and seemingly with but one eye. He seemed illiterate in everything but one trait, that was his wonderful memory and power of imitation. He rarely attended church or any public functions, unless an occasional political speech, when on his return home to the man he lived with nearly all his life, he could repeat almost verbatim any sermon or speech he had listened to, with gestures and style of delivery, retaining a store of such things for months and even years. His pretension of having but one eye was an eccentricity that very few understood, always seeing him with one eye closed and the other open; but this order of things was changed every month; the eye that was open one month was closed the succeeding month and the other eye put into service, thus alternately resting one eye every month.

Another queer man in early days was Siah Francis.

He was a man of phenomenal strength and very odd in all of his habits. Being one time very sick and given up by his physicians in an old-time case of lung fever, after all hope seemed to be gone for his recovery, he would ask in whispers for pepper and eider, which used to be a great antidote for colds. The doctor being consulted to know if it was safe to give it to him, said it didn't matter what he took, he was sure to die, so to every inquiry made of Uncle Siah if he wanted anything to take for his relief he gave the whispering response of "pepper and eider." This was given to him in plenty, with the result of a perfect cure. This circumstance led to nearly the whole community around there becoming Thompsonians.

In his day wrestling being one of the favorite athletic performances, on public occasions like town meeting and general musters, there would always be some champion wrestlers challenging all comers either for sport or for betting. On one occasion a fellow who had never been defeated gave out a challenge in Wallingford and the friends of Uncle Siah, knowing his prodigious strength, selected him for a hold with this fellow, who boasted of never having been thrown. As they entered the ring together Uncle Siah remarked in his flat expression of language to a friend standing by, "I guess the boy will have to take it this time," and taking hold in their usual way, the word being given, Uncle Siah lifted his man into the air and flung him on the ground by main strength with as much apparent ease as if he had been an empty pair of breeches.

Uncle Siah had a nephew, although not much his junior, known as Uncle Sam Francis. He was a very bright, genial man, always had plenty of leisure to see his friends and entertain them with his fund of anecdotes and good cider.

He had a fine farm and was a generous liver. As has been heretofore remarked about geese, nearly everybody had a flock of them running in the streets. For a good many years Uncle Sam had three large brown geese and a gander and only an occasional year would they ever be seen with more than one gosling to their credit. Once perhaps in four or five years they would appear with two. Any one coming along and meeting Uncle Sam for a few minutes' talk, if they chanced to comment on the times in the season when these three geese and a gander had two goslings, Uncle Sam would speak very encouragingly of the prospects, and sometimes being asked what he saw to give him so much hope, he would remark that his three geese that year had got twins.

Uncle Sam's wife had one of the old-fashioned names, Hopeful, familiarly known in the neighborhood as Aunt Hopey. She also had a sister, Content, known as Aunt Tenty, and a sister, Patience, known as Aunt Patty. One of Uncle Sam's enjoyable occasions was entertaining a trunk peddler over night by the name of Caleb Austin. A great share of the Yankee notions and small articles, handkerchiefs, pins, thread, combs, thimbles, jew's-harps and a variety of other things used to be largely dispensed by trunk peddlers. They carried two tin trunks of the capacity of nearly a bushel each.

Straps like a surcingle belt ran over their shoulders with stout double hooks on each end to catch into the handles on top of the trunk to relieve the hands. In this way quite a varied stock of small articles could be carried about the country. The peddlers' habit was to stop over night with country people and pay their charges for keeping them with something out of the trunks. This Caleb Austin used to carry only one trunk and on the opposite side to balance it was a basket containing extract, essences, etc. He had one peculiar trait in his trade, that he would never sell the last of any article in his trunk down to a pocket-comb or a jew's-harp, however urgent a customer was to buy. Asked for his reason, with lisp that always accompanied his talk, he said, "He didn't withe to break hith athortment."

Caleb was a bachelor and after getting well along in years, women used to ask him why he didn't marry? He said that he had not got quite ready yet, and had not found the right one. His lady customers would suggest certain maiden ladies and widows as suitable companions for him, none of whom would ever meet his approval. When giving a reason it would generally be that they were too old, and that when he got married he wanted a young wife. To his friends' inquiry why, he said that "chickens were sweeter than old hens."

To return to his staying over night with Uncle Sam, where everybody was sumptuously entertained. In the morning he opened his trunk, exhibiting his goods and inquired of Uncle Sam how much was to pay?

Uncle Sam referred him to his wife in such matter, as he never set prices for keeping people over night. So Caleb directed his attention to Aunt Hokey to know what she needed. She replied that she had no price to name and he could give her what he was a mind to. Being very stingy and tight in his dealings, the terms being left to himself, he looked over his stock to see what he could find for her. He finally asked her how she was fixed for darning needles, which were sold two for a cent. She said she could use some darning needles, when he presented her with a couple, asking how that would do. She said that was all right and very satisfactory, which was apparently concluding the bill. Uncle Sam, sitting by his fireside, seeing the conclusion of the trade, very readily interfered, saying, "Hokey, that's too much," he repeated, "that's too much, don't you take but one." He insisted upon her returning one, which she did and Caleb accepted it, thus closing the bargain. This to Uncle Sam was much more satisfactory than if he had received ten dollars in any large transaction. It was a comfort to him to tell of the pleasure and profit he had in keeping Caleb over night, giving him two good meals and lodging for half a cent.

Uncle Sam was a Universalist and in his day looked upon by orthodox people with a good deal of distrust, although in every other particular was as honest a man, as good a citizen, and as popular with all his acquaintances as any man that ever lived in the state. He looked upon all kinds of religion as a subject of priest-craft, and most forms of gaming in the way of betting or

gambling he disfavored. The game of backgammon was somewhat of a mystery to him, which he always called blackgammon. The district school-house was used for a variety of different religious exercises and commonly well attended, either through interest, or from curiosity to see what new novelty was to be presented. Uncle Sam, being an agnostic, rarely attended, but when he did he would report to his friends that there were two things he had never been able to master and see through, and these were blackgammon and North Farms' religion, as North Farms was good ground for any new religious fad or ism to take root.

Another deal that pleased Uncle Sam to relate was concerning an acquaintance by the name of Baldwin, who was a bachelor and quite a wealthy farmer. When in the fall leaves were off the weeds and bushes, he discovered about his fences and odd corners several nests of hens' eggs which had most of them been deposited through the summer, many having been set on and failed to hatch, and others had lain through the hot weather until they were mostly all stale. Without any reference to their age or condition, they were gathered up to the extent of nearly half a bushel and taken to the store to exchange for groceries. This man, Baldwin, had a very dignified manner of speech and way of doing business. Coming into the store kept by a Mr. Birdsey, after the usual salutations and time of day passed, he asked Mr. Birdsey if he was buying any eggs? Certainly, he dealt in eggs. Mr. Baldwin said he had got a basket full, fresh brought in, that he thought he would like to exchange for a few groceries.

Being requested to bring them in, he did so and Mr. Birdsey commenced to count them out. It was soon observed in handling them that they were very smooth, and in shaking them, nearly every one would serve as a good rattle box. Mr. Birdsey remarked that he was afraid they would not suit his customers, as so many of them were bad. Mr. Baldwin expressed much surprise, as they were all fresh brought in, he assured him, that day. Mr. Birdsey counted a few more, they appeared to grow worse, and Mr. Baldwin kept reiterating his surprise and the fact that they were all fresh brought in, but Mr. Birdsey finally decided that he should not dare offer them to his customers, and, expressing regret, declined to receive them. "Well," says Mr. Baldwin, "I cannot understand why the eggs should be in such a condition, as they were all fresh brought in, and as I have brought them down I hope you will consent to take them even if at a little less price." The pleasing feature of this proposition to Uncle Sam was what reduction would be fair and proper to be made on rotten eggs?

SLOW POWDER.

An indolent, lazy character by the name of Bill Lunnon lived on a back street near a mill pond. He had quite a large family and his tumble-down dwelling was quite a resort for boys to visit and spend evenings hearing him tell stories of fishing and hunting, at both of which he devoted a good share of his time. His hunting days were with the old-fashioned flint lock

gun loaded from a big powder horn, shot poured out into his hands and the charges rammed down with wads of hornets' nests or swingling tow. On one of these boys' visits of an evening quite a vigorous discussion sprang up among the boys as to the relative merits of slow and quick powder, the latter being a fine grain and used chiefly in rifles and by some considered too quick for good results, in shot guns and liable to scatter the shot too much. While this debate could not be settled with definite results among boys, Bill, who had sat in the chimney corner smoking his pipe, had been a silent listener and, knowing of his varied experience in hunting, the question was finally left to him to decide, which they all agreed should be final. After his usual yawn before telling a story, Bill said, "Well, all I've got to say about slow or quick powder is the luck I have had with slow powder, which I have never had with quick powder. I was chopping wood down here in the wood-yard, three or four years ago, and saw a nice flock of black ducks fly over. There was about twenty of them and they all lit right down there in the pond. I had my old King's Arm all loaded for ducks lying up in the buckhorns in the kitchen. I looked and saw the ducks settle in the pond, came in and took down the old gun, and crawled down behind the bushes to the edge of the pond. I got a good spot where I thought they would come around and give me a good shot. Pretty soon they all came around just where I wanted them all in as pretty a bunch as you ever see. I took good aim on them right in the middle of the bunch and pulled the trigger, when the old gun snapped and, by gosh,

she didn't go off, the powder just 'fooshed' up in the pan and no noise from the gun. I never was madder in my life, but I see the ducks didn't fly, they being pretty tame ones, so I thought I would go back to the house and prime the old gun up again. When I got back to the house I looked down to the pond and see the ducks were all there. I went into the house and before I poured the priming into the pan, I thought I would see if she was loaded all right so I pulled out the ramrod and shoved into the barrel to see how much I had got in. By gosh! the rod went down not more than half way in the barrel which surprised me to see what an all-fired load I had got in. I stopped and scratched my head a minute and while I was doing it I see that rod was moving a little and I made up my mind the charge was coming, so instead of priming the gun again, I looked down to the pond and see the ducks was there. I crawled down back again, got the same spot where I was before, the ducks came around just as good as they did the first time. I got a good sight on them right in the center of the bunch and in less than half a minute the old gun went off like Vesuvius, and I killed every darn duck in the pond. That's what I did with slow powder, and if anybody can beat it, they are welcome to use all the fine powder they can get hold of."

Bill used to entertain the boys about one of his hunting trips with his old King's Arm, in which he said he used to shoot bullets as well as shot. One day going along the banks of the Quinnipiac River, he saw a big flock of pigeons sitting on the limb of a large tree where the limb reached out over the water. The

pigeons were just as thick as they could sit on the limb, and he thought he would try an experiment, so he put in one of his big bullets that would weigh about an ounce into the old King's Arm and shot at the limb and split it so that it let in the toes of three or four dozens of the pigeons, and as the limb sprung back it caught all their toes and held them fast; then the thing was to get the limb down, so he climbed the tree and weakened it enough with a jack-knife so that the weight of the pigeons broke off the limb and it fell into the river. Then he came down and waded into the water to pick the pigeons off from the limb. He brought out as many as he could "lug" onto the bank, and found himself so heavy when he got there that he could only just climb up the bank. His weight seemed to be largely in his pants, and after laying his pigeons down on the ground, he put his hands into his pants and found he had got about two dozen big suckers that had run into his pants while he was in the river, making about as good luck as he ever had on one trip after pigeons.

He used to tell another trick he did with the old King's Arm shooting blackbirds. One year, he said, the blackbirds came by thousands to pull up his corn and they would light on the rail-fences around the lot so thick that they would almost break it down. He thought one day that he would see what he could do shooting them, so he went out and banged away at them, killing three or four at a time on the fence, and after he saw that that did not thin them out much, he tried a new plan; so putting in a good big grist of

powder and shot, he took aim at a spot where they sat pretty thick for twenty rods on the fence. He aimed at one end of the bunch and pulled the old gun off, and gave her a swing and swept that fence clean the whole distance, killing every blackbird on the fence for the twenty rods. In that way he said he soon thinned them out so that he saved his corn and had a pretty good crop at last.

Bill Lunnion said he got his first idea on slow powder being the best from shooting at a mark with his brother, Sam. Sam claimed just as the boys did that quick powder was the best, so he and Sam tried, Sam shooting quick and he slow. They put up their mark, a two-foot circle, ten rods off, both using the same sized shot. Sam shot his quick powder and they went to see how many shots were in the ring. They could not count more than a dozen, the rest all having gone outside. They marked each spot with chalk where Sam's shot struck, then he loaded up with his slow powder, put in just the same charge of shot and drew a bead on the center of the ring. He blazed away and hurried to see how many shot he had put in. When they got there they didn't find a new shot in the ring. Said Bill, "I felt darned ashamed and began to claim that I guessed I forgot to put in the shot. While we both stood looking at the mark, something began to pepper us from behind. I says, 'Get out of the way, Sam, I believe those shots are coming; you know the powder was slow.' We both jumped aside, and for five minutes they kept coming in, and I am ready to die if every shot in that charge didn't seem to strike inside that

ring just as even as a pepper-box cover. That gave me an idea on slow powder and I have never quit on it."

Bill had a large family, mostly boys. One day a neighboring woman called on Mrs. Lunnon and during her visit observed what a prolific family she had and how bright and smart her boys seemed to be, and the girls, too, she thought were uncommonly smart. Mrs. Lunnon says, "Yes, they be all smart children, but Sam, named after his uncle, is the cutest one in the lot." The neighbor wanted to know why? "Why," she says, "Sam has been under the bed for a convenience all winter and we never found him out till spring."

While on the subject of hunting powder and guns, it may be timely to relate a funny experience of one Tom Mix, during his first experience in military duty. Tom had never had much practice with a gun and was somewhat timid in its use, and his mother, known as Granny Mix, was always fearful that Tom would have some mishap either by an explosion or shooting himself and was always cautioning him in the use of fire-arms. Being summoned to do military duty, he, of course, had to respond to the call for military discipline, and, fitting out with an old King's Arm and cartridge-box and rude uniform, he started out for the parade ground. It was customary during their exercises of drill and parade to wind up with a series of firing several shots, for practice in loading and discharging their guns, as if in battle. Tom, being short handed for wadding, substituted punk, the use of which his mother feared might be somewhat dangerous, so with her usual precaution, advised Tom when he loaded

not to prime. When called on to fire, with the rest of the company, there should be no discharge from his piece, and, among so many, his would not be missed. As they were all flint-locks it would only be attributed to a misfire, so Tom following his mother's advice, loaded the gun with powder, and no balls being required, put his piece of punk on top of each successive charge of powder, and in accordance with his mother's advice did not fire the gun off during the day. After the company was discharged, Tom with his companions started for home, all having their guns over their shoulders. It happened that during the day, fire-crackers were in use, which were quite a common diversion among the boys on training days. It happened that one of these boys stuck a smouldering fire-cracker into Tom's gun-barrel just before leaving for home.

Before Tom reached home, walking with his chums and gun over his shoulder, the fire-cracker had set fire to the punk, and, the punk reaching the powder, a very unexpected discharge of the gun took place, much to the surprise of Tom and his companions. After the first surprise was over and Tom got home, he set his gun up in the corner of the kitchen. The family sitting down to supper, were soon greatly surprised by another explosion of the gun, from the first discharge setting fire to the next order of punk. This proved a serious alarm to his mother, and the whole family thought the gun bewitched and possessed of some strange freak, not suspecting the cause and Tom's method of loading. Thinking the trouble was all over, the gun was set away in the closet. About bed-time the

family were again frightened nearly out of their wits by another report of the old gun in the closet. The gun was again put in a new place in the sink-room, not being considered worthy of being retained in the house of a well-regulated family. About midnight, another report took place, arousing the whole family, and again it was put out of doors and there it continued to report about once in two hours the rest of the night until the last piece of punk reached the original charge and all was quiet henceforth.

Tom had a brother Eli who was quite an accomplished drummer. He could play his drum in a hall or room for better effect, keeping up a perfect, continuous roll of the drum and interspersed with blows, giving the effect of single, double and triple shots of a musket, with no apparent interruption to the roll of the drum. Eli was as odd as any of the odd Mixes that ever were born. In his day the political parties were Democrats and Whigs. In 1840 the election of President Harrison by the Whigs was considered favorable to the establishment of a national bank, but the early death of Mr. Harrison allowed the presidential chair to be taken by John Tyler. When Congress passed measures favorable to the establishment of a national bank, to the great disappointment of the Whigs, President Tyler vetoed the bill. This, of course, was a subject of great delight and satisfaction to the Democrats, and Eli, being a disciple of democracy, shared in the general rejoicing of his party. The day he received the news, he bought a gallon of rum and a pound of powder. Getting such good news, which he very little understood,

only from pleasing evidences of his Democratic friends, he thought best to express his joy in getting well filled with Santa Cruz, and firing a few appropriate salutes to let, as he said, the d—n Whigs know what had happened. This pound of powder was all in one big powder horn. He fired one charge to the north, holding the gun over his head; this charge he put in himself, when a young man, just the age of the writer, appeared on the scene with full approval of having his intentions carried out. The young man offered to load the gun for Eli the second time while he partook of another drink. The powder was poured out about what would be called two or three crow charges. This Eli held over his head and fired to the west. After this discharge Eli, with his silly laugh, said he guessed that would wake up the d—n Whigs, and while taking another drink of Santa Cruz the gun was being loaded again, this time with nearly double the second charge. This was fired to the south, and jerked Eli nearly a rod as he held the gun over his head and fired it off. That brought forth expressions of pleasure from Eli, thinking the Whigs must have heard that all over the town. The young man who was doing the loading suggested that the firing should be to the four cardinal points of the compass, so while Eli took his fourth drink, the generous loader applied the nozzle of the horn of powder to the big muzzle of the old King's Arm and let it pour in without any restraint or measure. Thinking there must be enough in for a generous charge, a piece of wadding was applied and shoved down with the old iron ram-rod. It didn't go down half the

depth of the barrel, and shaking the horn was a scanty allowance of powder left for priming. This created some little fear on the part of the young man as to what would be the result of a charge of powder, which must have been something more than half of the whole pound purchased in the morning, but he thought best to let Eli fire it off as a final wakeup to be produced by his four grand salutes. Eli took the gun to the street, nearly four rods from where the young man stood in the doorway looking around the corner of the door to see the result. Eli raised the gun over his head, putting his thumb into the guard as usual, and pulled it off. No cannon of ordinary calibre could have made a greater noise. The yard was filled with smoke and past the door where this nice young man stood came the gun, the butt striking against the well-curb under a wood-shed a few feet further on and smashing in one side bounded back, sticking the muzzle into the ground.

After about a minute, the smoke cleared enough to show Eli getting up off the ground in a dazed condition, coming along towards the young man, holding up his thumb from which the skin had been shaved clean on the back side as the guard of the gun flew out of his hands, and inquiring, "Where the h—— is the gun?" Being shown where it was planted in the ground, he gathered up his gun and thus was Tyler's veto of the national bank most worthily celebrated.

Eli Mix was a member of one of the ten large families of North Farms. One of his brothers, William Mix, was probably about the first man in the state to cast

pewter spoons. This used to be done in single molds for the different patterns of large and small spoons, the pewter being melted in a large cauldron made for the purpose of melting such stock, and a man sitting down with his single mold and with a ladle from the kettle poured in the material for the spoon. After a process of the spoon mold, through which metal was poured in, then scraped, buffed, and polished by hand, which made a very slow process compared with later methods in producing a very cheap and inferior spoon.

Eli always claimed to be fearless of God, man or the devil, and some of his comrades, thinking to test his bravery, tried a little experiment. Overhead above his kettle of stock in the casting house was a small attic-like room for storage, and in this room they secreted a young fellow with a flask of powder. Eli in order to make good pay was in the habit of working nights, frequently until quite late. One of these nights, when they knew Eli to be casting, the young fellow placed himself on the floor overhead and every few minutes would sift down a few kernels of the powder into the kettle of melted pewter. There was not enough to create a flash but it would merely melt and burn blue in specks, imparting quite a suggestive smell of brimstone which to Eli proved quite a mystery. He would take the ladle and stir it in, when the trouble would cease. As soon as he resumed his casting, he would discover the top of the kettle covered with blue spots and a fresh smell of brimstone. While he had always asserted a disbelief in any devil, this phenomena of brimstone burning during his night's

work was too much for him and so disconcerted his nerves that he very soon put out his fires, and quit casting operations at night in the future, until he found out some time later the joke that had been played on him.

In the composition of these spoons was a mixture of tin and lead, lead being much the cheaper metal. As the trade in spoons increased, competition began, and reduced prices would increase the amount of lead in their spoons. A man by the name of Merriam, when he found that the market was running against him in prices, would instruct his casters that they must put in a little more lead so as to be able to meet the market, as others were cutting under him in prices. After adopting this method on several occasions, in returning from market with the same cut in prices confronting him, he rushed into his shop and remarked to the head caster as usual, "John, we have got to put more lead into our spoons." "Well," John replied, "if that is so, you've got to get a bigger set of molds."

A familiar character for quite a long life was a man known as Uncle Josh —, a very honest, hard working but illiterate man. His voice was very hard, hoarse and husky, and generally pitched on quite a high key. In talking, he had the habit of clearing his throat with a sort of spasmodic cough before uttering what he had to say. He was very much in the habit of using high sounding words, but he did not always get the word to produce the meaning intended. In summer, for several seasons, one of North Farm's religious habits was to have preaching in a grove. The

supply of preaching talent was for some time furnished from the Wesleyan University of Middletown, by students training themselves for future "sky pilots." A young man by the name of Adams guided their thoughts in holy things one season very acceptably to all his hearers. Failing to come one Sunday, he sent a supply in his place who proved to be a faint and feeble ray in dispensing religious light. Uncle Josh being a hearer was quite busy the next day in expressing his criticisms, saying that Mr. Adams had sent over a "destitute," which everybody acknowledged to be one of the best hits by mishap he had ever made.

He worked out among farmers a good share of his life and a good appetite was one of his greatest blessings. He never refused the offer of a dish of sweetmeats, remarking in his husky manner when taking a liberal quantity that he was always very fond of "desarves." Starting out one day to visit a neighbor only about a mile away, he stopped in at two houses intervening. It was about twelve o'clock when the family first called on were just sitting down to dinner, and Uncle Josh was asked if he would not sit up and partake with them. Clearing his throat as usual, he made a very common remark, when asked to do anything, "I don't care if I do." After disposing of a good hearty meal, he started out on his intended neighborly call. Going not over forty rods, he came to another neighbor whom he thought he would stop and speak to. Their dinner being a little late, they were just ready to sit down to enjoy the same. As Uncle Josh came in so timely they asked him if he would not

sit up with them. Clearing his throat as usual, he replied, "I don't care if I do." After getting outside of a second good meal he departed for his original destination. Arriving there, their dinner being a little late, and just ready as he entered, he was asked if he would not sit down and eat with them. With the usual throat clearing, he "didn't care if he did." There he concluded his third good square meal inside of an hour and a half, in all of which his generous friends said he did himself proud.

He had a peculiar reputation of a sweet tooth, and could drink a quart of clear molasses at one draught, and his children were said to have inherited this taste to such a degree that the offer of all the molasses they wanted to drink proved a good inducement for their good behavior and for extra exertions in the performance of any service required. As the marketing in those days was largely done in New Haven, one fall he offered the premium for industry and good behavior on the part of his family (which he used frequently to address as his little fatherless and motherless children, although with both parents living), that they should be taken to New Haven in the winter and have all the molasses they wanted to drink. As winter set in with a good fall of snow, making excellent sleighing, he fitted up a large square box-sleigh and with some articles of barter to sell in the city, he took the whole family for his long promised trip. Arriving in New Haven, he went to a grocery store where he had been in the habit of trading and told the proprietor that he had brought all his little fatherless and motherless

children to New Haven with the promise to give them all the molasses they wanted to drink, as pay for being such good children. The proprietor learning the desire of his customer, asked him how much he would have? "Well," says he, "give the children a pint, and me a pint." Not having dishes in which to serve so many guests, Uncle Josh suggested that he turn over the barrel and pour the molasses on the head for the children, which was done, then he addressed them, saying, "Now come up, all you little fatherless and motherless children, and drink all the molasses you want. I promised I would give you all you wanted when you came to New Haven if you would be good, and now when you lick this all up you can have more if you want it." So the little fatherless and motherless ones grouped themselves around the barrel, wiping up the molasses with their fingers and licked it off until the barrel head was clean, Uncle Josh drinking his meantime from a measure. This process being repeated several times during the day, in the afternoon they started for their home in Wallingford. After getting just outside of the city, as Uncle Josh related to his friends, one of the children wanted to stop, so he let the child get out, and by the time he was ready to get back into the sleigh another wanted to stop, and soon another, which led him to the conclusion that with these special delays he would not get home until midnight, so he resorted to a piece of ingenuity to economize time by taking up a board in the bottom of the sleigh and arranging the children each side and then he said he drove on, and there was nothing but a stream of molas-

ses all the way home. In a team a little ways behind, two gentlemen drove out from New Haven on the same road. One remarked, seeing the evidence on the snow, that somebody must be losing a large share of their molasses on the way home, seeing it so plentifully scattered along the way, but his companion doubted its being molasses, as it did not seem as though anybody could overlook such a copious leak. As the dispute went on as to the character of the stains on the snow, one of the men concluded to settle the question definitely by getting out and tasting of a small puddle, to which he called the attention of the other to satisfy himself that it was molasses, and after the second man tasted, he was forced to confess that it had the appearance of molasses, but if so, it had been kept in a horribly musty cask.

In his declining years, Uncle Josh became quite poor and decrepit and became a charge of the town. This was when he was over seventy years of age. Sleeping in a room in which was another bed, occupied by an old man, named Beadles, who had been in Indian warfares and was in the habit of sometimes rising in his sleep and wandering about, one night came across the room and made a somewhat serious attack on Uncle Josh in his bed, striking him and upsetting his bed, which, of course, was excusable only on account of Beadles' habits, but Uncle Josh was unforgiving and swore revenge on old Beadles, if it took him fifty years to carry it out.

As he hobbled about the neighborhood he used two staves, which made a sort of four-legged animal. Go-

ing to a neighbor's, near the house where the town supported him, he started to cross a barnyard to see the proprietor of the place, who was in the barn at work with his boys. As he crawled through the bar-way and was making his way towards the barn, a large ram which was under an adjoining shed with a few sheep, espied him and taking him for some new kind of enemy, made a quick assault on Uncle Josh, striking him in the rear and knocking him heels over head. A favorite exclamation of Uncle Josh's then came forth. "Oh, God! What in h—I was that?" And attempting to get up he had barely got on all fours, when the ram struck him again, knocking him endways. Then he yelled still louder, "Oh, God! Now I am killed! What in h—I was that?" Lying on the ground and looking up he discovered the ram, then he cried out, "Is that that d—n ram? D—n the d—n critter." And after one or two more repetitions of the same treatment of the ram and exclaiming loudly to his Maker as before, the man he was going to see and his boys came to his rescue.

Uncle Josh at one time, while laying a stone wall, in rolling over a big stone had the misfortune to have it drop on one of his big toes and crushed it quite seriously. It became exceedingly sore and made him lame for a long time. This big sore toe was a theme of conversation with him to everybody he met and being in such a condition that he could not wear a shoe on it, without having a place cut out to avoid any pressure and bandaged up, it was a conspicuous object. At one of the special religious meetings, held as usual at the

school-house, Uncle Josh was present, as was his usual habit to attend meetings of any kind at the school-house in order to have something to comment about the following days. After the meeting had got well under way and some pious member of the congregation was deeply engaged in prayer, a very wicked boy in the neighborhood came in, and passing through between the rows of persons in attendance, sitting on the long benches of the house, he had to pass in front of Uncle Josh, and observing Uncle Josh's toe as he passed along, tried the experiment of stepping on it, the result of which brought out a most uproarious expression from Uncle Josh of "Oh, God! you have killed me!" repeating it half a dozen times, jumping up and turning around in his pain. This interruption rather put a damper on the fervency of the prayer and led to a general expression of sympathy for Uncle Josh.

Uncle Josh felt a very deep underlying moral life and always expressed a warm desire to do right, but in case he ever neglected his duty and did anything wrong, he said he was always willing to be "recommended."

He had a son, William, familiarly known for some cause as "Bill Turkey." Bill raised a great many chickens and one day, being called on by the minister, after a short interview, the clergyman, on leaving, observed large flocks about his place and remarked to Bill, "You seem to have a very fine place to raise poultry." "Yes," says Bill, "I can raise most anything around here if I didn't have so many d—— chickens." Bill was more or less trouble to his father, and one day made very serious threats upon the old man's life, when

the old man called the attention of a neighbor, saying: "Uncle Sam! Uncle Sam! Come here; Bill is threatening my death!"

Until nearly 1900 Connecticut had two capitals, alternating their legislative sessions between Hartford and New Haven. The yearly inauguration of governor was an occasion to draw together a large delegation of people from all parts of the State. At whichever city this ceremony was to be, were called out one or two military companies, and large processions of citizens in their best turn-outs made an escort for the Governor in a grand parade through the principal streets of the city, during which time all the church bells would be rung, making one of the worst pandemoniums and bedlams of noise that it is hardly possible to conceive of.

Before relating an experience of Uncle Josh in Hartford, it may be well to mention an incident occurring at an election parade some years before 1850. The writer, in company with another young man, each with a lady friend from the country, young and unsophisticated in the naughty things of the world, were standing on the abutments the west side of the entrance to the old State House in New Haven. The Governor and staff, led by bands of music, and the procession were coming up Chapel Street and heading across the Green for the State House entrance. Just at that point a colored wench standing behind us had something about her bonnet interfered with by some young man standing back of her, who was probably an acquaintance. The wench turned around on the meddler with her head-gear and wanted to know what in h----- this fellow was

poking her bonnet for? She continued with a profuse volume of swear words, which the fellow rather encouraged. One of the young ladies with us, who had never heard a woman swear, turned to listen to this colloquy between the wench and the meddlesome fellow. During this time the bands of music and the Governor with his suite and a large share of the procession passed into the State House, when the young lady withdrew her attention from the wench's profanity, turned about and inquiringly asked, "Where is the Governor and the procession?" they having passed within twenty feet of her entirely unobserved while her attention was absorbed with the wench's swearing.

Before the Hartford & New Haven Railroad was constructed, the principal conveyances to Hartford from the south were either by stage or by boat up the Connecticut River. The boat trip was the cheapest, and Uncle Josh wishing to attend the annual inauguration and see the parade, concluded to attend one ceremony in Hartford, and to economize, walked from Wallingford to Middletown, where he took passage by boat to Hartford. Arriving at Hartford, as soon as the passengers were ashore they were, of course, confronted by a swarm of hackmen and other parties offering transportation into and about the city. One hackman approached Uncle Josh and asked him if he would have a carriage. Uncle Josh did his usual clearing of the throat and said he didn't care if he did. The hackman asked him where he wanted to be carried, but Uncle Josh's ideas being vague as to location, he could not think of any direction to give only as something con-

nected with members of the legislative body, so he be-thought him to say he wanted to go to Senator street, which in his very hoarse manner of speaking after expressing it two or three times, the hackman concluded to be "Insane Retreat," asking Uncle Josh if that was not the place. He cleared his throat, as usual, and said he guessed it was, so the hackman told him to get in, and drove off with him to the Insane Retreat, which was two or three miles from where he wanted to be, where he announced to Uncle Josh, "Here you are at the Insane Retreat." Uncle Josh got out of the carriage, told the driver he was very much obliged, but the hackman said, "It costs a dollar to bring a man down here," which seemed to confuse Uncle Josh for the moment, not understanding that there was anything to pay, and started to walk off. "But," said the hackman, "hold on; I want my dollar." "What in h—— do you want a dollar for?" said Uncle Josh, "didn't you invite me to ride down here? Any man is a d——n scoundrel to invite me to ride when I didn't care anything about it, and then charge me a dollar for it." The result was the driver lost his fare, and Uncle Josh had to find his way back to "Senator Street" as best he could.

Uncle Josh's oldest son, William, familiarly known as "Bill Turkey," invited one of the town clergymen to attend the funeral of his father. The clergyman, whose name was Dennison, came into the house at the appointed time for Uncle Josh's funeral obsequies. "Bill" invited the minister into the room to see the corpse, where "Bill" made a very polite and formal introduc-

tion, saying: "I make you acquainted with my father, Mr. Dennison." A piece of etiquette that was always pleasant for the parson to relate as being the only time he ever had formal introduction to a corpse.

A neighbor of Unele Josh, by the name of Hull, came to his demise, who with his wife had led a somewhat diversified life. After his being laid out preparatory to the funeral was a matter of much pride to his wife, who was anxious to have all the neighbors view the silent remains, and was profuse in expression of her admiration as to how well he looked, insisting that he had never looked so well in his life.

Mrs. Hull, on occasion of a journey several years before, stopped at a way station for a meal, and as she seated herself at the table, placed her satchel beside her in a chair. It was the rule at this eating place that if a chair was occupied at a table that its occupant was responsible for a meal. Accordingly, when Mrs. Hull paid her bill while at the table, the price of two meals was extracted, to which she demurred. They explained their rules and that her satchel had occupied a place at their table. "Oh!" she said, "if that's it, it's all right." Then turning to the satchel she said: "Well, little fellow, if you have to pay, you must eat"; and she immediately proceeded to cram the satchel with every choice viand that she could reach on the table, and in this way she got more than even with the establishment.

A shoemaker by the name of Sam Dutton, a neighbor of the Hulls, a free and easy character, was always very systematic in all his business plans and wanted

everything done by rule, or, as he frequently expressed it, "according to Hoyle." He was very fond of fishing, and one day, feeling more like indulging in that diversion than he did in mending shoes, he suggested to some of his comrades that it was a good day to go down the Quinnipiac River and draw the seine for suckers. This invitation was favorably received. Going to the river where they drew in their net from a favorite hole, they found it well filled with suckers and about a dozen of fine pickerel. As soon as the net was drawn on the bank, Sam began to grab the pickerel and throw them back into the river. "Hold on," they said, "Sam, what the devil are you doing with those pickerel?" Sam replied, "I am putting them back where they belong. We are after suckers to-day."

A man by the name of Fairchild was a very shrewd dealer in cattle, eccentric in various ways, always wearing a tall bell crowned white hat, while one could be bought in the market, and in build and manner as good a representation of the "Brother Jonathan" of our newspapers and magazines as could probably be found in the country. He was polite and affable in his manner, a trait that would generally disarm a customer of any suspicion of anything being wrong with the stock that he was selling. He never told any lies, never made any flagrant misrepresentations. One instance might be related to show something of his methods. He had a very fine looking pair of oxen. They attracted the attention of a prospective buyer, and in praising their qualities, Mr. Fairchild put his hand on the nigh ox and fondling him over, told the contemplated purchaser that

he was the best ox he ever saw in his life or that ever put his neck through a yoke, as his looks gave evidence. Then putting his hand on the off ox, he said, "I don't know why this one isn't just as good." On this recommendation he sold the cattle for a good price. Not long after the customer came back and told him what he said about the nigh ox was true, but that the off one was not worth the hay to keep it over night, and accused Fairchild of misrepresentation. "Why, no," said Mr. Fairchild, "I told you the truth, every word of it; I told you the nigh ox had no superior, and I didn't know why the off one wasn't just as good, and I never could make out to save my life."

Some people are always complaining of the adverse treatment of Providence and seem to take pleasure in recounting their woes to their neighbors. Such was a man by the name of Sam Baldwin. He was telling how much he had lost that year. After trying to excite all the pity and commiseration he could in the breast of his hearers, they would ask him the cause of his misfortune. He would explain that turnips that fall were worth 50 cents a bushel, and that he had intended to have sown an acre or more, which he neglected to do, and was obliged to submit to going without the income which he might have had.

The Hartford & New Haven Railroad was completed for travel about the year 1840. The first track was laid with long timbers lengthwise with strips of iron about three inches wide and an inch thick spiked onto them. By the cars running over them, the ends of these rails would lift up, so that they used to be called

"snake heads." They would frequently lift so high that instead of the wheel running over them, they would run up over the face of the wheel, through the bottom of the car, thus creating lots of serious trouble. These rails were, of course, in time substituted by the present steel rails.

The first whistle the writer ever heard was when on a high hill one frosty morning after cattle, having started up the cattle from where they had lain during the night and standing in that place to warm my feet.

The whistle was construed to be the cry of some wild animal. It was more shrill and excruciating than at the present time, and the old revivalist, Elder Swan, used to use it as an illustration of the scream of an old sinner when the devil pounced upon him.

Before the construction of the railroad, the turnpike from New Haven to Hartford was a great passenger route by stage as a connecting link in travel from New York to Boston. Country hotels were located at intervals of four or five miles on the whole route. Being so thickly located was chiefly to accommodate teamsters hauling the various kinds of merchandise from tidewater up into the country. In the winter the river being frozen, there was no other communication and every one of these hotels would be nightly filled with teamsters, the roads full of standing loads of merchandise over night. Large loads of cotton predominated during the winter. As the country was so generally covered with a native growth of forests, there used to be frequent talk of robbers lying in ambush along the stage route.

About 1835 quite an excitement prevailed in Meriden through the report that robbers were lying in wait in the woods known as Berlin Woods north of Meriden. Quite an expedition of some fifteen or twenty men were fitted out one day after the report that the stage in passing through there the night before had been fired upon with the probable attempt to waylay and rob. This expedition to capture the robbers is well remembered as being equipped with several old flint lock guns and a number of what was known as horse pistols, which used to be carried in holsters by cavalry, also a generous display of swords and butcher knives. With this formidable equipment, Berlin Woods underwent a thorough search during most of the day, during which time the citizens in Meriden were in a great state of anxiety to see how large a bag of game in the shape of blood-thirsty robbers would be brought in at night, but somewhat to their relief and disappointment, this valiant set of robber-hunters returned without their game.

The old stage driver, Uncle Sile Lawrence, sometimes got terms as badly mixed as Uncle Josh. Some crooked transactions by a man well known in New Haven led to his arrest. This man being also well known in Meriden, Uncle Sile reported the same on the return trip of his stage. Driving up to the old Central Hotel he stood up in his seat before dismounting from the stage, the usual crowd being in waiting, and loudly exclaimed, to give them a fresh surprise, "Tom Collins has been arrested for swingling."

On this route in Yalesville, the hotel was kept by one Bill Hall, a very easy, careless man in his methods

of business. Cider brandy and Santa Cruz rum was, of course, freely sold at every stopping place. In Yalesville was a factory which employed several men, among whom was a fellow by the name of Green. He was in the habit of going to Bill Hall's hotel to buy rum, and for quite a time bought on credit, until his account got so large that Bill got waked up enough to deny him any more indulgence. Green wanted the rum but he wanted to devise some way to get it without paying for it, so for a time he would take two bottles of the same type in his pocket, filling one with water and the other empty. Calling on Bill for a quart of rum with the understanding it was to be paid for, Bill would fill the bottle. As soon as the bottle was presented to Green he would go through his pockets and discover that he had left his wallet over in the factory and promised Bill to bring it in the afternoon or next day. Bill had been disappointed so many times he would decline to wait any time and saying if the money was not ready to leave the rum until he brought the money, at which Green, with a show of offence, would hand him the bottle of water and say, "If you cannot trust me two or three hours, take your d—n rum back." After Bill had emptied the bottle of water back in the hogshead, Green would walk off with his bottle of rum. This worked occasionally but Bill soon cut off that process.

Green's next exploit was in the fur trade. In those days all kinds of furs were very plentiful and taken in exchange at stores and hotels. Bill kept in connection with his hotel a small stock of groceries and other mixed goods and was in the habit of taking in various

kinds of skins. Green one day found in the factory an old musk-rat skin, which the moths had eaten almost entirely up, the tail being about the only evidence as to what animal it came from. The factory being somewhat alive with rats, Green succeeded in catching a big one and skinned it. He then took the tail from the old musk-rat skin, and sewed it onto the common rat skin, telling his chums in the factory he was going to sell that skin to Bill Hall, so after a day or two, he happened into Bill's store and bar-room and said to Bill, "Buying any fur now, Bill?" Bill said, "Yes." "What do you pay for musk-rat skins?" "I give a shilling apiece for them," said Bill, which meant sixteen and two-thirds cents. "Give me a quart of rum for a good skin?" Bill said he would and Green told him he had a nice one over to the factory that he would bring over. Bill said, "All right."

Bill kept his furs in a pile promiscuously thrown in behind his counter. The next day Green came in with his rat skin and holding the head part in his hand showed the fur end with the musk-rat's tail and said, "Here is the musk-rat skin, Bill, I have brought in for that quart of rum you promised to give me; shall I throw it in that pile of fur here?" "Yes," said Bill, and at the same time, Bill took the bottle to fill. Green got his rum and went back to the factory very happy with his exchange.

Every two or three months somebody would come along on this route, buying up the furs at different stations. Green made his reckoning that when the fur dealer came along, in looking over the pile of fur the old

rat skin would be discovered and very likely be thrown out the back door, so Green with his companions in this scheme kept a watch to see when the pile of fur was gone; then, in accordance with their plans, they would take a look out the back door and, as they expected, would find the old skin. After a few days, Green would call on Bill again, greeting him in a very friendly way and inquiring, "Bill, are you buying any fur now?" Bill would acknowledge that he was; Green would inquire the price as usual and inform Bill that he had a nice skin over to the factory, and would like to bring it over and get a quart of rum. Bill would agree to the trade and Green would soon come again with the same old rat skin, throw it in the same pile again, get his bottle filled with rum and return as before. The same watch was kept up for the fur dealer and the rear of the house after his visit, and another inquiry would be made of Bill, after each sale he had made, "If he was buying any more furs?" The same old rat did service to buy rum for a year or two, until finally Bill burned it up, or it might otherwise have been continued indefinitely.

This combination skin is a reminder of a political speech delivered by Truman Smith in the forties, during the time when the Democratic and Free Soil parties ran a fusion ticket. At this time Mr. Smith was in one branch of Congress and was electioneering for the old Whig party. Alluding to this fusion ticket, he told a story during his speech which he deemed applicable to this duplex arrangement of parties. He said that an old neighbor of his had a boy who put up a sort of

puzzle for his father in the way of a combination skin. He had an old skunk skin, devoid of tail, and as a substitute, he sewed on an old mink skin, making a rather strange compound of the two. Taking this to his father he submitted it for a name; somewhat, it is presumed, as the Creator brought all the animals of the earth before Adam to be named. He claimed to his father that it was a new specimen and was very curious to know if his father could tell what sort of animal it came from? The father looked it over carefully and said it was what he should call a skunky-minky. This combination he considered applicable to the arrangement between the Democratic and Free Soil parties.

The next evening, Lawyer Blackman, of Waterbury, followed with a Democratic speech and told in a previous campaign of going to a place in the western part of the state to make a speech, and driving across country with a team he pulled up at a hotel in the place where he was to deliver his speech. He was met by a colored man, quite an inferior looking specimen, who took his horse and received directions for its care during the night. Going into the hotel, he registered, and at the same time met a very nice, sensible looking woman of whom he inquired for the landlord. She said he was out taking care of the gentleman's horse. "Why, no," said the orator of the occasion, "that nigger out there took my horse." "Well," said the lady of the house, "that was my husband, the landlord." With great surprise he looked at the woman, who was more than ordinarily attractive, and said, "Do you mean to say that that nigger who took my horse is your hus-

band?" "Certainly," she said. "How is it possible that so likely a looking a woman as you could marry a nigger?" "Well," she said, "it may seem strange to you, but I had a sister that did so much worse than I did that I felt well satisfied with what I got." "For heaven's sake," I inquired, "whom did your sister marry?" She said that her sister married a Whig.

The style of campaigning and speech making were somewhat different in their methods from the present day. An instance is the election of the first President Harrison. It is doubtful if such a campaign is ever repeated in this country. It would certainly be quite a novelty for the present day. General Harrison's chief qualifications for the presidential chair were that he had been an Indian fighter, gaining a decisive victory over the Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, by which name he was christened in connection with the candidate John Tyler for vice-president, as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Harrison's other qualifications were that he lived in a log cabin, drank hard cider and hunted coons.

During this presidential canvass all the club rooms consisted of log cabins, in imitation of Harrison's home, the sides of which were profusely adorned with coon skins, or any other imitation, to embellish the outside. Inside was invariably a barrel of hard cider, which in those times could be and was plentifully supplied for the refreshment of all members of the clubs. In their Whig processions the log cabin, on wheels, adorned with coon skins and the representative cider barrel, were always to the front. With such attractions and brilliant

qualifications for a candidate, of course, General Harrison was overwhelmingly elected.

Peter Corrigan claimed to have been born in Canada, evidently of Irish descent. He was a resident in Connecticut for a great many years. As is common with the Irish, he was fond of hearing stories, and when in any company where stories of various character were being related, after listening to several without any relevance to the character of the last story, Pete would interpose to tell one, always introducing it by saying, "That puts me in mind of an Irishman who went into a butcher's shop, and looking about he saw half a fine hog hanging on one of the hooks. He steps up to the marketman and says, 'Mister, what do you ask for that half a hog hanging up there?' The butcher informed him that it was sold. 'Indade,' says Pete, 'is that so? When will you be after killing the other half?' " Relieving himself of that effort he became a listener again, and after a few more stories were disposed of, with his lack of relevancy, he would again remark, "That puts me in mind of the Irishman walking down the street in the city one day, looking into the stores and shops, and soon stopped in front of a lawyer's office. Looking in he saw the lawyer sitting in his chair. 'Good morning,' says Pat. 'Good morning,' says the lawyer. Pat says, 'What have you for sale here, sir?' 'Logger-heads,' says the lawyer. Says Pat, 'Begad, you have had good sale; you have only one left.' "

These two stories during more than twenty years' residence, were the only stock in trade in that line that Pete was ever known to tell. In after years the writer

engaged for some time in merchandising with a partner. Drummers travelling about the country soliciting trade are generally loaded with a fund of stories, which they pick up at the various points which they visit, and by swapping with each other as they meet at hotels. Whenever a drummer came to our store and went to firing off a grist of his stories, either new or old chestnuts, one of us would be very soon reminded of one of Pete's stories, and whichever took it up would perhaps for the first one be reminded of the Irishman's going into the butcher's shop. Several of our near neighbors, together with the clerks in our own establishment, grew to understand this habit of our being reminded of Pete's two stories, so with a little notice, which could be readily given, they would gather in for a little temporary amusement. After the drummer had got himself tolerably emptied of material, one of us, as said before, would be reminded of the Irishman and the butcher's shop, to which all, of course, contributed the most hilarious laughter. This would call forth an extra effort on Mr. Drummer's part to try and produce something as interesting. After a few more efforts, the other one would be reminded of the Irishman walking down the street and looking into the lawyer's office, which would again result in bringing down the house. These two stories were the only ones ever allowed to be told in our store by the proprietor or any employee, and these two stories succeeded in making weary every drummer that ever attempted to entertain our crowd with their old chestnuts. Of course, our neighbors and friends invited in with ourselves enjoyed the absurdity of this

method of tiring out drummers better than anything fresh that could possibly be introduced.

Abe Potter was a curious fellow, spending most of his time loafing, hunting and fishing. Quite a large percentage of meats for his family was made up of rabbits and woodchucks and by the snaring of partridge. A man by the name of Larkins was one of the greatest wall layers of this time, when stone walls in Connecticut were the most common method of fencing, thus accomplishing two purposes, making a fence and clearing up the fields for cultivation. It used to be a common remark that every man kept a dog, and every poor man two or three. Such was the case with Abe, his dogs contributing largely to his livelihood. When rambling about the fields it was an easy matter for the dogs to run a woodchuck into some stone wall, which he would announce by loud barkings to lead Abe to the place where he had the victim run in. Abe, of course, was soon on hand, and the woodchuck was done for. Uncle Sam Francis had a great deal of fine stone fence on his farm, and used to be much annoyed in finding here and there large gaps where Abe had pulled out stone to get his woodchuck; so it used to be remarked by Uncle Sam that he didn't know which had done the most work, Larkins in building walls, or Abe Potter in tearing them down. Abe told of one of the greatest disappointments that he ever met in hunting when one day he ran a rabbit into a big wall. After pulling out a rod or two of wall, the dog being the other side, sprang in to catch the rabbit, the rabbit running towards Abe. Abe stamped his foot down against the rabbit's nose, thus

interrupting his progress, when the rabbit, in his bewilderment, shoved his face into the bottom of Abe's pants, thus running up his trousers leg. Abe said he grasped about the bottom of his trousers leg and says, "Ah, old fellow, I have got you now, sir," not thinking of a large hole in the seat of his pants through which the rabbit made a ready exit, and was three rods away before Abe thought he ought to have put one hand on the back as well as on the bottom of his pants.

A fellow by the name of Hubbard, a painter, worked for years for a man by the name of Bates, who lived outside of town two or three miles. He had a habit of going to town frequently, and would return very late at night, but would come into the house and go to his room upstairs so stealthily that they never would hear him when he entered the house. He felt quite proud to think he was so sly in his movements, and claimed he could come in for any indefinite time and they never would know it. This Bates family being neighbors of the writer when young, induced him to ask the privilege of putting up a little job on Hubbard, so that they might know when he came home, to which they readily assented. The chamber stairs, which Hubbard must ascend to get to his room, ran up on the side of the room in which Mr. Bates and his wife slept. A large brass kettle such as were used commonly in earlier times for boiling clothes on washing days, and for soap-making, etc., was placed at the top of the stairs. This kettle was filled with a string of bells, a lot of promiscuous tin and iron ware, and placed on the top stair on a balance so close that the pulling of half a pound weight

would tip it off the top and down stairs. To the bail of the kettle was attached a string and extended down to the latch of the door at the bottom of the stairs, which had to be left slightly ajar. Hubbard returned after midnight, and, as usual, took off his shoes and crept slyly into the house. Going to the chamber door it only took a very slight pull to upset the big kettle at the top of the stairs, which, with its contents, came thundering down the stairs, scaring the fellow half to death, and making a noise as bad as though the whole house had tumbled in upon him. This awakened Mr. Bates and his wife, so that they knew that night what time Hubbard got home. He was so mortified and mad over the arrangement that he quit the premises for good.

With this same man Bates, who was a neighbor, lived a man for several seasons by the name of Hiram Basley, who was not a man of very strong mind or nerve. Having read (during the time that Hiram lived with Mr. Bates) about men being frightened nearly to death and into fits of sickness and high fevers by other persons making them think they were sick, and men who were made to believe they were bleeding to death and actually dying by surgeons pretending they were tapping a vein, and in place of blood running, had substituted warm water to run into a dish, which the victim could hear, thinking it was his own blood, and graduating the apparent flow of blood down minute by minute until the victim was dead, when his skin had not been punctured at all, the writer thought he would test it.

Thinking of such cases as this, the writer took it upon him one day to experiment upon Hiram's credulity

and fears. Hiram was plowing in the fields with a yoke of oxen, and being approached for a short chat, during the conversation Hiram was suddenly asked what was the matter with him? He said he didn't know, and asked why? "Why," said I, "you look pale as death, do you feel well?" He replied that he had a little bad pain in his head in the morning, but that he was all right since. He was asked to show his tongue, which he did, the same being pronounced very thickly coated with fever symptoms; his head was felt of and pronounced very hot, and he was advised to at once quit plowing and go right to the house and go to bed as soon as he could get there, as all his symptoms indicated a dangerous condition and approach of severe sickness. He was told to leave the cattle in my care and lose no time in getting to the house and into bed, where, as soon as I had unyoked the cattle I would come at once to administer relief, if it was not too late. The cattle were turned out, and, going to the house, Hiram was found in bed as advised. The situation was explained to Mrs. Bates, telling the cause of Hiram's sudden sickness. She being a person who enjoyed a joke, fell into the arrangements for trying to save his life. The newly fledged doctor went to the patient's room and felt of his pulse, examined his tongue again and pronounced it growing worse, head hot as a fire brand and everything looking precarious. Mrs. Bates was requested to prepare a dose of medicine, which consisted of a teacup of milk and water well sweetened with molasses, and a generous amount of ginger stirred in. This preparation was administered every few minutes to Hiram for an

hour or so, his pulse and tongue very closely watched during that time until indications were that the progress of the disease was somewhat checked and the situation began to look hopeful. After nearly another hour's dosing with various innocent medicines, the coating seemed to be leaving the tongue, the high fever indicated by the head was reduced, and the pulse gave promise of a restoration of health. The cure was about as rapid as the approach of the disease, the disease commencing about two o'clock in the afternoon, and at a little past four Hiram was again pronounced able and safe to be out and was in the field plowing as at the time when discovered, and felt as though he had had a very narrow escape from the jaws of death.

SMALL CHANGE.

Before the establishment of our decimal form of currency, the making of change could never be complete or exact on account of fractional coins below twenty-five cents, as the Spanish currency was in very general use, and the small pieces below a quarter of a dollar for a long term of years were twelve and a half and six and one quarter cents, known as nine pence and four pence half penny pieces. These were the principal small coins in use before the adoption of dimes and half dimes, but for a good many years both of these kinds of coin were in circulation, until finally the Government made regulations that the old Spanish and English coin should conform to the decimal rates, and the old Spanish quarters were reduced to twenty cents, and the nine

pence and four pence half penny to ten and five cents. It was very common in pieces of dollars and halves to have holes bored in them, which were often strung about children's necks to chew during teething time. This habit of boring the coin was said to have originated among jewelers to obtain the borings for soldering purposes in their business; therefore, such coin as was bored became subject to a discount, since which time there has been no bored coin in circulation. This small fractional currency was taken advantage of by many tradesmen, and particularly in bar-rooms.

In many of our country hotels, which were more generally distributed on turnpike lines than to-day for the accommodation of the great number of teamsters and people travelling by stages, it used to be the habit of landlords' wives to accommodate guests at the bar, and many times the small advantages in making change in gaining the quarter and half cents would give them quite a little amount of pin money, as the drinks were six and one quarter cents apiece.

A genial toper of those times who patronized the old Central Hotel in Meriden, having abused his credit for drinks, was denied any further indulgence without ready cash. Being hard pushed one day for a drink, he begged the loan of a nine pence from an acquaintance in the bar-room, with which he presented himself before the bar, for his drinks. The bar-keeper knowing he was in funds, without hesitation, set out the bottle for him. This man was familiarly known as Judge Dagget. Taking the bottle, he poured a very generous drink, remarking that a judge should do honor to the liquor. After

drinking down his draught, he stood for a moment to feel the happy effects, and turning to his friend from whom he obtained the nine pence and handing it to him, under the protest of the bar-keeper, when he remarked that he always made it his principle to pay borrowed money before he did his grog bills.

At this same hotel some years later the landlord purchased a load of hay from a farmer, the price of which was twenty dollars a ton. The farmer brought the hay, which was weighed on a set of public scales near by, and weighed two thousand and one pounds. The hay was put into the hotel barns, and being rather a raw, chilly day, the farmer was invited into the hotel to receive his pay, and at the same time was asked if he would not take a glass of something to counteract the effects of the weather, to which he very readily assented; at the same time, while taking a good, liberal dram, the landlord handed him a twenty-dollar bill. After partaking of the liquor, the farmer stood around for some little time as if waiting for something. The landlord finally inquired of him if that change was not all right. The generous farmer reminded him he guessed there was another cent his due.

Another farmer of the same name was of a very similar nature. A man by the name of Perkins kept a store in the village of Yalesville. These were days of rather cheap prices in farm produce as well as many other commodities. This farmer's name was Lounsbury. Entering Mr. Perkins' store one day he inquired the price of eggs. The price named was nine pence a dozen. Standing around awhile, he inquired the price of clay

pipes, which were told to be two for a cent. He looked over the box of pipes, selecting a couple that he thought would suit, said he guessed he would take those two, and putting his hand into his pocket took out what Mr. Perkins pronounced "one of the d——est little eggs he had seen in ten years," and wanted to know where he got it, and did he lay it himself? The same man had a feeble wife, who, during her last sickness, became so extremely low that the doctor ordered some tonic for her, some nourishing food that would brace her up under such an ordeal, something that she would relish, and advised Lounsbury to get some appetizing food as soon as possible. He went to this same store kept by Mr. Perkins and bought a most luxurious pound of soda crackers, and took them home to produce new vitality in his declining wife's condition. Her debility was such that she died before consuming half of them, the remainder of which he took back to the store with the request that he would exchange them for other goods. After his wife's death, in the village of Hanover, was a large factory for the manufacture of ivory combs, whose proprietor's name was Pratt. One day just before closing time, Mr. Lounsbury came into Pratt's office, and, being an acquaintance, chatted with him about the times and weather for a few minutes, and finally said, "Mr. Pratt, you have a good many girls working in your factory, haven't you?" Mr. Pratt said he had. Lounsbury said he had lost his wife and was thinking about getting another, to which Mr. Pratt replied that he thought he might find some one among the number of girls in the factory who would suit him, and mentioned over some

that he thought well of. Lounsbury said he would like to see them when they went out of the factory, to which request Mr. Pratt assented. As they passed out under review, Lounsbury pointed out occasionally one to know who they were, but none were those whom Mr. Pratt had recommended. Mr. Pratt inquired what objection he could have to some of the girls he had named to him. Well, Lounsbury said they were not the right size, that his wife had left several dresses, which he thought if he got another woman about the same size she could wear. On this declaration Mr. Pratt subsided in his attempts to select Lounsbury a wife out of his stock.

Another man, by the name of Morse, living in East Wallingford, accumulated quite an estate by exact business habits. In cider making time he employed a boy to drive the horse hitched to the end of a sweep in an old-fashioned cider mill, which revolved some rollers between the cogs of which the apples were smashed preparatory for the press. He was paying the boy the munificent sum of fifteen cents a day for driving the horse around, during which time something about the harness gave away and required some thirty minutes to repair. In settling with the boy at night he reminded him of the half hour lost time as an excuse for deducting one cent from his wages, which, of course, was businesslike and honorable.

As late as 1871 small change was in little use in the Far West and South. The dividing line for many years was at Salt Lake City and Ogden, on the Union Pacific road. West of these places everything was payable in specie, and gold and silver at that time was at a pre-

mium of about 20 per cent. A few days was spent in Salt Lake City, during which time the acquaintance of Brigham Young and several other Mormon dignitaries was made. Their temple was just in process of construction, the tabernacle was completed and capable of seating several thousand people. In this structure was the second largest organ in this country, which was played for the special edification of our eastern party. Zion's great co-operative store, under the management of John Q. Cannon, was visited, and all the productive resources of Utah were exhibited. Everything in that establishment required for the wants of the population of that territory, at the time was a native production of the state, with the exception of part of the leather goods, and implements made of cast iron, leather not being made in sufficient quantity for all the people's wants, and no ore in Utah was suitable for making cast iron, while all other grades of iron ore were in great abundance.

On taking leave of Salt Lake City, on the platform of the depot some boys were peddling apples, and offering for sale, payable in pennies. The writer bought a few for his party and in the change some pennies were passed, no sooner done than he was touched on the shoulder by a man asking if he didn't pay that boy some pennies. Being told he did, the gentleman remarked he was not a beggar, but had lived in Texas more than fifty years and had never seen one, and asked if one would be given him, to which request half a dozen were offered, of which he would take only one, with thanks.

From Salt Lake City to San Francisco specie was the

only currency in use. Riding in a street car a day or two after arriving there, as the conductor passed around the car to collect his fares he was asked how much it was, to which he replied, "six cents." He was offered a nickel and penny for the fare, which he declined. Being reminded that the price was six cents, he was asked what other way he could be paid, when he said, "By a bit or dime." "Well, but," said the passenger, "that is more than six cents a good deal, and with the premium on silver, would be twelve cents." "Well," said the conductor, "you can buy four tickets for a quarter or two bits" (as they rendered it). "Yes," was the reply, "but that is more than six cents a ticket." to the amusement of a car full of passengers listening to the dispute. To liquidate the fare a dime was given, and the conductor proceeded to collect his fares of the rest of the passengers, after taking all of which he returned to the writer. Standing in front of him, he said, "Mister, won't you show me that d——n thing again?" to the great amusement of the rest of the car, which, of course, was readily exhibited to his curious eyes, as being something that he had never seen in all his street car experience.

That was a time in San Francisco for instituting stands in various parts of the city for selling small articles varying from a cent to twenty-five cents and giving exact change, which would have been certainly adopted by the writer only for other profitable business enterprises at the time. A stick of candy, an apple, or any piece of fruit, in fact, anything of any account could not be bought for less than a bit; with fruit as

abundant as air in the market, a man would be obliged to buy a great deal more than he wanted, and consequently would pass it for lack of small change. For blacking your shoes it was a bit, for which amount a dime was recognized, but a boot-black would resent it unless you gave him a quarter and let him pay you back a bit or a dime, which would make the blacking of your shoes cost you eighteen cents with silver at a premium.

Several years before this time in San Francisco, the prices of everything were exorbitant. Very poor meals were from seventy-five cents to a dollar, the same with the meager lodgings, so that men coming in stranded from the mines, from the ranches, and prospectors from the mountains or the sea, had to pay the most outrageous prices for what they needed to live on. In the outskirts of the city were some gardens laid out, known as the Botanical Gardens, in which were aquariums, a large skating rink, and various other attractions. Adjoining these gardens was a circus ground and menagerie, containing a very ordinary collection of birds, animals, reptiles and some other features. To these gardens was a street car line, with the usual six-cent fare, admission to the garden was fifty cents, and fifty cents more to go into the circus and menagerie, costing a dollar and twelve cents for the round trip. The garden was not very liberally patronized, costing too much for the show.

A man by the name of Woodward, who proved to have a level head, seeing this condition of high prices for living in the city, and to see the show grounds, conceived the generous idea of doing something that would be within the reach of the people's necessities, so on Jackson

Street he established a hotel and christened it the "What Cheer House." He established a large dining room, and filled the house with small beds. At the office a man could go and buy a card at a price anywhere from ten to fifty cents, and on the ten-cent card he would have a liberal slice of meat and bread and some vegetable, and on a twenty-cent card he would have as much more in proportion, and if he paid up as high as fifty cents it would include wine and fine desserts, in fact, a first-class meal. These cards would be bought and paid for at the counter and when a man went into the dining room, he knew just what his meal was to be and that he would have the full value of his money. The same arrangements as regarded lodgings. He bought his card for his room and bed, the highest cost of a bed was fifty cents, from that down to one bit for a cot on which he could rest himself comfortably.

This business proving profitable and the Botanical Gardens not paying their expenses, by the original managers were put on the market for sale, of which Mr. Woodward availed himself by purchasing and subsequently the street railroad leading to the gardens. In place of a six-cent fare he adopted five, and in place of a dollar for the two shows, he gave the whole for two bits, and every few weeks of a Saturday, he would give a free ride and exhibition to the Sunday school of some church in the city, all of which methods gave the greatest abundance of advertising to the What Cheer House, and the gardens, which were soon christened Woodward's Gardens. For many years these gardens became the most popular resort probably of any place in the city,

nobody would think of visiting San Francisco without paying a visit to Woodward's Gardens.

The result of this system of doing business was that in a very few years, Mr. Woodward became a millionaire.

THE OLD CENTRAL HOTEL IN MERIDEN.

This old holstery stood in the town of Meriden half way between the court-houses of Connecticut. It was headquarters for stages for a great many years, when they ran between Hartford and New Haven. As there were no railroads until about 1840, this house as well as many others was largely patronized by teamsters hauling freights from tide-water up into the country. Great loads of baled cotton, wool and general merchandise passed up and down this old thoroughfare, known as the Hartford and New Haven turnpike.

In those days these old hotels were headquarters for business men and men of leisure to congregate. The bar-rooms were scenes of revelry and free use of ardent spirits. In the Old Tavern, over the bar-room and extending over several other rooms was a hall appropriated for dances and occasional public meetings. This hall was forty feet in length and about twenty-five feet in width. It accommodated Meriden people for over fifty years and a large portion of the older residents of Meriden have "tripped the light fantastic toe" to the tunes of "Money Musk," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Irish Washerwoman," "Hull's Victory," and "Virginia Reel" and all those old country dances, which were the

only ones indulged in in those days. Such a diversion as the quadrille was unknown. There might be one waltz in the middle of a programme, but scarcely half a dozen couples would indulge in this. One violin usually constituted the music played by some colored musician.

For quite a term of years which came into the memory of the writer, the old hotel bar-room had become the meeting place of a number of men of leisure, some of the names of which it may not be out of place to mention. There were Farrington, and Miller, and Butler, known as Gen. Pickins, and Lawrence, Colonel Seymear, Uncle Ben Upson, Captain Collins, Levi Yale, known as "Old Beal," Uncle Sam Yale, Abel Yale, known as Captain Cook, Bronson Curtis, known as Judge Dagget, Charles Paddock, Ralph Childs and several others of quite uniform type of men in age and tastes. This was about the make-up of the crowd present when it was presumed that Ralph Childs had the delirium tremens.

Captain Collins was a large land holder in the village and was a close descendant of one of the old slave-holding families, and the captain liked the society of the old bar-room with its congenial friends better than he did hard work. His habits were always matter of fact and he had little admiration of sham or anybody's putting on frills. On one occasion in this old dancing hall, although in the dancing season, the room was intolerably hot. Among the party was a dudish character of the day who assumed some exquisite airs. He took pains to remark how very exceedingly and exhercuiatingly warm the hall was and that he was perspiring with the

greatest profusion. The captain replied, "It's hot; I'm sweating like a horse."

Colonel Seymour had at one time held the office from which he received his title, and during a public parade after the noon intermission, he came back to the hotel bar-room to look for some of his minor officers to call the companies together. Opening the door and thrusting his head in, he inquired somewhat hastily if any of his inferior officers were in there, to which a stranger, standing by, replied: "For the Lord's sake, he hoped not, judging from his appearance." Some one else remarked he had just seen one officer ascend up one of the flights of stairs and if he went up the same way he might find him.

A very good joke occurred on Levi Yale at butchering time. Uncle Ben Upson was a butcher by trade and always helped "Old Beal" when he butchered. When they had got a pig butchered and all dressed off complete and just as they had ascertained the weight, they saw Captain Cook, who was one of their intimates, coming across the field. "There," says "Uncle Ben" to "Beal," "there comes 'Cook'; now let's mark with him and see who will pay when we go down to the bar-room, and if he agrees, you mark one pound over and I'll mark one pound under, so as not to create any suspicion." The proposition to mark on the weight of the hog was accepted. "Uncle Ben" as agreed upon marked one under, and "Beal" one over, but "Captain Cook" marked the exact weight, beating them both at their own game.

Another character who used to patronized the bar-

room was a Spaniard by the name of John Antoine, who had a mouth running nearly from ear to ear, and when he drank a big mug of cider he never seemed to take more than a swallow for its contents. So for diversion some one of the men would agree to pay for all the cider that John would drink, provided he would drink ten mugs and only take one swallow to a mug. John was always ready to accept the offer, rarely ever failing to get down the ten mugs and often two or three more with only the stipulated number of swallows.

In Middletown, until recent years has been something like such a group of men, who have congregated in the Old Farmers' and Mechanics' Hotel, but their amusements have been more in the line of card playing, particularly the old game of "seven up," for drinks to be paid for by some one of the party at the end of each rubber. A number of the frequenters of this house lived several miles out in the country, but no matter how cold and stormy the weather it had nothing to do towards closing their sessions. It was frequently near midnight before they would quit the enjoyment of their games. They were all men "well to do," and one man was quite proud of his easy circumstances; he being one of a quartet that most frequently met to play together. He remarked with some pride one day, that it was quite rare that four men so well "fixed" financially as they, met to pass away their time at card playing, to which one of the others responded that it might be true, and that he thought, furthermore, it was as rare to find four men that could get outside of more rum in the same time.

Another amusing occurrence in the old Meriden bar-

room. A man by the name of Williams was always bragging about his horse, claiming it was one of the most remarkable beasts that ever stood on all fours, and that if it were possible to find a horse that would mate thoroughly, he would give \$500 for it, as such a pair would be almost priceless. He had so frequently bored the company with these remarks about this remarkable piece of horseflesh that one sceptic remarked that if the horse had on a different harness and were hitched to a different wagon, its owner would not know it. He didn't think that Williams' horse was anything to brag about, and he didn't believe that Williams was anything of a judge of horseflesh. Some one suggested an experiment to be tried, so the first opportunity when Williams' horse was under the shed, a committee was appointed to take his horse out, reharNESS it and put it into a different wagon and hitch him to a post down the street. Then two or three were delegated to go in and inform Williams of their discovery. Addressing Williams, one of them said: "We have heard you say you would like a mate to your horse, and for a good one you would give \$500; we think we have seen just what you want out here on the street." Williams was incredulous, but they all insisted that they had looked it over and that it was a complete match, and advised him to go out and inspect it, to which he consented. Approaching the horse, he looked it over critically, not making a remark for some time. Finally he gave vent to his disgust and contempt for their opinion, thinking that horse would match his. "He didn't have such a head, or shoulders, or limbs or tail. He wasn't as heavy. He was goose

rumped. He wouldn't match him in color, and after driving such an animal as he had been accustomed to, he would be ashamed to be seen with such a frame as that driving in the street and would not accept him as a gift." He then pronounced them all a pack of fools in the matter of judging a piece of horseflesh. He would rather have his horse than a drove of such camels. On return to the bar-room he expressed his contempt and disgust for the rest of the party, but when the truth dawned upon Mr. Williams later on, it cured him of ever making any more mention of his Bucephalus.

RALPH CHILDS FOLLOWS.

Ralph Childs was very much given to the playing of practical jokes. He spent much of his time in the old Central Hotel of the town, where were generally congregated a number of old settlers, spending their leisure time in a social way and drinking their toddies. Behind the old box stove in the bar-room was usually a large pile of wood, which was the universal fuel at that time. Ralph, while sitting one day by the stove, began to act strangely, so much so as to attract the attention of the bar-room attendants. Some one asked Childs what was troubling him. He replied that there were so many d—n snakes in the room that he felt almost afraid to stay there. This was construed to mean that Ralph had the delirium tremens coming on. As he appeared to grow worse, the room became quite excited. They advised him to go home. He declined to do so as long as there were so many snakes in the room. They called

in the doctor, who diagnosed his symptoms, and advised him that he had better go home ; all of which suggestions Ralph emphatically declined to conform to unless they would kill all the snakes in the room. When they asked him where the snakes were, he told them that the wood-pile was full of them, and that if they would overhaul the wood and kill the snakes, he would go home. This being a task that required only a few minutes' work, a hotel porter was ordered to do it. Coming to about the last stick in the pile, they found what was known as a small ground snake not much larger than an angle worm, which Ralph had discovered, attracted out by the warmth of the stove. Everybody who had been so much interested in the case felt that they had got left, while Ralph sat and laughed at the whole crowd. Ralph used to take great delight in playing jokes on what he termed greenhorns, just coming into town to serve apprenticeships and clerkships. He would assume an interest in them and make himself their apparent friend. Some day he would ask one of them to do him the favor of going to a friend's house at some extreme part of the town and bring him back fifteen or twenty pounds of borum junk. At another time he would send a greenhorn on a long journey to borrow a round file or a set of jew's-harp moulds. The borum junk would be made up of a large package of stones, which the fellow would lug back for a mile or two. Ralph would swear that his friend had played a joke on him, so as to relieve himself of the position. The round file was usually a length of six-inch stove pipe filled with sand and wrapped in paper.

People are apt to forget freaks of weather that come unexpectedly. In 1854, in the month of April, occurred a phenomenal snowstorm. From the fifteenth to the eighteenth snow fell two feet deep on a level. This snow was disastrous to thousands of birds that had already returned from their southern migration. This snow was followed on the twenty-eighth by a rain storm which poured down continuously for some three days.

This great body of snow and protracted rain caused the greatest flood known in New England by its oldest inhabitants. This flood has probably more records for high water than any which ever occurred in the Connecticut Valley.

In Middletown at that time was the firm of Hubbard Bros., large dealers in lumber and manufacturers of doors, blinds and many other articles for building purposes. Their office building was over a very high stone basement and stood near the water, and for many years it had been their custom during the spring floods to draw a line on their building where high water had reached. This flood was at its highest May 4, 1854, and one of the firm, Gaston Hubbard, drew the line, which was so far above all other lines as to attract much attention. Soon after the water had subsided, Mr. Hubbard, thinking this flood must have beaten all previous occasions, not excepting Noah's, but wishing to be fair, as he was a very fair-minded man, drew the line about six inches below, crediting that to Noah's flood of somewhat doubtful authenticity.

Two or three seasons later, a convention of ministers was held in the city and after the conclusion of their

session, they were taken about the city to see some of the places of interest. About half a dozen of them went to Hubbard Bros.' works, through their planing mills and various shops, when their attention was called to the water marks and dates on the building. One of them, seemingly more interested than the rest, noticing the highest mark and then the one six inches below it credited to Noah's flood, expressed great indignation to his brethren and surprise that men like the Hubbards should allow such sacrilegious evidences of disrespect for holy and sacred things to be posted on their building, and expressing such a serious shock to his religious feelings that some of his associates thought that Mr. Hubbard's attention ought to be brought to the matter. Mr. Gaston Hubbard very freely acknowledged that the record was made by his authority and placed to the best of his knowledge and that if it wasn't right he was very sorry; if it was wrong, he was willing to make any concession to the aggrieved gentleman's wishes and would place the line for Noah's flood at any other point he would suggest, and thank him for the correction.

RELIGION.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, the religious views of the community were not very materially changed from those of the century before, but the people were beginning to get their eyes opened in different directions to other views. The writings of Thomas Paine in the last part of the eighteenth century had sowed a great deal of seed, much of which had fallen in good

ground. The people began to take the liberty of thinking for themselves, instead of relegating all their religious views and hopes into the hands of the priests. There began to be a feeling that we had a God of Love, and that instead of an angry God, He was of a peaceful and amicable nature. The doctrine of eternal damnation began to grow obnoxious in the minds of the people.

For the first half of the century, the steam was kept up from the pulpit motors to a strong belief in an eternal hell of fire and torment for the wicked, or such as did not belong to the church, or made confession of faith, or went through the formulas required by the church. The promises were held forth for those who performed the ceremony of believing, or professing to believe, and adopted the church formulas, who were to inherit a life of joy and bliss, to walk through the pearly gates and streets of gold, singing hallelujahs forever and ever.

Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" somewhat shook the faith of those who had courage to read it.

Evangelists of a very ordinary type of intellect traversed the country from one end to the other, starting revivals and getting up religious excitement. The men and boys did not seem to manifest so much interest in the church during the pleasant seasons when it was more enjoyable for many of them to go fishing or on excursions. When the nights grew longer and the weather was not so conducive for these outdoor sports, a new interest was likely to arise in the church and protracted meetings began to be held in the evenings, and young people susceptible to the fears of hell and eternal damna-

tion, had these doctrines thoroughly infused into their minds. They were urged on by their parents and the clergy and became anxious about their souls and went forward for prayers, and during the winter were prepared and coached for the final exercise of being baptized and joining the church. Some of the clergy of those days were very poorly educated. Among the founders of one of the principal churches in Meriden was a shoemaker, who worked out for his farmer neighbors during the week when cobbling was dull.

He had a son, who in later life became quite a talented preacher. It used to be said by the older people that the father was more solemn in prayer, but that the son could beat him at preaching. Another prominent light was a shad fisherman from the town of Haddam, who used to take horseback rides of twenty and thirty miles on Sunday morning or any other time to contribute his labors to a revival and preach the comforting doctrine of eternal damnation.

Parish calls were much more faithfully attended to than at the present day. One great inducement to look tenderly after their flocks was plenty of good bitter bottles and good dinners. One of this whangdoodle type of clergy used to come to Meriden from Berlin. The head of one of the houses where he was always treated hospitably used to remark that he could always tell five minutes after "Old Bentley" left Berlin to come to Meriden, for every chicken on his premises took to hiding just as fast as they could find shelter. He preached through the early days of slavery agitation, and was in the habit of expressing his contempt of the "abolition-

ists." The church at that time approved of slavery, as it was thoroughly justified in the Bible. In his views about the Indians, he used to express himself as somewhat in sympathy with the "abigones."

Among these evangelists was an elder named Swan, who was about as eccentric and fanatical as Sam Jones of Southern fame. One evening when Elder Swan was preaching to a large congregation, and as usual making most radical statements, a tall, lank youth in the audience got up and walked down the aisle to leave. Elder Swan paused in his discourse, and pointing his finger at him, said, "Go, you stackpole of hell."

One of his illustrations concerning an old sinner was that when the devil caught him his yell was likened to the shrill scream of the whistle to a locomotive.

One of his brother preachers, by the name of Jennings, abandoned preaching and went to manufacturing bits and augers. In one of the ministerial conventions, this Swan alluded to Jennings' desertion of the ministerial ranks, and prayed that the Almighty would take him in hand and shake him over the pit of hell until every bit and auger had dropped out of him, and then send him back to his legitimate calling. Another pious brother came into town, and putting up with a member of the church where the revival was in progress, requested one of the brethren to get him some carpet tacks, some shingle nails, some six- and eight-penny nails, some twenty-penny nails and a few spikes. The brother was much mystified to know what he wanted them for, but the evening exercises disclosed their use.

THE TEXT: "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO
COME UNTO ME."

The subject was chiefly on the necessity of children and youths coming to Jesus. Aiming to impress the danger of putting off the visit to later in life, when the obstacles seemed more difficult to overcome, he took out the assortment of nails and spread them on the pulpit, then drawing from his pocket a magnetic tack hammer, he proceeded to demonstrate how much easier it was for the children to come to Jesus than for the old sinners. He put the hammer into the little bunch of tacks, when a dozen or more attached themselves to the magnet. Then, holding up this illustration to the audience, he said, "See! see! this tack hammer represents Jesus, and these tacks little children, and see how easily they come to Jesus." He next applied the hammer to the shingle nails, and of these he could get but one or two. "Now," he said, "my dear hearers, these nails represent children of twelve or fourteen; you see it catches them, but they do not come in groups." He next applied the hammer to the adults, or the eight-penny nails, but they were only slightly attracted by the magnet. "You see," he said, "they require more magnetism, more persuasion, more prayer; and now, I will try the effect on the old sinners." Then he applied the hammer to the twenty-penny nails and then to one of the spikes; the latter, he said, represented the old sinner of fifty or sixty years, to move which would require a loadstone, the tack hammer showing no more effect than a ball of putty. "So," he said, "you see, my dear hearers, the ne-

cessity of getting children to come to Jesus as soon as possible."

The same illustration was used in San Francisco during one of the writer's later trips west, and drew out considerable comment from the city press.

During another revival meeting in the Naugatuck Valley, the whole community became quite exercised as to the safety of their souls. Living among the hills was a Captain Stannard, one of the most staunch, patriotic, honorable and honest of men in that whole region. He was almost alone in not attending these meetings. Some of the prominent men of the church thought it a pity not to have such a man as Captain Stannard improve such an auspicious chance to get into the fold of Christ. Their anxiety impelled them to have a committee appointed to visit Captain Stannard, and to inform him what a "shower of grace" was falling upon them. To insure success in this effort, the parson and one of the deacons, by the name of Chipman Smith, known familiarly as Deacon "Chip," were delegated to visit the captain. They called on him and told him the object of their visit and expressed their wish to have him come in and have his soul saved before it was too late. They used all the persuasion they could, but the captain politely declined to attend the meetings and was so religiously wicked as to pronounce the whole thing a "humbug." They then requested the privilege to pray for him before leaving. He consented to the arrangement, so they both approached the throne of grace in prayer, presenting his case as strongly as their words could express, and calling down all the blessings they

could think of on the captain, and wound up with wishes for his final conversion. When they got through the captain thanked them for their kindly intentions and told them they had made very good prayers, and turning to the parson, said, "Parson So and So, you made a very good prayer, but I rather think 'Chip' beat you." This was the conclusion of their efforts for the conversion of Captain Stannard. The captain afterwards gave his reasons to a friend why he had no use for the church, the following being a partial list remembered as related: He did not believe that the world was made in six literal days, that grass and vegetables grew before the sun existed, that God had Adam name all the animals, that woman was created from the rib of man, that a serpent ever walked on his tail, that God ever repented that He made man, that the earth was covered with water to the depth of several miles, that Noah could have put one-tenth of the stock claimed to have been taken into the ark, carried and sustained them 150 days, nor that they could have lived for lack of ventilation and accumulation of filth. He did not believe that Joseph was ever sold into Egypt, that Moses and Aaron ever turned day into darkness that could be felt, nor filled the country with frogs, lice, locusts, etc., so thick that the people could not stir around. That two million of people could have congregated from over all Egypt without detection until ready to make their escape over the Red Sea, that the waters of the Red Sea opened and formed two walls to allow the Israelites to pass through on dry ground, that when they clamored for meat that quails were sent in from the sea to the depth of three

and one half feet around the camp for thirty miles, and that the man gathering the least quantity had 150 bushels of quail in his larder, and when they had them gathered, were not allowed to eat a mouthful of them. He did not believe that two she bears ever made a meal of forty innocents, that the trick of testing the power of the gods of Baal was done only by Elijah substituting lime for wood, thereby requiring an ample supply of water. He did not believe there was any meaner man in Sodom than Lot, if the story were true. That Samson ever killed thousands of Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, then found water in it with which to quench his thirst. That he ever caught 300 foxes and tied their tails together and fastened torches to them and then burned the Philistines' vineyards by this means. He did not believe that a whale or other fish ever swallowed Jonah, nor that he could have composed the prayer attributed to him while inside of the fish. That God ever told the Israelites to kill and rip up all the women that had ever known men, and save all the virgins for the lust and ravishment of the soldiers. He did not believe that such a character as Christ ever lived. That it was necessary, on account of God's love for the world, to adopt such an expedient as having a son born for man's redemption. He thought the Creator of the universe capable of a simpler and more rational method, clear and convincing to every mind as that air is air, and water is water. He did not believe that Lazarus was raised from the grave except by a trick, if indeed it ever occurred, as there was only one evangelist who told

the story, and then there was no evidence that Lazarus was really dead.

From a religious standpoint, Captain Stannard would appear to be a very wicked man, to have doubts about all these precious questions; but in the community where he lived he was recognized as a man of strict integrity and moral character, which from an orthodox standpoint would hardly seem possible.

These religious revival seasons were necessary for men to polish up and revise their orthodoxy, as a large percentage of those showing the most zeal during these occasions were the most liable to be backsliders at an early day. Several of such cases were familiarly known. One prominent tobacco dealer in the town of Suffield used to have a reputation of experiencing religion on an average of three or four times a year, but a large share of the intervals would be filled up with all sorts of dissipations.

A man in the town of Woodbury, by the name of Jim Russell, had some difficulty with a neighbor by the name of Munson. During revival seasons Russell was in the habit of breaking forth in frequent supplications to the throne of grace, on which occasions he would go to a place in the corner of one of his lots near the Munson residence. He would pray so loudly as to be heard quite a distance about the neighborhood. He prayed for everybody else as well as himself, excepting Joe Munson, and in winding up his appeal, would always close with the invocation: "God bless Jim Russell and God d—n Joe Munson."

The belief that all the wicked were to be burned in eternal fire led to the construction in the city of Phila-

delphia of a sort of patent hell. This miniature hell was got up by a series of rooms that appeared to be paved with beds of live coals. Subjects were selected as poor and emaciated as possible, and were placed quite freely through the different rooms to show people the condition of a sinner after a long season in Satan's kingdom. The subjects would lie and roll about in apparent agony, emitting groans of misery and torment. They would ask each other questions as to what brought them there. Perhaps one of them would say he came there for telling lies, and being asked how long he had been there, would answer, "Ten thousand years." Another would be interrogated as to his reason for attendance, and he perhaps might reply: "For committing adultery." Another would be present for stealing sheep, and had been there for fifteen or twenty thousand years. And so every sin in the catalogue was enumerated to show what brought them there. This was considered instructive to those who were walking the paths of sin in this life.

This was a sort of camp-meeting age. The colored people also held meetings and for several years, Meriden was favored with these gatherings of the "sable clan." During these meetings, particularly on Sundays, there would be a gathering of every class of low and drinking society about their camp; while they were strictly orderly themselves, it required the attendance of sheriffs and special police to protect them from annoyance. In one of the large towns, an effort was made to establish a colored Zion, and contributions were solicited to build their church. Very few gifts were larger than

\$5, until an eccentric fellow by the name of Childs subscribed \$100 on condition. For such a munificent gift he received most profuse thanks and assurances of a great deal of prayerful consideration. After a time collections were being made on these subscriptions, when on going to Mr. Childs he asked them if they were ready to comply with the condition. "Oh! yes," they said, "dat would be all right." But he said that he would like to have something in writing to insure the carrying out of such a provision as he wanted. "Oh! yes, dat could be fixed up; no trouble 'bout dat." They told him that if he would tell them the condition they would have it provided for. It being a Baptist society, Childs informed them that the condition was arbitrary that every convert made after the church was established should be baptized in boiling hot water.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the only method of heating the churches was by means of large box stoves. One of these stoves would heat but a small part of the edifice, and to keep themselves warm during the service, the people provided themselves with foot-stoves, which were small perforated tin affairs, about ten inches square.

Nearly many of the churches were built small houses known as Sabba' Day houses. They were used for the comfort and convenience of the people from the country. They would drive in with their families several miles, and leave their family at the Sabba' Day house, some one of which would build a roaring fire with fuel kept there for the occasion. When the fire had got under way,

they filled the little foot-stoves with live coals and then proceeded to the church.

Each pew generally had a door at the entrance. When all were seated in the pew, this foot-stove became of general use to the family to keep their feet warm on the icy cold floor by being passed from one to the other. The minister's only recourse for warmth was to exercise himself by getting up as much excitement as possible; "hol-lering," and pounding his pulpit, in order to keep up circulation. The sermons were rarely less than two hours long and there were two services during the day, as quantity seemed more essential than quality. At the noon intermission, the families from outside would repair to the Sabba' Day houses to partake of the luncheon they had brought with them and left there to keep from freezing.

It was related by an old acquaintance that at a baptismal service, it was customary for one of the deacons to provide the bottle of water to pour into the baptismal font. On one occasion the good deacon brought two bottles, one of water and one of cider. When he went to prepare the baptismal font, he poured in the cider instead of the water. The candidate who was to be baptised on that Sunday was always recognized as having been baptised in cider. Different denominations have different methods of baptising. The Baptists used to immerse their converts in ponds or some stream of water, where there was a sucker hole. Sometimes they were baptised through a hole in the ice; frequently when it was nearly a foot thick. Later baptistries were placed in the church where this rite was performed. In one

of these baptistries, not many years ago, several candidates had been immersed, when one of the converts declined to take her turn. The minister assured her that it was all right as so many had gone in before her, to which she replied she should think from the appearance of the water that they had.

A common formula of baptism is: I baptise thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. An old friend, several years ago, related an experience of one of her daughters, who had seen the baptismal service in a Baptist church. Being of a pious turn of mind, on the daughter's return home, having several dolls, she thought it would be a good plan to have a revival and to have them experience religion. After a certain amount of good advice and placing them on an anxious seat for prayer, she assumed that they had obtained hope, and after arranging them in an attitude of devotion, she considered them fitted to receive the last ordinance of baptism before entering the church. So she arranged them around a good sized wash-tub filled with water. The mother, looking on with a great deal of interest to see the result of her daughter's religious work, was, to say the least, much astonished to see her small daughter hold one of the dolls over the tub and repeat this formula: "I baptise thee in the name of the Father and of the Son, and into the hole you go."

In these early church attendances, perfumeries and confections were rarely ever used, but a substitute was made up of orange peel, caraway and fennel seed. Looking about a congregation, a large percentage of the women could be seen nibbling their orange peel and

chewing their caraway and fennel as composedly as the Western girls of the present day chew gum.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century, a great excitement overran New England, under the name of Millerism. A fanatic by the name of Miller predicted that the end of the world would occur in 1843. Great crowds of people flocked to the meetings, which were generally held in tents, to hear the advocates of the universal wind-up of earthly affairs give their reasons why it must be so. Pictures of all the animals and monstrosities which Daniel saw in his visions, and canvases covered with figures enumerating days and hours and times, and all other vagaries that the human mind could invent were exhibited and figured out to a nicety, demonstrating that the "jig" would be up, beyond all doubt, with sublunary affairs in 1843. Some very penurious and close-fisted men were so positive and such ardent believers in the truth of these things that they gave away thousands of dollars, who afterwards lived to see pressing need of this money.

Some time after this Miller excitement, which did not close up affairs as expected, an impostor by the name of Spayth, of New Jersey, came to Connecticut, representing himself as a kind of second Christ. It is claimed by many of the orthodox belief that the mere fact of Christ getting so many followers should be taken as conclusive proof that he was of divine origin, not thinking that one or more, of modern times and denounced as rank impostors, have had thousands of followers. John Smith has obtained hundreds of converts in this enlightened age, where Christ had one in an age of ignor-

ance. This man, Spayth, in a very few months succeeded in enticing from the towns of Wallingford and Southington five married women who had families of children, to gather up all the earthly effects they could lay their hands on, instead of taking up a cross, and then follow this fellow to Canada. Here they stayed until their resources were exhausted and then, abandoned by this scamp, they returned home, trying to restore their family relations, which in nearly every case, they failed to do. Besides these women, quite a number of prudish old maids became so infatuated with the views and teachings of this rascal that they would appear before him nude without a blush, feeling so free from sin.

The manner of preparing young ministers for service in the cause of Christ was to have evening practice meetings. There were two such young men coached for the ministry in the house next to where the writer was born. The mother of these young hopefuls used to express dissatisfaction for the lack of attention by the clergy, in her church. She thought she ought to be visited more by the parson, as, having raised two ministers for service in the church, she was entitled to more recognition. My mother set up a claim that she was entitled to as much consideration, having raised two fiddlers, one of whom played in the church choir and the other at dances and other social occasions with quite as much success as the other two preached. When these young men returned from the seminary where they were preparing for their future work, during vacations, meetings would be held at the schoolhouse for them to show off their accomplishments. At these meetings would be a general

turn-out of not only the older folks, but the younger people, who were well acquainted with these young preachers. At one of these evening meetings, the girls decided that they would play a joke on their beaux, who as usual with good young men, were very punctual in performing the duties of seeing them home. By a pre-concerted move, the girls slipped out in advance of the boys and running down the road were soon out of sight. When the boys came out there seemed to be no girls for them to go home with. One of the boys said that if the "darned fools" wanted to go home alone, let them go. A short distance down the road was a thick bunch of cocum bushes under which the girls were hid. The boys came along, expressing their contempt and disgust for the girls and just by this bunch of bushes they came to a halt.

There was an occurrence similar to the one related in Judges, sixth chapter, thirty-seventh verse, where Gideon, not having implicit faith in God's promises, asked for manifestation of having dew fall profusely on a fleece of wool and that the ground around it should be dry. Not being satisfied with that manifestation, which seemed entirely successful, he asked that the operation be reversed and that the ground be wet and the wool dry, which God very obligingly did to convince Gideon that he was no humbug. In this case the bushes and the girls underneath were wet and the ground around remained dry. The girls lay still and the boys never knew until later years, until many of them were married, that Providence is not partial in its mysterious manifestations.

SOME FAVORITE HYMNS SUNG AT THE CON-
FERENCE MEETINGS.

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead.
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.

With holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair;
Justice has built a dismal hell
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

A PEN PICTURE OF GOD IN SOME SIMILAR
STANZAS.

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams
And from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames
And thunder rolls along.

All supposed to be comforting and for the good of souls.

Up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the Presbyterian church was recognized as the most prominent, and enjoyed the name of the Standing Order. The laws of the church were such that if any one seceded and went to another order, he was still held responsible for church tax, having once been enrolled as a member of their society. The laws of the state were such as to enforce collection. If children were sprinkled, which was an alternative to get their names on the roll, in time they were considered members of the church. Later on they were put through a system of revival training to have them make a formal connection with the church, which was by baptism and subscribing to certain formulas. In time other denominations springing up, like the Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians, many seceded from the old Standing Order.

The political parties of those times were the Democrats and Whigs. The Democratic party rather took sides with those who wanted free religious toleration, and consequently the old church would be made up mostly of the Whig element, while the other denominations were almost universally Democrats. So to find a Baptist, Methodist or Episcopalian a Whig, would be about as easy as to look up a white crow.

A movement was made to abolish this taxation by those who went from the old church, but it was quite awhile before anything could be accomplished.

The law at that time for debt allowed the debtor to turn over such property as he could best spare without embarrassing his wants. While many were being taxed after affiliating themselves with other churches. One man, who was well conversant with the law, who chanced to be an uncle of the writer, objected to the payment of the tax and challenged them to collect it by legal process. It happened about that time that there was a grocery store in the place which had suspended business. In closing up affairs, several dozen commodores were sold at auction which this man bought and kept in storage preparatory to a call from the sheriff. The church had a writ of attachment made out to collect her back tax. When the sheriff called to serve his writ, the debtor took advantage of that feature of the law to turn over property which he thought would least embarrass his financial affairs and, therefore, presented his stock of commodores, remarking at the same time if their value was not enough to satisfy the claim, that he might take his little outhouse. The officer reported to the church the kind of goods that would have to be taken. As all goods had to be sold at public auction, the church authorities decided to abandon the idea of collecting that tax. It proved to be the last church tax payment tried to be enforced so far as known from that time.

In speaking of my uncle, it may be proper to mention that he served as county sheriff for several years, which proved a very thorough schooling in the minor details of the law. At that time, there was but one lawyer in Meriden, by the name of Andrews. He transacted a

large share of the legal business of the town in the way of making out writs, deeds, leases for people, etc. When frequent petty cases in law came up the plaintiff had no other alternative, except to go out of town, than to employ Lawyer Andrews. In such cases it was quite common for the defendant to employ the services of "Uncle Levi," who was recognized as being well informed on all critical law points as well as being something of a wit. So during legal arguments in cases that came up, Lawyer Andrews was very much given to quoting "Blackstone" and "Coke upon littleton," and other celebrated legal writers. As an offset to this, "Uncle Levi" would quote correct law and give as his authority "Mother Goose" and "Bluebeard's" narratives. These methods were so disconcerting to Lawyer Andrews, and made so much amusement in the court-room, that "Uncle Levi" almost invariably won his case.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Seventy-five years ago, boys in Connecticut had very different experiences from the boys commencing the twentieth century. In the country the families were larger than to-day and the conditions were more of a "get up and get" character than now.

The greater part of boy life was spent on the farms, and our towns and cities were very little developed in the way of manufacturing. The boy was an all-round useful member in making up the complement of labor on the farm. He was the fellow to bring in wood,

pick up chips, pull flax, bring in hens' eggs, feed the chickens, fetch the cows, tend hay, rake after the cart, turn grind-stone, hoe three and skip three to keep up with the men in the field, bring up the old mare, go after the oxen, drive plow, ride the horse in plowing and harrowing, ride him to water, pick up potatoes and small stones in the fields, chop brush, pile up wood, hold the light when pork was being cut up, and when pork and beef were being packed in the barrel, pick over apples evenings, cut and drop potatoes, plant beans between the hills of corn, stick pumpkin seeds in the rows, drive geese and pigs out of the meadows and corn fields, draw cider for all comers, and dozens of other things of a similar nature; in fact, there was considered no limit to the capacity of a boy's legs and endurance for running and doing chores. This was about the order of my early experience on the farm and that of most boys of the time. The dress of nearly all boys was of the home-spun order, produced on the farms from crops of flax and the growth on sheep's backs. When garments became worn they were patched with almost anything, regardless of match in color. Boots and shoes were only worn against the severity of weather; the prevailing fashion for the summer season from early spring until late in the fall was to go barefoot, and many a time, in the late fall, when I have been sent into the field for the cattle, where they had been lying over night, I would take advantage to stand on the place they had got up from for quite a time to warm my feet: but with all the diversity of labor, compared with the

present day, I may assert there was more real enjoyment for boys in the country then than now. The fields were alive with game and every boy had a dog, and when sent into the fields after horses and cows, or on any other errand, his invariable companion would be his dog Bose. The fences were mostly large stone walls, which made good shelter for skunks, woodchucks, squirrels and black snakes. If the boy heard Bose barking on one of these trips after cattle, he became so familiar with his dog's language that he could invariably tell what kind of game Bose was barking at. If it were a chipmunk or red squirrel, it would be a sort of whining peep, not at all emphatic or loud; if it was a black snake it would be barks at intervals which would not mean game of any importance; if it were a skunk or woodchuck, the barking was emphatic enough to mean business and that the case was one of great importance. A boy hearing that kind of barking is sure to forget his mission after stock and to be rather late and disappointing in his return on time, and apt to have some inquiry as to where he was gone so long.

Two boys, named Ansell and Joel, were sent one spring into the fields with a cart body of potatoes to be dropped into the rows, and, discovering a red squirrel in a tree one side of the field adjoining a swamp, they thought it necessary to capture the squirrel before dropping the potatoes. Their dog had got the squirrel treed and they soon besieged the squirrel with all the loose small stones they could pick up near at hand. They would almost hit him, but had not quite suc-

ceeded until they had exhausted all the small stones convenient to throw. They thought the chances to hit him so near that they commenced with the potatoes. The result was that they threw the whole cartload of potatoes at the squirrel and were under a high degree of excitement. When the last potato had gone into the swamp, Ansell sang out to Joel as if the fate of a nation depended upon the issue, "Joel, climb, let's have the cuss anyway." Joel climbed the tree, shook the squirrel off into the swamp, where he was perfectly safe from any further danger. The boys returned home with their empty cart minus the squirrel.

There was a dearth in the way of toys, except some few rude things which they made themselves, as kites, bows and arrows, rude sleds, elder pop-guns, and such things as these, which were of a very inferior character compared with the toys and various things for amusement in the present day. In the winter skates were as often tied on with tow strings as any other way, the skates themselves being of a very inferior make. There was more pleasure for boys in getting together in the different farm houses than most any other feature of their lives. Their evening amusements for outside, when the evenings were pleasant would be made up in the game of "I spy the wolf," playing bye or tag, and playing a game called "Free come fetch," which would be played in the street, restricted between the fences on each side. One boy would be selected to stand in the middle of the street, the rest, a dozen or more, all going to one side. He would then sing out "Free come fetch," and they must all rush by him to the oppo-

side side of the street, and he was to catch as many as he could in their passing and each one that he caught and spit over his head must join with him in helping to catch the rest. After catching two or three, if he was a small boy, his force would be so augmented that they could join together in catching a bigger one, thus they would capture an increased number of catchers until they were reduced down to two or three of the largest boys. The capturing of these last big boys of course made lots of excitement as they tried to break through the crowd. When it was a big boy's turn to stand of course he made quick work in capturing the best of them.

In playing "I spy the wolf," they usually stood around in a ring and the wolf was selected by repeating one of these lingoos, commencing with some boy in the ring and touching them as repeated going around; one familiar one was this:

*"Iry, ery, ichery, an,
Fillisy, follisy, Nicholas John,
Quevy, Quarry, English marish,
Strinkalum, strankalum, buck,
You're out."*

and so on to the last; or this one:

*"Onesol, two sol, ticker sol tan,
Fillisy, follisy, Nicholas John,
Harem, scarem, bob-tail vinegar,
Strinkalum, strankalum, back."*

The last boy was to be the wolf and he would go and hide while the rest waited for him to be well secreted; after thinking he was properly hidden, they would sing out, "All ready, say nothing:" if he was not ready, he would say "no," but if he kept still that was evidence that the wolf was hidden; then they all scattered to hunt him up, and whenever anybody found him, he would yell, "I spy the wolf." At this signal the wolf would spring out and catch the one who spied him, if possible, before he could get back to the station they all started from; if he did not succeed in catching that supposed sheep, he had the chance to catch any other that had not succeeded in returning to the goal. In this way the band of wolves was augmented to go out and hide and ultimately pick up the rest of the straggling sheep.

Sometimes a diversion from these amusements about home would be indulged in by visiting some neighbor's early apple trees, pear trees or peach orchard. One particular instance was in giving attention to an old fellow's watermelon patch. This old chap was very stingy of all his fruit, and one season had a watermelon patch on a very steep side of a hill with a southern exposure to insure an early crop. Presuming that the boys might want to sample his goods some night when they ripened, he thought he would lay in wait for them, and adopted what he thought was a very cunning plan to catch them. He located his two-wheeled cart near the upper side of the patch, throwing two or three bundles of straw into the cart body, under which he concealed himself to wait the ex-

pected call, it being Saturday night and a favorable time for the boys to get out to make such a visit. The boys being late in their arrival, the old fellow getting tired and sleepy, he dropped off into a sound doze. When the boys arrived, they came stealthily into the patch, and as they approached the cart heard a noise which one of them soon discovered to be that of a man snoring. No movement being made the boys at once took the hint that the old man was concealed in the straw, and by his long waiting had gone to sleep. So they soon concocted a plan to give him a little surprise party. This was in the days of Millerism, when a great many people were looking for the second coming of the Saviour; among such believers was the proprietor of the melon patch. The boys, to carry out their scheme, arranged some half dozen of them to hold the neap of the cart, while one ring leader, as they turned the neap of the cart uphill and the tail of it down, struck a match and set fire to the straw, while the boys gave the cart a push down the hill and yelled like demons. This aroused the old fellow in the midst of flames and gave him the most fearful scare of his life, exclaiming that his fears had finally come to pass that he should some day wake up and find himself in hell.

While boys do a great many good things, the old saying is yet true that "boys will be boys." A rather unpopular man one winter season, as was the custom in earlier days, did a great deal of hauling wood to market on a sled, as the winters then usually afforded a long term of snow for sleighing and sledding. As he hauled

his wood a long distance, he usually loaded it in the afternoon and hauled it to his house, ready to take a very early start in the morning. The loading and packing for market of a cord of wood is quite a heavy task, and one night when this man was to take an early start with team and load to New Haven, the boys visited his load of wood and throwing it all off, turned his sled over and put the tall stakes back into the same holes as when the sled was right side up, and then reloaded the wood in about as good order as it was the first time. This man was not a regular frequenter of prayer conferences, and it was said that if he had been his remarks on driving his team to the sled to hitch on for the morning's journey would have been very inappropriate for any church member to utter.

Aside from all these outdoor diversions either innocent or naughty, the evenings about the old fireplaces had many charms. The evening entertainments are things that everybody is likely to remember in after life. The days of youth, naturally surrounded and under the patronage of parents and older connections of the family, were the times to be entertained by stories of their parents and elders. In olden times boys and girls would sit many an evening listening to songs and stories, exploits of war, hunting and fishing stories, but about the most captivating and instructive, to keep ears in listening, and put a young man into the most pleasurable condition to retire in a dark chamber, or go into a distant corner of some cellar to draw cider or get apples, or to be sent out to the barn with or without a lantern to obtain some in-

different article, were the beautiful ghost stories. After an evening's entertainment of this nature, the rustle of every leaf was a spook, every shadow made by a candle or by the moon was the flitting of some ghost. Apparitions were discussed and talked about as freely by the old aunties and grannies, as the pulpit would discuss the subject of the angels or devils, all of which agencies would seem to fill the air and all space after listening to the tales of some of these good old believers in supernatural agencies.

In these times all the political and historical events of the country were largely preserved in songs, and pieces of poetry written to commemorate such events as victories on land or water. Such happenings would be rehearsed at our fireplaces in song all over the country. The capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, his heroic end, Perry's victory on Lake Erie, the naval exploits of Paul Jones, the capture of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, with scores of similar events were preserved and rehearsed in song by songsters all over the nation.

Aside from political songs, were love songs, some silly and some pathetic. Among this class may be named William Riley's "Courtship," "Black-eyed Susan," "The Factor and Lady," "The Old Man's Dream," and the most pathetic of all, Campbell's "Wounded Hussar." It may be well here to recall two or three of the old songs that were the entertainment of our youthful days. These are from memory, before twelve years of age, heard sung many a time by my mother to entertain a group of children at home and from the neighbors.

The music of all these songs is of a pleasing character and well remembered.

One was "The Old Man's Dream," and is as follows:

Good morning, good fellows; pray, how do you do?
Come, tell me, I pray thee, and what's all the news?
For trading it is low and I'm sorry for it,
And that's what makes me feel worse than I used.
I've nothing to do, for I have no money,
I have no way for to get a penny,
And charity is not used by many.

I've nothing to lend, I've nothing to spend;
I've nothing to do but to stay at home.
A-sitting in my chair, drawing nigh to the fire,
I fell asleep like an idle drone.
And as I slept I dreamed a dream,
I saw a play acted without any scene;
But I could not tell what this play did mean.

At length I perceived what this play did mean.
As they acted it out, it was all mankind.
There was something peculiar in it to be seen
Concerning this world which we are in.
And when the play was ended down the stage did fling,
There was no difference to be seen
Betwixt a beggar and a king.

The first that mounted the stage I protest
Was Time with a scythe and a glass in his hand.
He'd the circle of the globe marked upon his breast
To show the world he had in command.

There's a time for to get and a time for to spend,
A time for to borrow and a time for to lend,
And a time when all things must have an end.

Truth, she came in, she was clothed in wool,
She says this world it is full, full, full.
Truth, she came in and talked calmly and cool,
She says this world is full, full, full.
The country's full of poverty, the city's full of pride,
Such underhanded dealing I never saw beside,
But the usurer's bag is well supplied.

Charity came in, she looked wondrous old,
And she was shivering with the cold.
She was dressed like a lady in Holland sleeves,
Said this world's full of rebels worse than thieves.
For I've been in the city and in the country,
Among the nobles of every degree,
But I find no room for Charity.

Conscience came in with his hat in his hand,
He looked like some gentleman.
The lawyers they laughed and jeered at him,
And pointed their fingers with their hands.
For he would be telling them of the latter age,
Which put all the lawyers in such a rage,
That they kicked poor Conscience down the stage.

Hark! Hear the Babylonians, the drums they did sound,
As they came rattling through the town,
Hark! Hear the Babylonians with noise to confound,
Enough to shake our chimneys down.

Then in stepped Mars, the great God of War,
And ordered them to face about and be as they were.
And when I awoke I was sitting in my chair,
And when I awoke, I was sitting by the fire.

The next is a humorous song on the supposed visit of an Englishman to France, who took a Frenchman's replies of misunderstanding to be an individual's name.

JOHN BULL'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago to peep at France,
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gained in foreign parts.
Monsieur Obsequious heard him speak,
But answered John in heathen Greek,
About all he asked, about all he saw,
Was "*Monsieur Je ne comprends pas.*"

John saw Marseilles from Marley's height,
And cried enchanted at the sight:
"Whose fine estate do I see here?"
"State? *Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur.*"
"What, his the land and houses, too?"
He must be richer than a Jew.
No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
I'd like to dine with this *Comprong paw.*"

John saw a lady to admire,
A beauty clothed in grand attire.
"Whose lovely wench do I see here?"
"Wench? *Je ne comprends pas, Monsieur.*"

“What! his again. Upon my life,
Houses and lands and such a wife,
His happiness must have no flaw.
I’d like to see this *Comprong paw*.”

The next he saw in sad array,
A train of mourners come his way.
“Whose funeral is that?” cries John.
“*Je ne comprends pas*.” “*What, is he gone?*
Wealth, fame and beauty could not save
Poor *Comprong paw* from the grave.
But since he has chosen to withdraw,
Good night to you, Mr. *Comprong paw*.”

The third is Shakespeare’s “Seven Ages.”

Our immortal poet’s page
Says that all the world’s a stage,
And that men with all their airs are nothing more than
players,
Each using skill and art,
In turn to play his part;
All to fill up this farcical scene.
Enter here, exit there, stand in view, mind your cue,
Hey down, Ho down, derry derry down,
All to fill up this farcical scene.

First the infant in the lap, mewling, pewling with its pap
To please the puppet tries, it giggles and it cries,
Like a chicken that we truss as it waddles by its nurse,
All to fill up this farcical scene.

Hush a bye, wipe an eye, kissy pretty, sucky titty.
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

Next the pretty babe of grace, with its smiling morning
face,
With a satchel on its back, to school at last must pack,
And like a snail he creeps and for bloody Monday weeps.
All to fill up this farcical scene.
Mischief plying, laughing, crying,
Fretting, snarling, Mother's darling,
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

The lover next appears, soused over head and ears,
Like a lobster on the fire, sighing ready to expire,
With a big hole in his heart, through which you might
drive a cart.
All to fill up this farcical scene.
Love it spurns him, passion burns him,
Like a wizard cuts his gizzard,
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

Next the soldier full of plunder, breathing slaughter,
blood and thunder,
Like a cat among the mice cuts a dust up in a trice.
Talks of scattered brains, shattered limbs and stream-
ing veins,
All to fill up this farcical scene.
Longs for glory, struggles gory,

Prittle prattles about battles,
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

Next the justice in the chair with his broad and vacant
stare,

With a wig of formal cut and a belly like a butt,
Well lined with turtle hash, calipe and calipash,
All to fill up this farcical scene.

Smooth bald pate, looks sedate,
At his nod, go to quod,
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

Next the slippered pantaloon in life's dull afternoon,
With voice once large and round, now whistling in its
sound,

With spectacles on nose, shrunk shank and youthful hose,
All to fill up this farcical scene.

Body bent, vigor spent,
Shaking noddle, widdle waddle,
Hey down, etc.,
All to fill, etc.

At last to end the play, second childhood leads the way,
And like sheep that have the rot, all our senses go to pot,
And death amongst us pops and down the curtain drops,
All to fill up this farcical scene.

Then in the coffin, we jog off in,
While the bell tolls the knell,
Heigh down, low down, in the cold ground,
All to finish this farcical scene.

With the various patriotic songs the evenings were interspersed for the edification of young and old. Such thrilling events as Perry's Victory, commencing with these thrilling lines:

Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry, where cannon did roar,
Whose valor it gained him an immortal glory,
Whose fame it shall last till time is no more.

Also, the old Revolutionary song of some forty verses, commencing:

Old England, forty years ago, when we were young and
 slender,
She aimed at us a mortal blow, but God was our de-
 fender;
She sent her fleets and armies o'er to ravage, kill and
 plunder,
Our heroes met them on the shore and beat them back
 with thunder.
Jehovah saw her awful plan, great Washington he gave
 us;
His holiness inspired a man with power and skill to save
 us.

And so on, rehearsing the exploits and victories during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812.

Aside from such instructive exercises, riddles, conundrums, puzzles and games filled up the evening entertainments. An interesting diversion is recollected of a case on shipboard with a crew of thirty men, half black

and half white, resources becoming so scanty, in order to save part of their lives it was decided to cast lots for half the crew to be thrown overboard. They were to stand in line, and commencing at one end, every tenth man to be thrown over. The arrangement could be described in this jingle:

Two before one, three before five,
Now two, then two, and save four alive,
Now one, and then one, and three to be cast,
Now one, and twice two, and whip Jack at last.

Expressed in figures it commenced this way:

w	b	w	b	w	b	w	b	w	b	w	b	w	b
2	1	3	5	2	2	4	1	1	3	1	2	2	1

When these are counted, every tenth man struck out until fifteen remained, it will put all the blacks overboard.

A puzzle that taxed the ingenuity of boys then and will some now, was placing ten pennies in a row, jumping one penny over two pennies either single or in a pile and making them into five piles.

Besides patriotic and pathetic songs, many love songs can be remembered of a humorous character, one of which was called "Piggie's Courtship," starting off with this charming stanza:

There was a lady loved a swine,
"My honey, dear," says she,
"Piggy, hog, will you be mine?"
"Ough," said he.

The large families of boys and girls it is regretful to say, were not all as tidily kept as they should have been. The use of fine tooth-combs was necessary to a liberal extent in a large percentage of the families. The manufacture of such combs, made of ivory was quite a profitable industry in those times.

A large establishment making those combs some fifty years ago existed in Meriden, at the head of which was Julius Pratt, who was a very practical Abolitionist. On a certain occasion, when he was expressing himself very freely against the institution of slavery, some friend hinted to him that it might be well for him to be a little more reserved in his condemnation of that Southern institution, as it might prejudice the people in the South against buying his combs. He very promptly replied, "They can do as they choose about that, buy my combs or go lousy."

Scarcely a house could be found where mothers did not find active employment for a fine tooth-comb. Another thing about as common as lice was the prevalence of itch. It was presumed to be a disease of the blood until revealed by the microscope as being an insect. The treatment used to be in taking liberal doses of sulphur and molasses, and in large families of boys and girls, blankets would be hung in front of the big fire-places, the boys stripped naked and anointed with sulphur mixed with grease behind their ears or under their arms, between their fingers, and every place where this insect located, and before the blazing fire roasted it in to the different localities and were then sent to bed. Af-

ter the boys were disposed of the girls were given a treatment of the same nature.

Compared with New Year's and Christmas gifts of the present time, children used to be diverted by a very limited supply. Comic papers and periodicals were almost unknown, about the only anecdotes that were published were at the bottom of the pages in the almanacs. Almanacs were preserved by families for a long series of years, filed away for future reading of the anecdotal features. About the first edition of nursery rhymes came out about 1830, under the title of "Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog." Many of the rhymes in that old edition have been preserved in later works, but some that were thrilling in those days have been lacking in later editions. Like this in part, which was fully illustrated then:

They had not all been drowned.
There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race;
A bull he fought a bumble-bee,
And scratched him in the face.

There were some children sliding went,
All on a summer's day,
The ice grew thin,
They all fell in,
The rest did run away.
Now had these children been in school,
Not sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand dollars to one cent,

Here was another hair elevator:

There was a man, he had a house,
And robbers came to rob him,
He climbed up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they'd got him,
But he crawled down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him.
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days
And never looked behind him.

About the time of these nursery rhymes appearing in print was the dawn of negro minstrelsy. The first book remembered in putting out minstrel songs was published about 1830, called the "Pickaninny Warbler; or, Little Nigger Roarer." This was the introduction of such songs as "Old Zip Coon," "Jim Brown," "My Long-tail Blue," and a very popular melody rendered on the stage with a refrain as follows:

"I turn about and wheel about and do just so,
And every time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow."

These performances were copied and taken up largely from slave characters, then existing abundantly in the South. Southerners coming to New York and to our northern cities and seeing these burnt-cork characters imitate plantation habits, would go into raptures, as it is generally admitted that the "white ducky" can entirely outdo one of genuine color on the stage. As this style of amusement became more and more popular,

the country was filled with minstrel troupes; all that was required was to pick up one or two good fiddlers, a flute or cornet, and two end men, one with bones or castanets and the other with a tambourine. An interlocutor would make up a company that would draw a paying audience almost anywhere in the country. The bone and tambourine men or end men were expected to work all the jokes. Aside from this combination, there was little else for the stage performance, unless an occasional clog or jig dancer. The performance always opened with an overture accompanied by the most extravagant gestures and absurd attitudes by the bones and tambourines. Then would follow the old songs of "New York Gals," "Oh, Susannah," "Dandy Jim," and many others of kindred nature. The song of "Dandy Jim" was so popular an air as to be sung and whistled by everybody that had a musical ear in the country. To preserve a relic of the past a few verses of "Dandy Jim" might be well to record:

"I have often heard it said of late,
That South Carolina was the state,
Where handsome nigs were bound to shine,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Chorus.

"My old massa told me, O,
I was the best looking nigger in the county, O,
I looked in the glass and found it so,
'Twas just what massa told me, O.

"I went down town the other day,
To hear the preacher preach and pray,
But nothing came across his mind,
But Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Chorus.

"I dressed myself from top to toe,
And courting Dinah I did go,
With pantaloons strapped down so fine,
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Chorus.

"Miss Dinah, she wrote me a letter,
And every word she spelled the better,
But at the end of every line,
Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.

Chorus.

"When married every nig she had,
Was a perfect image of his dad,
Their heels struck out three feet behind,
Like Dandy Jim's of Caroline."

Chorus.

Instead of the gorgeous stage display of the present time, everything was made up of the old plantation style, all the conversation and jokes were told with the best effect in counterfeit of negro dialect, and for many years this style of entertainment was a great success, leading up to the formation of such troupes as Christy's Minstrels, Haverley's, Primrose and West, up to our

last performances by Hi Henry, and Primrose and Dockstader, all of which later troupes have no more resemblance to original negro minstrelsy than the Jersey Lily Langtry has to a Piute Indian squaw.

SCHOOLS.

The methods of education for the greater part of the nineteenth century were as different from modern methods as the age has been in any other enterprise.

School-houses were as nearly one pattern as the style of dwellings. It was rare to find a school-house in city or country of more than one story in height, usually about thirty feet in length and twenty in width, the only entrance being through a side door near enough to one corner to admit of a hall or passage-way across one end, the farther end of which was frequently used to store wood. The walls were allotted to the hanging up of the scholars' extra clothing, the girls on one side and the boys on the other.

The schoolroom arrangement was with counters running around the entire length of the room, except the teacher's end near the entrance, where a small table was used for his accommodation, on which to write copies for the pupils. The table contained a small drawer in which to keep the ferrule, which was one of the principal means of chastisement and was also used to rule off the blank paper for beginners in writing. For large boys' flagrant offences, the oil of blue beech was freely applied with coats off.

Following the counters around the room were long

rude benches, frequently made from large slabs taken from the saw-mills of those times. These slabs had the advantage of being thicker in the middle than common planks. Large holes were bored through them to take in the legs on which they were to stand. The edges of the slabs were, of course, trimmed to uniformity so as not to wear and tear the clothes of the children seriously. They were generally left movable and so high as not to allow common scholars' feet to reach the floor.

Until near the middle of the century a large proportion of schoolrooms were warmed by a large fireplace in one end of the room, which would naturally make that end somewhat comfortable, while the farther end of the room would be in a freezing condition. After awhile large box-stoves were instituted, in which four-foot wood could be placed. These stoves were set in the middle of the room and benches placed around them for the accommodation of the smaller children.

The girls in order of their ages and acquirements would be seated along one side of the room from the head, which was the teacher's end, and the boys of the first class on the other side in the same order.

At the farther end of the room would be what was termed the second classes of boys and girls. As the pupils came into the room, they had to swing their feet over the benches to take their seats, and when called upon for recitation, would have to repeat the same operation in order to face the teacher.

Instead of the modern system of grades for different teachers, the one schoolroom in those days included all

grades, from children learning their A, B, C's, to those in their last term of school.

The morning exercises opened with a reading of a chapter or two of the New Testament by the first and second classes. In some schools the pious tendencies of the teachers induced them to follow the reading with a service of prayer. For some time after the eighteenth century, readings were kept up in the Old Testament until so many passages were found too objectionable to be read by the young that the Old Testament readings were abandoned and nothing but the New permitted to be read. Both these readings and prayerful exercises of such religious character have become objectionable to a large percentage of the people who patronize the schools, particularly Agnostics and Free-thinkers, and such as do not recognize the inspiration of Scripture or the efficacy of prayer as a healing or saving agency. So that those services have been largely abandoned through this state and largely through the country.

In some of the schools the writer taught in his earlier days, some rather curious readings occurred by scholars not very proficient. On one occasion in reading of where Christ was lost and his parents set out to find him among their kinsfolk and acquaintances, the youth rendered it among their knives and forks and acquaintances. In John's spiritual visions and revelations, some minds have been exercised to know what kind of spirits he could have been drinking to have seen such sights. Where John speaks of seeing locusts with stings in their tails, one boy created a laugh

by saying John saw locusts with strings in their tails. The passage of sitting on twelve thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel was rendered, "sitting on twelve thorns," to which the writer remarked: "It must have been quite an uncomfortable seat." In the Old Testament, in the passage where Satan smote Job with sore boils, the boy rendered it, "Satan shot Job with four balls."

In one of the towns where I taught was a Morse family in which were two boys named Alpha and Ozias, who had a sister, Patty. They were well known to all the scholars. One boy rendered this passage in Revelation of Alpha and Omega: "I am Alpha and Ozias," and John in the Isle of Patmos as the Isle of Pat Morse.

In one of the reading books was the passage, "The tongue of the viper is no more harmful than the tongue of a slanderer." The pupil, having snakes in mind, read it, "The tongue of the viper is no more harmful than the tongue of a sissing adder."

To show the duties required to be performed by the teacher during the six school hours: The following programme was carried out. In the morning, Scripture reading by the first and second classes. Then the first class took their writing lesson, for which copies had to be written at the head of the page for each pupil by the teacher. For the first half of the century very few pens were used except those made of quills. These the teacher had to prepare, with the exception of an occasional steel pen. The awkward beginner would bear too hard on his pen and thus it would soon have to be mended.

While the writing was going on, the time was filled by hearing some of the smaller children in some primary exercise, in words of one syllable, followed in some schools by teaching the alphabet. This lesson would be constantly interrupted by, "Please, sir, mend my pen." So the teacher had to be provided with a penknife. After going through this routine with the smaller classes then began the first and second class arithmetic lesson, followed by geography lessons for two or three classes. Then another round with the primary department, winding up with a spelling lesson for all classes. An intermission of an hour at noon, the same routine was then gone through with in the afternoon, with the exception of the Scripture reading, for which was a reading in some book selected by the school authorities, with lessons in history and grammar to follow. These reading books were graded somewhat in accordance with the capacity of the scholars, the first part of the book being of prose reading, then a series of dialogues, the book concluding with selections of poetry.

The calling of the roll as a record of daily attendance concluded the school session. The daily attendance of each pupil had to be recorded in order that the tuition for their schooling could be correctly adjusted at the end of the term. Then one of the girls and one of the boys were selected to bring in the "things" from the entry preparatory to going home. This was a duty very eagerly sought and appreciated by all. After all were equipped ready for departure, the boys were usually "let out" first, every one in passing out the door was ex-

pected to make his obeisance to the teacher, the girls following and all curtesying as they passed out.

The male teacher was usually employed for the winter term and the female teacher for the summer term, when very few of the older scholars attended.

The term was about five months and the uniform wages ranged from \$15 to \$20 a month. Twenty-two full days constituted a month, the teacher boarding around the district with each family in proportion to the number of children sent to school. The teachers had to make their own fires, wood being the only fuel, and that rarely ever seasoned to burn freely, so that with much difficulty could the schoolroom be made comfortable for the scholars on the outside of the room in the forenoon.

In boarding around the distret one week a good table and comfortable bed would be enjoyed, the next very poor fare and very cold room and lack of bed covering. This state of things would alternate all over the district. It was the desire of most parents to have fresh meat when the school teacher boarded with them, so that it became a current sign that when a hog was heard to squeal in the district, it led to an invitation for the teacher's next boarding place.

The writer of these precious scraps of history commenced business on the first day of August, 1828. It will be more convenient to pursue these narratives somewhat under the first person in subsequent pages, and introduce boyhood and aftergrowth in the war, and silly realities of life.

My father died in my sixth year and I was left to

the care of a kind and indulgent mother, who possessed a phenomenal memory, and to whom credit is due for many details in this noble work.

Until thirteen years old, I remained on the farm where I was born. At fourteen obtained work outside at \$6 per month, and the first thing received in compensation was a fiddle at \$1.75. The fifteenth year got a better one and played in the Baptist Church in Waterbury, Conn., for two years.

The same year spent learning to draw wire and making tin and sheet-iron ware, and with an old horse took a load of pipe to Naugatuck and fitted up the first rooms for annealing rubber shoes for the Goodyear Rubber Co. The seventeenth year spent in peddling tin through the hill towns of Litchfield, Fairfield and New Haven Counties.

The following winter commenced teaching school, which subject will receive special attention later on. From this time the reader may at times need an occasional sniff of camphor and a fan, but in order to give deacon's measure all the poetry is thrown in at no increase of cost, only time.

When a teacher was engaged for a school, he had to appear before a board of examiners in order to obtain a certificate approving his ability for the position. My first experience teaching a winter school, after a summer spent in peddling among the hills of Litchfield and Fairfield, occurred at the mature age of seventeen in a farm district of Waterbury. Not having attended any school after my fifteenth year would naturally have made something of a blank in my recollections and knowledge of

all the nice points required. As luck would have it, to relieve my youthful embarrassment, I appeared before a committee composed of the principal of the Academy, two doctors and four clergymen. This was somewhat the order of the examination: First write my name, and some other specimen of my writing. Next a short exercise in reading. Then a test in orthography, which is still fresh in mind. This was the sentence required to be written out: "Preferring the Carnelian hues and separating the innuendoes, I do declare that the peddler's gray pony ate a potato out of the cobbler's wagon which the sibyl had gauged." Out of this three words were at fault by using o in Carnelian and misplacing y in sibyl and a in gauged.

Next in geography, asking the location and boundaries of several states and countries, capitals of different states, and random questions on the locations of capes, rivers, lakes, etc. One examiner asked where the Isle of St. Anne was on the map of South America, which question, to his great amusement, was answered correctly. (The finding of this island would prove a very good diversion for any scholar.) In arithmetic, such simple examples as how much is one-third and one-half of one-third of five. Another simple question in complex fractions was to solve $\frac{1/2}{3\frac{1}{2}}$ into simple form. They all seemed desirous not to produce any confusion in the mind of a young candidate, so one of them gave this problem: "In each corner of the room sits a cat, facing each cat are three cats, on each cat's tail sits a cat. How many cats in the room?" This being answered correctly, was a source of much amusement to the com-

mittee. A parsing exercise in grammar was this: "The string let fly twanged short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry." This in substance was about the whole sum of the examination. After a few minutes' retirement of the candidate, he was informed that he was well qualified to teach in the East Farms' district, euphoni-ously known as the "Hog Pound" district.

The first winter was passed with much enjoyment in the old school-house, with a box-stove at one end of the room and a huge fireplace at the other end. In the severe cold weather of that time nearly half a cord of wood would be consumed in a day.

Several scholars in attendance were older than the teacher. Among the pleasures of the season were holding spelling and writing schools one evening in each week. Many outside of the school attended these sessions and contributions were brought in of apples, hickory nuts, butternuts, chestnuts, and in those days beechnuts, popping corn and an occasional jug of sweet cider, all of which were much relished and enjoyed when the evening's work was over.

After this winter's experience in teaching, the winters for ten or twelve succeeding years were spent in like manner in Meriden and Wallingford. During these winter seasons, in after school hours much time was passed in writing copies for pupils, and for diversion in the writing of poetry or jingles. Specimens of which are more or less interspersed in this valuable narrative.

The eighteenth year commenced farming on the old homestead on my own account. After passing through all the vicissitudes of youth, including the diversities

of scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox, measles and mumps, this season wound up with quite a severe attack of eighteen-year-old-fever. This is one of the most serious of all this string of ailments for a young man to get over and leave his blood clear from taint. This is the rock on which thousands of young men have become stranded and thus these words are written for a warning. One of the strongest symptoms that such a malady is coming on, is manifested by a young man commencing to write poetry. This inclination began to develop itself at this time of life and proved to be somewhat chronic, as will be shown by quite a voluminous amount of evidence to follow.

To show the pious tendency of this youthful mind, it is thought best to introduce the first poetic effort, which was written in a young lady's album.

To Miss J. B.

May thy days be spent in pleasure,
Holding fast a sacred treasure,
One that may lead thee to possess,
A future life of happiness,
A place where all is an Elysian,
Enclosed in seas of full fruition.
Where God's good will may be with you,
And guide with love thy pathway through.

The next was a valentine the same season, showing that the fever was increasing, written to a girl whose first name was Hannah.

Dear Hannah.

Oh! could you hear these lips of mine,
Express to you their love:
Then could I hear those lips of thine,
Their little tale approve.

Sure you in me, and I in thee,
Could satisfaction find:
Since Cupid's darts are flying free,
Let's be to love inclined.

As o'er the world my thoughts have roved,
They've found a home in thee;
Now think of one by whom thou'rt loved,
And thinking, think of Me.

Another valentine to an amiable young lady dated
from the old homestead:

My dear one, my fair one, pray how do you do?
We're just out of an old year and into a new,
I have long felt anxious to hear from thee.
Thou sweetest and fairest that ever I see,
For no custard or pie that e'er flattered my eye,
To my heart and hand could so welcome be.

Oh! hast thou not left me to wander in grief,
And wish not to stay and render relief?
If not give a balm to my bleeding breast,
And from heaven's store thou shalt be blest;
You shall have a man that knows beans from bran
And can eat onions and whistle as well as the best.

A Pilgrim I am in love's weary stride,
With no sweet place for my heart to abide,
But if on my way I should reach thy hand,
I kinder believe I should feel real grand,
For, by golly, you're neat as a pussy's feet,
And your eyes are as bright as a pile of sand.

The next year, at the mature age of nineteen, was written an assumed reply to an anonymous missive presuming to be answering the right author.

Dear J.

Your line I have received with pleasure,
I've stored it up for future view,
And when that I peruse that treasure,
Fresh fonts of love will flow for you.

When I look o'er sweet memory's page,
And think of those I once have loved,
My thoughts they burst oblivion's cage,
And mourn that they so long have roved.

My fond affections I've not yet
Unchained to woman's lovely charms,
But still I never can forget
The days I've wished you in my arms.

I have regretted much the day,
When social ties with us did sever,
But yet the time will come, I pray,
That we in bands may join forever.

Hath C. G. and thyself dissolved,
That partnership once so connected?
If so, I firmly am resolved,
That thy sweet charms shall be protected.

Now tell me true if thou hast parted,
To seek in single paths a blessing?
He, who was once so tender-hearted,
That longed thyself to be caressing.

If so, I'm free, my mind is clear,
I've naught to worry on the morrow,
If but from thee I'm sure to hear,
A word that shall not cause me sorrow.

Dear J., howe'er thy lot be cast,
With pleasures may thy path be strown,
And may I say as time rolls past,
Some future day thou art mine own.

A young lady who wore a very conspicuous bustle requested a composition to be written for her to read in school. Bustles being then in fashion, the subject of the composition covered the evolution of arts and sciences back from the days when Adam and Eve were sojourning together, the subject being, "Creation."

When dame Creation first her course begun,
And took her yearly circuit round the sun,
Earth was a vacuum and nowhere to be found
Was man or animal above the ground.

But soon new sights there quickly did appear,
And Eve and Adam up their heads did rear ;
Snakes, toads and lizards shortly did abound,
And various reptiles did infest the ground,
The Arts and Sciences began to flourish,
And all things curious men began to nourish,
In course of time, amongst the curious rabble,
The women all did learn the act to gabble.
Brooms were invented and their various sweeps,
Piled men about the floors in shocking heaps,
Inventions numerous have graced each age,
Of mortal creatures that have filled the stage.
Fair knowledge has o'er earth flowed far and wide,
And buried all beneath its swelling tide.
Hens, geese and turkeys, monkeys, cats and dogs,
Birds, insects, fish, and turtles, toads and frogs,
Each in their turn obeyed man's separate will,
Till all submitted to his wondrous skill.

Some walked, some ran, some crawled, some hopped,
 some flew,

And every creature had its work to do :
At last the world through all this mighty hustle,
Has finished off the heap—with what?—why, a bustle.

Another valentine, at the age of twenty-two, dated
Charity Street, February 14th.

Jemima, dear, thy sympathy engage,
And here bestow its favor on a friend,
With mind unprejudiced, peruse a page,
That here, by one who loves thee well, is penned.

One who among life's busy social scenes,
It is his lot to change from place to place;
And see the difference that intervenes,
Amongst the creatures of the human race.

And as amongst life's creatures thus I rove,
Acquaintances I make—some good and kind;
While yet there's others who disgust one's love,
And kill each fond regard within the mind.

But thou, Jemima, thou dost fill a place,
Within my heart that causes warm desires;
That gives me joy when I behold thy face,
And in my heart a flame of love inspires.

I oft have seen thee at thy daily task,
Plying with readiness thy willing hands;
And is thy work well done? I need not ask,
For everything in perfect order stands.

Thy heart is bountiful, thy soul sincere,
Thy mind is filled with tender sentiment,
To misery thou wilt give the grateful tear,
And melt in love the heart of Adamant.

Thy care extends o'er all domestic things,
Thou seest the needy when they're in distress;
Thy charity it sails on tireless wings,
And each afflicted soul thy charms caress.

Thy sparkling eye, thy stratagem unfurls,
And still thy face is pretty, too, 'tis said;
But yet the best of all those beauteous curls,
That hang in graceful ringlets round thy head.

But from vain flattery I will withhold,
From thy true merits I will not depart;
With candor now, I will my tale unfold,
And tell the truthful secrets of my heart.

I have a heart within my bosom burns,
With fervent love for thee, I now declare;
And when I think of thee, fresh hope returns.
To cheer my heart from sadness and despair.

Not rich or poor, I live in easy state,
With thee alike I would each bounty share;
And joy within my heart could ne'er abate,
If thou in confidence wert trusting there.

And thus of thee I would this boon implore,
Thy kind return of answers, speaking love?
Oh! grant me this, and I will ask no more,
That thou to me a faithful heart wilt prove.

I love thee well, my heart 'tis true and free,
And all that's lacking to my earthly peace,
Is thy sweet heart, with mine in unity,
Oh! were it so, 'twould give my mind release.

And have I hope that thus it yet may be?
To think it may be so, my mind is prone;
Thoughts spring like this: to sweet futurity,
I yet may fondly say, "Thou art my own."

In love and bliss we would our course pursue,
Along the quiet gentle stream of peace,
And as in constancy its waters flow,
So might our joys invariably increase.

Another valentine headed,

"A TEXT AS LONG AS A SERMON."

Apologies are weak and fickle things,
A covering for some fraud or dark deceit;
A wounded bird may flit its crippled wings,
Yet not conceal the fault once seen complete;
Whereas, I'll squander not away my time,
To make excuses of exquisite mold,
But let heart, hand and soul, in one combine,
And let my tale be short and frankly told:
Therefore, with patience lend a willing ear,
And truth and candor you will surely hear.

The "Book of Nature" spreads an ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, each leaf unrolls;
It tells the character of youth and age,
Makes idiots wise men and some wise men fools:

It well defines the passions of mankind,
From childhood's days to age's last decline;
And in its precepts seek and you shall find
That all's not gold that doth most brightly shine.
Thus one and all, their errors strive to hide,
Beneath fair looks some danger may reside.

Fair Nature's work I often have perused,
Observed with care its language plain and wise,
And studying, I'm perplexed, vexed and confused,
To find the source whence comes Dame Nature's
prize.
But there's a hope dwells in each human breast,
A lamp to lighten and a rod to guide:
When minds become bewildered or oppressed,
Hope's compass stems the storm and swelling tide,
Wherefore, I've hope that yet my lot may be,
To draw a prize of sweet felicity.

Each individual of the human race,
Hath some fond heart on which their thoughts incline,
Which with their own could gain a welcome place,
And each their thoughts in harmony combine
And I, in seeking one sweet heart to gain,
Have marked my ticket to be lost or won,
And on it is inscribed in letters plain,
Cecilia E., 'tis marked prize No. 1,
Propitiously may Fortune's wheel roll round,
To pay good fortune, I'd be strictly bound.

Although not rich in gold or silver store,
To pay the claims that fortune may demand,
Yet grant success, I will not ask for more,
I'll pay with kindness from a willing hand,
The sum, I'll draw from rich Affection's purse,
The interest with Devotion I will pay,
I'll give a blessing where it needs a curse,
I'll love and serve and reasonably obey,
Then pray by me let No. 1 be drew,
Joy then will be complete with No. 2.

The text now drawn, I'll tell you my desire,
May love my heart and truth my hand inspire;
And may my mind be pliable and willing,
Whilst I am here a few facts plainly telling.
There is on earth for thee one faithful heart,
Of which, if thou wouldst, thou mightest take a part,
True to thy welfare it can never swerve,
'Twill thee protect and dutifully serve,
'Tis no false heart that uses base deceit,
That smiles to entice and uses art to cheat.
But one that cherishes a friendly love,
One that of truth and constancy will prove;
Though thou art young and in thy youthful prime,
Yet fastly forward roll the wheels of time:
Time brings us changes every day anew,
Which need some guidance to conduct us through.

So then, 'tis sweet to have some constant friend,
With whom our joys and sorrows we can blend,
Perchance, there's many who thine eyes might please,
With fair exterior, airs of graceful ease,

Who might delight the fancy; yet within,
May lie concealed maliciousness and sin;
Then be discreet where thou thy hand bestow,
Choose a fond heart and not an outward show,
I would this favor thou'dst confer on me,
My life, my all, I'll consecrate to thee.

Now do not think that I presumptuous be;
To talk with such excessive liberty,
For when the bowl holds all it can enclose,
O'erturn the cup and free the liquid flows.

'Tis thus with me when I sit down to write,
My heart is free the subject to indite,
So then, pray pardon me, for I confess,
Though I could say much more, I could not well say
less.

But may the future grant me time and space,
That will permit me plainly face to face,
To say, "I love thee," and may thy reply,
Be a response of cordiality.

I'll now conclude with wishing you much joy,
May pleasures crown each day; sweet be thy dreams;
May Charity and Love thy time employ;
Peace be to thee in everlasting streams.

This from your true and abiding friend,
Whose devotion will last until life shall end.

ANONYMOUS.

Another is an application for marriage:

Ho! hum! here I be, poor sorrowful me,
I feel like a gizzardless goose,
My heart's run away, my mind's gone astray,
My senses are miserably loose.

But never mind, I guess you'll find,
I shan't kick the bucket just yet,
For bless the good luck, I've yet got a pluck,
If mind, heart and brains take their exit.

Now on some charming gal, I've resolved that I shall
Turn my fate in that woeful direction.
I think I'll go courting and trust to dame Fortune,
To preserve me with her gracious protection.

Now courting's like a lottery,
You may and may not draw a prize,
Each gal's tongue is pointed with flattery,
That will cheat you quite out of your eyes.
So it stands, each chap in hand, to look well to the land,
And the thing that he puts his cap onto,
Or his brains may leak and run off so sleek,
That he soon will not know where they've gone to.
Then I'd warn the boys from connubial joys,
Unless they will take in due season,
This precious advice, 'tis given without price,
To get a gal full of besom and reason.
It is no matter how the deuce she looks,
If she is only healthy, wealthy, wise and smart,
If she can use swill-pails, washtubs, pots and pothooks,
And is constructed firm as a new cart.

She should be of good age, there's reasons why,
Because that then she'll treat you motherly.
Her teeth should all be good and white and clean,
Her tongue should be as any razor keen,
Her visage should be long and thin and spare,
But mind you this, she should not have red hair.
Of words no lack of nature bold,
Then she'll be competent to scold.
Long legs, on no account would I erase 'em,
For then when rogues disturb, she'll out and chase 'em;
A horse to mill she then could ride astraddle,
And be not half so apt to fall from the saddle,
A nose that turns up like the toes to sandals,
'Twill make a glorious place to hang up candles,
Then if the mice to eat them should determine,
She, with her mouth, could catch the pesky vermin.
These are the qualities a wife should claim,
And to get such a one will be my aim;
And if, my dear, you answer this description
To marry you—you have my proposition.
If you will have me tell me quick and plainly,
Then words and tears and sighs, I'll not spend vainly.
But if you won't, I think I'll cut my throat,
And kick the bucket, just like any shoat or goat.
Now will you be so cold-hearted and wicked,
As to let me deliberately be sticked?
Oh! if you do, you'll through life wretched feel,
By night and day you'll hear my dying squeal;
Much better it will be, if you'll comply,
And say you'll be my loving wife, bimeby,

Then I should feel—Oh! glory, tongue can't tell;
As happy as a clam, snug in his shell.
If you will have me, I myself will bind,
To do all things agreeable to your mind,
I'll be a tool for you to knock about,
And when I need it, you may twist my snout,
Do with me aught that will thyself delight,
Administer a blow, a scratch, a kick or bite,
If I neglect the pretty little dears,
Tell me the error and just box my ears.
You needn't wash or bake or broil or stew,
I'll hire a paddy girl the work to do,
I want you to sit down and look as sweet,
As a molasses cup or sugar beet.
I want you to resign all care and strife,
And try to live a real lady's life.
Now say you'll have me, do, I'll be uxorious;
Just say the word, and won't I feel most glorious!
FROM YOUR MELTED HEART.

P. S.

I'd like to have you tell me pretty soon,
If you will have me, then my fears once o'er,
I'll go right off and hire a little room,
Where we can live as snug as "Pigs in clover."

In an album:

To wish is vain, 'tis folly's blank,
'Tis luck and chance if Fortune's crank,
Should e'er resolve to gratify our wishes,
It's just like angling in the brook for fishes.

Yet they, who have a friend, 'tis very clear,
If they respect them, wish them merry cheer,
And therefore, I, with most sincere intention,
To make a wish will tax my brain's invention.

So, then for you, I'll make the wish, friend Mary,
Hoping that from it you'll but little vary,
And if you should digress to left or right,
I hope 'twill be to add some new delight.

My wish, then, is that all your days may be
A sea of pleasures, sparkling, pure and free,
And every day that swells its flowing tide,
May each joy by itself be multiplied.

But that your earthly joy may be complete,
Your friends augmented and your home made sweet,
There's just one thing to fill the cup of bliss,
Just lend your ear, I'll tell what it is.

You want, (what maiden all this wide world through,
Who does not want?) a husband kind and true,
And such a prize, I hope ere long, you'll gain,
To ease each burden and soothe every pain.

And when in love's soft net you've caught him fast,
In peace may you enjoy each day's repast,
May love in one your hearts together blend,
Until your earthly days shall have an end.

May spiritual and temporal wealth be stored,
And sons and daughters grace the smiling board,
To bear your toils, your comforts to increase,
And let you from life's scenes depart in peace.

Another valentine, dated 1825, to Jemima:

Beneath yon hill that lifts its towering height,
Above the humble valley at its base,
Where every prospect charms the wondering sight,
And Nature's clothed with all her robes of grace,

Where pleasure dwells to give the heart delight,
Where bliss spreads out in one eternal green,
Where happiness remains forever bright,
Angels might smile upon the lovely scene.

There in that vale of joy and peace and love,
And bliss and ease, and comfort and repose,
There in her beauty, dwells Affection's dove,
A balm to soothe and heal poor human woes.

The dazzling sun that crowns the happy hill,
Nor the fair moon, night's most illustrious queen,
Nor the bright stars that shine with lustrous skill,
Can rival her, who lives this vale within.

For others' woes, her heart in sympathy,
Melts like the snow beneath the torrid sun,
She smooths their pillow, bids each sorrow flee,
Caresses, cheers and tells each grief begone.

Tongue cannot tell, no pencil can portray,

Pen cannot make the letters to describe,
Her loveliness or wisdom, for they say,
That things inanimate her charms imbibe.

The mountains melt in rivers of delight,

And fill the spacious valleys, far and wide,
Earth, air and sea, their voices all unite,
And on each tongue her praise is multiplied.

Her soul is soft and gentle is her tongue,

Her words are kindness and her looks so sweet,
That all exclaim, who view her matchless form,
That by no thing that lives can she be beat.

As doth the needle to the magnet turn,

So do the beaux around her congregate,
Like flies around a sugar hog-head swarm,
So come they all to this delicious bait.

For her sweet charms they surely are bewitching,

They make a fellow feel all over curious,
They give him such a most tormenting itching,
That scratching to cure, to flesh might prove injuri-
ous.

And I am bound to say no greenhorn living,

Unless his heart is tough, as owl or wizard,
Could view her beauteous form, so sweet, life giving,
Without its melting out his very gizzard.

The next is a song, "I've been down to Uncle Sam's," sung to the tune of "Captain Kidd:"

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,

Where there's people thick as rats,

Hungry dogs and hungry cats,

And windows filled with hats, down below,

And windows filled with hats, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,

Where each house is made of logs,

And the people live like hogs,

And they hunt among the bogs, down below,

To catch the toads and frogs, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,

Where the cattle are quite small,

And so poor, they scarcely crawl,

And they eat them, horns and all, down below,

And they eat them, horns and all, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,

Where the turkeys all are white,
And eggs, they lay a sight,
And hatch 'em over night, down below,
And hatch 'em over night, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,
Where mosquitoes, bugs and flies,
Are thick as lawyers' lies,
And they roost in folks' eyes, down below,
And they roost in folks' eyes, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,
Where the squashes grow on trees,
And toadstools high as your knees,
And old maids as thick as bees, down below,
And old maids as thick as bees, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,
Where, when children leave their dams,
They wean them off on clams,
This is done to Uncle Sam's, down below,
This is done to Uncle Sam's, down below.

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below, down
below,

I've been down to Uncle Sam's, down below,

Where the people do not know
Enough to last a crow,
Over night, 'tis truly so, down below,
Who wants to, they may go down below.

Another valentine to J. F.

Hail! darling, hail! my jewel, hail! my dear;
Listen awhile and give attentive ear,
And ponder well that which thou readest here,
Where honesty shall in each line appear.

Some years ago old Cupid aimed his dart,
To strike a fatal blow upon my heart,
Alas! the arrow sped, I felt its smart,
My single life I felt must then depart.

The wound was deep, distressing was the pain,
My heart in agony it heaved amain,
But Cupid tied it with its tender chain,
So fast, I think 'twill ne'er get free again.

First with his golden chain he fenced it round,
And then with silken threads each nerve was bound,
With silver cords each limb was snugly wound,
How 'twill escape, the plans my thoughts confound.

Upon this heart there stands a little tower,
And in its garden is a lovely bower,
Affection's vines entwine, and many a flower,
Feasts the glad eye and cheers the passing hour.

Within this tower, I often have been told,
There has been placed a sentry, brave and bold,
Who is beyond the bribe of paltry gold,
And in his hand a pearly key doth hold.

This sentinel was stationed there to wait,
Until some one should seek the bower's gate,
And he is to decide each pilgrim's fate,
Whose destinies he tells with looks sedate.

This sentry is not free to mortal gaze,
None can approach the consecrated place,
Whereon he stands, to view he but displays
His hand and key, a veil obscures his face.

Many there are who have this castle sought,
And some have almost took the key, they thought,
But ah! none brought the passport that they ought,
And all their labors have availed them naught.

At length war was declared with good intent,
Arrows in clouds were at the castle sent,
One pierced the secret veil, a hole was rent,
It struck the sentry and his life's blood spent.

Alas! like ancient Tyre, that proudly stood
In the Levant amid the Islet brood,
That felt secure from all who dared intrude,
This tower, I think, at last will be subdued.

That which so long hath made its haughty boast,
And bravely challenged every warring host,
That ever yet invaded its stern coast,
If not already conquered, 'tis almost.

For lo! as if by providence 'twas willed,
Some spirit the besiegers hath instilled,
A shaft was sent, the sentinel was killed,
With strangers' steps the halls must soon be filled.

Fidelity (this was the sentry's name),
Received the blow as it had been a flame,
Sent from above; with mighty force it came,
And laid him low; he fell a child of fame.

And he who owns the tower must bewail
One thing, which is the secret of my tale,
When poor Fidelity's life breath did fail,
He dropped the key which fell outside the veil.

Now Cupid and his troops are not aware,
That this important trust is lying there,
But there it is, now listen with much care,
I'll whisper in your ear the whole affair.

Adorable and beauteous fair maid,
If you would but enjoy this bower's shade,
Come hither now, I pray, be not delayed,
And you shall see what eye hath ne'er surveyed.

But first of all pick up this precious key,
Then lift thine eye and you shall quickly see,
A little gate, step there with footsteps free,
Unlock, and you'll behold a mystery.

But ere the gate will open unto thee,
Remember this, that it is held by three
Bright locks of gold: Truth, Love and Charity;
Turn each of these and welcome thou shalt be.

Happy thy lot, for once inside the door,
Thy life will change from what it was before,
Into thy hands the castle's wealth will pour,
All its bright pearls and all its golden store.

There from its tables with its bounties spread,
Thou shalt partake without a fear or dread,
Not like weak Damocles, of whom 'tis said,
A glittering blade hung pendant o'er his head.

But thou shalt be the queen of this fair tower,
And be admitted to its secret bower,
Where lies a treasure which shall be thy dower,
Of far more worth than Fortune, Fame and Power.

Within this bower thy soul may find repose,
'Tis strongly shut against intruding woes,
A safe retreat whereof no mortal knows,
But thee, to whom the secret I disclose.

Devotion's roses in this arbor bloom,
The air is loaded with their sweet perfume,
One joy departs to give new pleasures room,
And peace and happiness make this their home.

And now, fair J——, I pray thee tell,
Will thou come hence in this repose to dwell?
Ah! come; my hand shall guide and my heart's cell
Shall open wide, and say, "I love thee well."

In an album:

This little book I have now placed before me,
Wherein each friendly hand shall sketch a line,
Wakes a desire which quietly steals o'er me,
Where others offer gifts that I may mine.

Whereas, I hope that now while in thy youth,
Thou'lt give thyself to honorable pursuits,
Cherish with care, fidelity and truth,
And as you live you'll gather of their fruits.

Be to your friends obliging, true and kind,
Be prudent, humble, virtuous and discreet,
For evil render good, and then thy mind,
Clothed with sincerity will be complete.

Till Time blot out these few recorded names,
'Tis sweet to think when they have passed away,
This brief memorial of them still remains.

To a short girl by the name of Dorothy:

Dorothy, Dorothy Dump,
Fat, rosy, jolly and plump,
Going with a hop and a jump,
Run up against a stump,
And gave herself a bump,
Which knocked her all in a hump,
Onto the ground, kerthump,
And seriously hurt her rump.

Another one to an old man named Onderdonk:

Christopher Onderdonk,
He was no hermit or monk,
But a man of fiery spunk,
And oftentimes got drunk,
And then crawled into his bunk;
One day old Peter Fonk
Called Christopher a skunk;
Christ. rolled his fist in a junk
And hit old Pete a tunk,
In the lower part of his trunk,
Which knocked him down kerchunk,
And Pete lay there till he stunk.

Another valentine:

Hallo! how der ye do, my pooty crutter,
My pot of honey and my bread and butter,
I'm stuffed so full of love 'tis hard to utter,
Although it makes me walk a little strutter.

Old Love has pounded me with his darned flail,
And hung my heart I think upon a nail;
Love's pains dart through my body thick as hail;
I feel one now down in my big toe nail.

With his old rusty knife he come and stuck
A great big hole almost square through my pluck,
He did, and more'n that blast the luck,
He jammed his fist against my heart kerchuck.

My innards now with Cupid's hands are scarred,
My respiration it is growing hard,
And lest I grease my throat with oil or lard,
I think of breathing I shall be debarred.

My heart swells up the way it is a sin,
My chest is puffed out nearly to my chin,
At such a sight I think you fain would grin;
Oh! horrors, what a pickle I am in!

I've strained myself to breathe till both my eyes
Are swollen to four times their natural size,
They're big around, I think, as pumpkin pies,
And every one that sees me laughs till he dies.

My mouth is stretched to be an awful sight;
I cannot even shut it up to bite;
The rats (were they disposed) I'm sure they might
Dance a cotillion in it every night.

Oh, dear! to think of it affects my marrow,
I feel as gaunt as if I had run farrow;
Time fastly flies, and rapidly doth narrow,
Till Cupid o'er my pluck will draw his harrow.

I hope he will not sow it o'er with weeds,
I'd sooner have it grow to honest deeds
Of some pure kind; I don't like mixing breeds
Of any thing, things animate or seeds.

Hold on! just now I felt an idea hunch,
Right under my short rib it give a punch,
And said just this, think of it when you lunch,
That hearts should always grow two in a bunch.

Alas! for my poor heart, it's all alone,
Just like the man that sat on a cold stone;
It wanders here and there, unseen, unknown,
E'en like some dog that's looking for a bone.

Is there no power of water, wind or steam
To help me through life's solitary dream?
If you and I were yoked it now doth seem
To me that we should make the very team.

We'd want a harness made of good strong leather,
And one that wouldn't crack in stormy weather;
Oh! I should feel as proud if bound together
With thee as our old rooster's big tail feather.

Now I do wish that we were putting through,
And pulling in the harness good and true (by Jo) ;
If any one should meet us and say: "You
Don't love the gal," I'd say, "You lie, I do, too" (and
so).

And I do love you, too, I tell you what,
I always go to your house on a trot ;
But if you don't love me, I'll tell right on the spot
That I'll stay to home with ma, and you may go to pot.

An anonymous poem, by request, written to a notoriously loud alto singer :

Miss G., give ear and listen here,
And be kindly inclined,
'And if you please I will give you a piece
Of my mind,
'And a slice of advice
Which you'll find
To be quite tender about the line ;
But to begin, pray do excuse
My sad attempt to court the muse.

'As feeling just now a little poetic,
I think I will give my brains an emetic
And see what's in 'em—ah—now, here it comes,
Guns, thunder and lightning, tin whistles and drums,
And loud screaming voices I hear therewithal ;
Which interprets my subject to be musical.

Wherefore, as I'm driven to take Hobson's choice,
I'll proceed to consider your great, big, large voice.

Your voice, my dear jewel, by some means has grew well ;
It's round as a pumpkin, and deep as an earthquake ;
I thought when I last heard its clarion blast,
What a glorious voice it would be to eat beefsteak ;
I doubt if another in creation there be,
Can roll out such cartloads of big melody.

Could those old blind heathen that lived long ago,
Who tramped seven times round about Jericho,
Have had but one thundering voice like your own,
Their rams' horns would never have had to be blown ;
Let you gin 'em one blast, the old walls would come down
And the people all heeled it like rats out of town.

Perhaps you may think that this sounds rather queer,
But don't feel uneasy about it, my dear ;
The idea I would come at is this, that when you sing
You give us entirely too much of a good thing !
Or another trope I will use (if you're willing),
It's what I should call too much pork for a shilling.

On Sundays when up there with those jolly souls,
That set round in rows like hens roosting on poles,
And a music machine for grinding out notes,
Which stands right between the sheep and the goats ;
Where each pealing anthem you help to prolong
And squander your soul in the rapture of song,

And your mellowest tones I'm delighted to hear
As they stealthily come and crawl into my ear;
But such notes are too few and far between,
Though to "holler," I'll say you're a dabster, Miss Green.

'And now I will ask you in kindness, my love,
My deary, my dumpling, my darling, my dove,
My sparrow in daytime, my cuckoo at night,
My thoughts' sweetest food, and heart's fondest delight,
Thou gem of my eye, my "Huckleberry" pie,
And every nice thing I could call thee by,
Won't you please to leave off making such a great noise,
To frighten the g'hals and astonish the b'hoys?

O loved one! I'd have thee pour out a mild strain,
As soft as the zephyr that breathes o'er the plain,
And forth from thy chest of deep melody sing,
As nightingales chant their sweet love song in spring;
And then you will please me, you music will ease me,

'Twill make me feel happier far than a clam,
And others there be who think just like me,
Whom, do as I tell you, with joy you can cram.

But if "holler" you must, you most surely will vex us,
And for one I shall wish you were living in Texas;
So be prudent; or else spare not parson or people,
But blow off the shingles and tear down the steeple.

Another valentine:

Oh, Elvira! Elvira! for you I am dyin',
Through the locks of my hair the soft winds am
a-sighin';

Oh! I'm goin', I'm goin', there's nothin' can save,
I'm sinkin' far down in Love's fathomless wave.

Oh, Elvira! Elvira! Do save me, I pray,
Oh, pilot me into some sheltering bay,
For, Oh! sweet Elvira, I'm goin', I'm goin',
Where no more I shall wake at my old rooster's crowin'.

Oh, Elvira! Elvira! thou beautiful creature,
There's beauty and life glow in every feature,
You're a big dictionary of humor and wit
And made of clear honey you be every bit.

Oh, Elvira! Elvira! you don't know how I love you;
I love the ground under and umbrella above you,
I should covet the rat that was caught in your trap,
And the cat that so happy sits and purrs in your lap.

Oh, Elvira! I fear I can never be cured,
And the pangs through my gizzard can't long be endured,
Oh! give me your heart, do, you beautiful lass,
And then my darned gizzard, let that go to grass.

Oh, Elvira! the thought of you is very revivin',
Into your dear affections how I wish I was divin',
If you will but marry me, gracious St. Peter
I should have such a wife that nobody could beat her.

Oh, Elvira! Elvira! forever I am thine,
And, Oh! dear Elvira, won't you but be mine,
I'll love you and kiss you, and richly I'll feed you,
And when you are sick, I will physie and bleed you.

Oh, Elvira ! I hope you'll rest well every night,
And when you get up have a good appetite,
And when we are married, we'll laugh when we're glad,
And dance when we're merry and fight when we're mad.

Another one to Loisa :

Miss Kitty O'Dumach had a delicate stomach,
And her appetite it was genteel,
So whatever she eat, unless 'twas complete,
Her stomach would squirm like an eel.

I've heard of this Miss that receiving a kiss
Would very near kill the sweet creature,
But could she receive one, and then but just give one,
It seemed to agree with her nature.

Now all the young fellows that lived in Dumbrellows
Of course they thought much of dear Kitty
For whoever she found, on whom sorrow had frowned
She gave them a vial of pity.

Her heart soft as butter, and such soft words she'd utter
They would melt down a mountain of ice,
There's naught to compare beside Kitty so fair,
I think, but a bundle of spice.

But Kitty is dead, peace remain on her head,
And sweetly repose may her ashes,
For Kitty, the dove, her life was all love,
And her eyes grew between her eye lashes.

Since Kitty she has died and from us gone,
We've had a doleful, dark and lonesome night,
But now another day begins to dawn,
Since thou art born to give us new delight.

Most lovely maid; welcome as Flowers of May,
Thrice welcome to our ball of rolling clay,
With rapture now, thy beauty I behold,
Lo! I see. Loisa to charm my soul.

Like darling Kitty full of life and love,
I think in candor, you're one notch above;
The roses they would blush if they should be
With thy fair cheek brought into company.

Long have I sought a jewel of thy kind,
To grace the ring that circles in my mind.
I think the ring is gold, but time, alas!
May tarnish it till it will look like brass.

But stop—I am not going to rack my poor brain,
To measure you out such a sorrowful strain,
So here I'll just tell you right square on the spot,
What 'tis that I want, and what 'tis I want not.

I want a wife, by golly, one plump, rosy and jolly,
One that can run, kick up and hop,
One as spry as a cricket; them's the kind that's the
ticket,
That can fly round as quick as a top.

I will not have a wife hitched on to me,
That always wants to be a-guzzling tea,
Should she want drink, why, then, I'll give her some ;
I'll give her cider or I'll give her rum.

She should not stuff herself up on sweet cake,
Perhaps once in a month I'd let her bake,
She might bake beans or Johnny cake or bread,
But if she baked a pie, I'd break her head.

If I get me a wife, I never mean
To run my legs off for her till I'm lean,
If she wants shoes and other things to wear,
Then work and get her clothes, for what I care.

She needn't think that she's a-going to shirk,
And poke around and not do any work,
For when I'm gone from home she'll have to learn
To feed the pigs, and milk the cows and churn.

At evening when I'm ready I'll retire,
And she, what wants doing may set up and do,
At daylight she may rise and make the fire,
And when it's warm enough, I'll get up, too.

If she behaves well maybe I will let
Her with me at the breakfast table set,
But if she don't behave, then, I'll tell you
That she'll just have to wait till I get through.

Whenever I am harnessed to a wife,
I want her for the comfort of my life,
And when we launch the matrimonial bark
You may depend she'll have to toe the mark.

So in good faith I here have straightly told
You all these things ; and may I now make bold,
To offer you my heart and hand and pluck,
Which you can have if you're in want of truck.

My heart and pluck, it is my true belief,
Are each one worth a dozen pounds of beef ;
My hands a cord of wood a day can saw,
Carry a hod or paddy handcart draw.

My house in size is 14 feet by 10
With two nice rooms as ever yet was seen,
A woolen blanket hung from side to side,
The kitchen and the sleeping room divide.

My chambers are not yet done off at all,
Because my family has been so small,
So at one end of them I've cut some holes,
Through which the hens go in and roost on poles.

I think when I am married I shall make
Some new arrangements for appearance' sake.
With prospects of improvement I now stand
A candidate for Hymen's holy band.

If you refuse my suit 'twill end my life,
I'll cut my head off with my old jackknife,
But if you'll have me, tell me quick, I pray,
And when we shall unite ; just name the day.

An anonymous letter to a bright, witty man in the habit of using meaningless foreign phrases, which was a success in confusing and puzzling him :

Op gi fat rotundum fudge mi gudgy
 Ne filly diffy trickerdum must budgy
 You Diabolus sacre demus squirtim
 Mick fardon tupperfuddle pistom shurtim,
 Sacre mush dah, dis furdulum gurdy munge
 Shek si Diabolus mon Leplunge.
 La petite, sacre stingum p arde furt
 Gush ti van strandum dis de pimpus squirt,
 Le diable; mic farly sacre troonk
 Un sacre, menus, Diabolus, schoonk,
 Op si don illimus de trembus tone
 I'll catapultus sacre dorsal bone
 Oh, Joel, Joel, si le diable
 De oyster pay I cum reliable
 Des furly mangum brakus darlos grunge,
 Mus very mincum dat sacre Leplunge.

The recipient took much pains to get an interpreter.

TO A BACHELOR FRIEND.

Friend Fred well said;
 Not married yet?
 That love of thine
 Quite cold must get.

Ah! Fred;—Celibacy is but a cup
 From which thou drinkest only bitter waters;
 Not such the draughts that from the wells come up
 Of Adam's line, of long descended daughters.

I'm fearful, Fred, my labor will be vain,
If my advice I venture to impart,
Although I hope to harrow in a grain,
That may take root upon thy stony heart.

That you with joy may rear the tender plant
And be not overborne with growing sadness,
The cultivation I will now descant,
That you may nourish it and till with gladness.

Anti-Celibacy's an herb, you see ;
That groweth only in the "Married State,"
And you are but a "neuter verb" to be
A citizen if you will emigrate.

Anti-Celibacy ! plant of celestial birth,
Descended from a mansion in the skies,
Thou takest root when planted here on earth,
Most beauteous flower, that bloomed in Paradise.

Now hie thee, Fred, to Hymen's blissful clime,
Where wine and milk and honey all abound,
And happily wilt thou enjoy the time
To feed the flock and cultivate the ground.

Anti-Celibacy ; if thou wouldst raise a shoot,
'Twill most remarkably in hot beds grow,
Prepare thy bed and then set in thy root
Near some warm spot where gushing waters flow.

A little shoot will soon come forth anew
And to the sun raise up its modest head,
Ah! then, no tongue can tell, no eye can view
The sweet sensations that reside in Fred.

When to thy daily toil thou dost away,
The moments seem like hours, the hours like weeks,
How gladly, then, wilt thou at close of day
Seek thy sweet home and kiss that flower's cheeks.

And Fred, when thou art old, and when thy hand
Hath lost its strength, and sickness wastes thy frame,
That flower by thy bedside then may stand,
And with its branches feed thy vital flame.

Then go, I pray thee, to the married state,
And spend thy days in peace and harmony,
But ere you go, permit me to relate
A word or two about celibacy.

Celibacy is but a useless weed,
It never blossoms, or produces seed,
It has two different stalks, or worthless blades,
One called old Bachelors, the other Maids.

I think the Maid plants early in the season,
Might be made to produce; and what's the reason
They don't produce, is very strange to me,
For all their flowers are pistillate, I see,
I therefore think the subject soon discussed,
They only want the fertilizing dust,

And on the Bachelors of course the blame ends,
Because they've got no pollen in their stamens.

Old maids, therefore, are hardly worth remark;
I don't think Noah had one in the ark,
They're worth no more than some old caged up parrots
And live a lifetime on a peck of carrots,
And when they're old, some dry and windy day,
They'll wither up and all be blown away.

And now, old bachelors, 'tis your turn next;
I deem you hardly worthy for a text,
I'd rather save my breath to cool my broth,
Because on life's great wave you're but the froth,
You're like a wagon running without grease,
Or like a flock of ganders without geese,
To think of any good thing you are like, my mind
Wanders through space, but can no object find,
But when transplanted to the married state,
Of which I've known few instances of late
They soon become a thrifty growing tree
And recommend Anti-Celibacy.

But you who will old bachelors remain
Your wretched end I think I can explain.
Some Satan uses on his hook for bait,
And some are guards at the celestial gate,
Those are but few, the rest upon a pole
Are carried off and flung into a hole,
So, Fred, beware! That you may not be fook
To fill a hole, or bait Old Scratch's hook.

Delivered in debating society on the subject "Does Married Life Conduce More to Happiness Than Single?"

A bachelor the happiest of all men.

How happy is a bachelor, how very much at ease,
He has a right to go out nights and come home when
he please,

And when he gets back home again, and turns his guardian keys,

He meets no wife, who has for hours set up to raise a breeze;

And finds no children, their papa for sugar things to tease;

Through this dark world his single team with skill he haws and gees

With a good soul and heart so warm that it will never freeze.

In acts of charity and love and generous deeds there he's
One of the first among the poor their sorrows to appease;
He rests at night, no brats in bed to harass him like fleas.
There Morpheus within his arms our bachelor doth seize
And soon in dreams he joins some lodge and goes
through the degrees.

By lily hands he's led away through smooth and grassy leas

Along the little streamlet's bank, and 'neath the shady trees.

Where flowers grow and the sweet air is charmed with birds and bees,

He feels some sweet emotion upon his heart disseize,

The bliss that's streaming through his soul with every
nerve agrees
And in an ocean of delight he's wading to his knees.
His dream flies next, but when he wakes 'tis not for
warming teas
Or hears his wife's alarming words, "How hard the baby
breathes!"
Rises at morn, goes to the door, and gives his lungs a
wheeze,
Gapes, rubs his eyes and clears his brains with one pro-
digious sneeze,
And after finishing a few performances like these
He crams himself with victuals as full as he can squeeze,
Eats, drinks and lives as happy as a skipper in a cheese.

A WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Some few nights since while sitting by the fire,
And for the cold than usual I sit nigher,
Miss Pussy jumped into my lap to purr,
And I for her soft music sleeked her fur.

The room was warm, although without 'twas cold,
A dreary time for the infirm and old,
But though without the wintry winds did sweep,
A-sitting by my fire I fell asleep.

While in my sleep or that which thus did seem,
I had a dream, which was not all a dream,
And 'twas so odd you could not guess the theme
With which my thoughts in that strange sleep did teem.

I seemed to wake within a spacious house
And by my side there smiled my gracious spouse,
A bouncing child sit laughing on each knee,
And pulled my nose and hair in playful glee.

Others at play, were tumbling round the floor,
Or playing hide and seek behind the door;
Four rosy girls each handsome as a queen,
And twelve fat noble boys made up sixteen.

I asked my wife or she who thus did seem,
If the time past did not seem like a dream?
Dating the time back to the auspicious morn
When we with mutual joy hailed our first born.

Here I was dry and told my oldest son,
Who after me was named Sam No. 1
To go and bring me up a quart of cider,
Which I would take to make my thoughts range wider.

My wife then answered the grave question which
I just proposed; I see it made her twitch
All over, because I suppose her mind—
Just then we heard an awful scream behind.

Sam No. 5 had got my wife's big shears
And robbed our old gray cat of tail and ears;
My wife she saved the tail, I'll merely mention,
And sold it for a shaving brush of new invention.

Now I'll go back once more unto my story.
My wife she thus replied to my interrogatory—
Says she—just then something went bang,
Slam, bump, thump, ram, jam, kerwhang,
And then rose up a most tumultuous yell,
My second daughter down the stairs had fell,
Trying to climb and steal a few dried pears,
She'd tumbled headlong down the chamber stairs.

Poor little thing, she looked just like her mother,
She was most awfully bruised from one end to t'other;
We washed her bruises over with some gin
And by this time I was quite dry again.

A little more cider I thought would do no harm,
'Twould quench my thirst and keep my stomach warm;
I drank a quart or so,—My wife replied—
She'd scarce begun—the door flew open wide
And in stepped No. 3; says he, "I'll tell you what,
If I hain't had some fun, then I'll be shot.
I've set Tray on to Granny Benom's cow
And he's 'bout killed old Hopkins' spotted sow,
And chased off old aunt Prindle's bobtailed mare,
And killed her cat (I wish you'd heard her swear),
And Tray killed eight of mother Wiggins' geese,
As clean as you could lick a spot of grease,
And now he's chasing up a horse and wagon—
The horse and dog they both run like the Dragon."

When he'd told this, says I, "You dirty brat,"
Then hit him a good swipe and knocked him flat;

Told him he was a little ugly villain
That such a wicked wretch he wanted killing.
Here wife she interposed, "Wa'n't it too bad!"
She said he always was just like his dad.
Oh! lightning on a limb, then wa'n't I mad?

I doubled up my fist, says I, "Wife, look here."
She grabbed the pudding stick. Says she: "Old man,
look here."
Says I, "Wife, what are you going to do with that pud-
ding stick?"
Says she, "If you touch me I am going to hit you a lick."
"Now," says I, "Wife, it's foolish for us to go to fighting
And kicking and scratching and pulling hair and biting
And hurting each other and then again maybe
Before we get through we might smash the baby."
I softened, she softened, our wrath was soon missing
And the battle was turned into hugging and kissing.

Wife here made her mind up to answer once more,
The question I put to her some time before,
Says she,—and at that instant No. 4
Jammed No. 11 headlong out the door.
Son No. 5 and daughter No. 1
Were pulling hair and fighting just for fun,
Thirteen and fourteen they were pulling hair,
Seven and eight were practicing to swear,
Six threw the coffee pot at No. 4,
Twelve turned a pot of cream upon the floor,
Nine come in with his pocket full of frogs,
Ten brought my hat in full of pollywogs,

And what the rest were doing, I've forgot.
I put my foot down somewhere 'bout this spot
And brought the house to order, so that I
Could give attention to my wife's reply.

I had another quart of cider drawn,
Drank and then said: "Wife, now you go on,"—
Says she,—says I— "Young 'uns, now be still."
A half dozen answered: "Pa, we will."
"Yah," cried the baby, another one did cry,
Four threw a frog and hit me in the eye,
One used a tin pan for a tambourine,
The table was turned over by thirteen,
My eldest daughter got pricked with a pin,
Says I: "*Young 'uns, stop this infernal din.*"
They stopped quicker'n lightning, there never was a dad
Possessed better government over a family than I had.

Now says I, "Go out of the house and play,
And don't you stop till I call you away."
It was most dark, but out the door they flew,
A jolly, laughing, mischievous, happy crew.

Then I drew nigh unto my own dear wife
She was the joy and comfort of my life,
And asked her if the days that we'd passed through
Were not delightful to her mind's review?
And although she had many cares to vex
With sixteen noisy children to perplex
And whether she would not much rather be
Rid of all these but perhaps two or three?

My wife replied: "My days have passed in peace,
And with my children all my joys increase,
Sweet little things, they are my heart's delight,
My life by day, my comfort through the night,"
But here she stopped and bitterly she sighed
(If I'd not kissed her I believe she'd cried)
She said 'twas for the four sweet babes that died.

My wife she was divine to look upon,
She shared my kisses with the Demi-john,
Although we never either one got drunk
Yet drinking would sometimes warm up our spunk,
Then she would scold, and I would walk the room,
And swing my fists and she would swing the broom.

When my dear wife was young she was a lass
In size amongst the girls, 'bout common class,
But age, and other incidents forsooth
Had changed her looks and added to her growth;
For now instead of at an earlier date,
Weighing but ninety pounds, she weighed 200 weight.

Her looks in youth I cannot here portray,
But you can view her features any day,
Look in the glass, as true as I'm a biped
There you can see her looks daguerreotyped.

As wife and I talked on of happy days,
Of our dear children and their pretty plays,
How lonesome we should be if they were gone,
How innocent, kind and loving they were, and so on,

A mass of something down the chimney came,
The room was quickly filled with smoke and flame.

The boys had put old Tray into a sack,
And down the chimney they had thrown him, whack,
I darted up and thought I would go out,
And see what my wife's darlings were about;
Opened the door—earthquakes and gingerbread!
If I'd not dodged, I'd got a broken head.

There were set up against the kitchen door,
Hoes, rakes and ladders, kettles, tubs and more,
Than half a dozen barrels, wood and stones,
Made up the trap set there to smash my bones.

“Now,” says I, “Wife, let's both of us get out,
And see what them darn young 'uns are about.”
I took her by the hand and we marched straight,
Out into the yard and headed for the gate;
We didn't get half way into the street,
Before new troubles we were doomed to meet.

Across the path were tied two young trees,
A rope that came up nearly to our knees,
We run against it, quicker than a flash,
We both were pitched upon the ground, kersmash,
The young 'uns on the house top raised a yell,
Tickled to death to see how slick we fell.

The fall awakened me out of my dream,
During my sleep, (or that which thus did seem,)

But not to find a wife, fat girls and boys,
To trouble me with mischief, traps and noise,
But in their stead the fire had all gone out,
The wintry winds were blowing hard without,
And I, to tell the truth and nothing more,
Had fell as flat as a pancake on the floor.

I got up, lit my light, for that had fled,
Drew me some cider and then went to bed;
And 'twas so cold that night, 'twixt me and you,
When I got in, I wished my dream was true.

I soon got warm in bed and slept again,
And dreamt another dream—but I'll refrain,
As I am tired of thinking words to rhyme:
I'll tell that dream to you some other time.

But to conclude, kind Miss, pray answer me,
If in your mind there's a possibility,
That this strange dream may be reality?
Or shall I keep on dreaming through my life,
Without those sixteen children and a wife?

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 15, 1869.

F. T. IVES, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—As you propose coming down on Monday
and will expect to see Mr. Brown, this is to inform you
that he is out of town.

Yours,

WALTER BROWN & Co.,

By Gerrish.

MERIDEN, May 16th, 1869.

MESSRS. WALTER BROWN & Co.,

GENTS:

Yours, 15th May, arrived to-day;
 Its contents I shall cherish,
 For telling me that Mr. B.
 Is out of town—by Gerrish.

If Mr. Brown is out of town,
 To come down will be folly;
 So I'll delay until Thursday.
 Yours, FRANK T. IVES,
 By Golly.

NEW YORK, May 18th, 1869.

F. T. IVES, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:

As Mr. Brown is out of town,
 It falls to me to write,
 And to you say that on Wednesday,
 He will be home at night.
 Your little rhyme came in due time,
 And set us in a roar,
 That F. T. Ives should think it wise,
 To write poetic lore.
 And now to-day just let me say,
 These contents also cherish,
 This other folly to Ives, by Golly,
 Was also writ

By GERRISH.

MERIDEN, May 19th, 1869.

MESSRS. WALTER BROWN & Co.,

GENTLEMEN :

Your chain of rhyme
Came in due time. It was very sublime,
And nobody hurt.

'Twas sweet as May bees sing,
What my wife calls pleasing. So soothing and easing,
Such a grateful Squirt.

It does seem to me,
Your Gerrish must be a prodigy;
Does he yet endure?

If not yet dead,
Please put him in bed and rub his head
With a hornicure.

On the 20th day
Of this month of May, 10 A.M., I will say,
You may lay your plan

At your business place,
To behold the face, the beauty and grace
Of a nice, young man.

Respectfully yours,
F. T. IVES.

A letter to two nieces :

Dear El and Sue, how do you do?

You cannot turn and say
We are quite well, and prithee tell
Us how are you to-day.

But never mind, I feel inclined,
Now to communicate,
So lend an ear and you shall hear,
How I have been of late.

Of first rate health, I've had much wealth,
If health may be called riches,
But I'll be sworn that gold's not torn
The pockets in my breeches.

The mother she, and nephew he,
Are living snug as rabbits,
With hearts as light, as cake is quite,
Made with that stuff of Babbitt's. (saleratus.)

Whilst like a bug, they're living snug,
I, like a stupid fool,
Amidst the charms of old North Farms,
Am shut up keeping school.

Here, 'mong the hogs and dogs and bogs,
And frogs and pollywogs,
The stupid sogs have need of jogs,
Gin 'em by Pedagogues.

The young 'uns all, both great and small,
For knowledge each is yearning,
They ope their mouths and with a souse,
I just pour down the learning.

The little brats, as thick as rats,
Come flocking in together,
Fine boys and girls, with glossy curls,
Make storms seem pleasant weather.

As nice a green as e'er was seen,
We have whereon to frolic,
And there to see the jollity,
Would cure you of the colic.

Some run and prance, some hop and dance,
And some do this, some that,
Some wrestling, fall, and some at ball,
Are playing two old cat.

The girls all sweet, look most complete,
Some fair and green as yew trees,
I think, 'tis rare that anywhere,
You'll find such perfect beauties.

To give the names of these fair dames,
Would kill me to repeat 'em,
No cannibal shall I e'er tell
Their charms for fear he'll eat 'em.

And when they come beneath the dome,
Of old North Farms' Sanctorum,
'Tis a delight, that charms the sight,
When you are looking o'er 'em.

Thus you can see quite easily,
That my condition's blest,
I've naught to do, 'twixt me and you,
But roll in happiness, (or 'hornets' nest) rhymes
better.

Perhaps you'll choose to hear some news,
If so, I'd fain indulge you,
Although 'tis true there's nothing new,
Which I can now divulge you.

The world is round, as has been found,
And folks therein are wicked,
And horses hired when they get tired,
Why, then they must be licked.

But this ain't news which you'll peruse,
I think, to your instruction,
So I'll digress from this I guess,
And rake some new production.

When you wrote last, some four weeks past,
(Or when your mama wrote),
No doubt that El remembers well,
She sent a little note.

The which we read, and there it said,
That she had been to ride,
With Mr. Heyes—and “pumpkin pies,”
For them she’d almost died.

These words she wrote, which I will quote,
I want a piece this minute,
Just then our table, could you been able,
Your heart would leaped to seen it.

For there then stood a lovely brood,
Of nine big pumpkin pies,
And would you not most surely thought,
That this was Paradise?

But sad to tell, like grass they fell,
And soon we slew the last,
And now their names, like all of Fame’s,
Are numbered with the past.

But if you sigh for pumpkin pie,
Come over here some time;
The widow’ll bake for your dear sake,
A few that shall be prime.

I’d have you, Sue, one favor do,
Allow me here to ask it,
This is my wish, I’d have a dish,
Made which you’d call card basket.

If you will get the stuff for it,
And make it as you will,
I'll raise the jink as quick as wink,
And settle up the bill.

So now I'm done, my song is sung,
I'll bid you all good-bye,
Respects to all, both short and tall,
Sue Joy—El Pumpkin Pies.

P. S.

Old Tige is gone, peace to his bones,
Or else his bones to pieces;
A little spot on Burdick's lot
Tige's mortal body greases.

Burdick he took a club, and struck
Poor Tiger on the head;
With dying yell he prostrate fell
At Burdick's feet quite dead.

Tiger had been quite free from sin,
In him there was no evil;
But strange to tell, when Tiger fell,
He went right to the Devil.

To A. E. T.

My Dear:

Your attention give here,
To these few lines I'm inscribing,
And do not at once pronounce me a dunce,
Nor consider that I've been imbibing,

For it would somewhat detract from my merits
To allow that my mind is directed by "Sperrits."

I do not propose in abandoning prose,
To rise quite out of sight,
Not much higher than a skylark goes.

This fine bird has long known the secret of song,
And much to her powers of wing do belong
The force of her notes, for the higher she floats,
And warbles her music in loftiest sphere,
The softer her melody falls on the ear.

I'll not try to surprise you with eloquent showers,
Nor figures of speech nor rhetorical flowers,
Or give you a show of political views,
For with such abstruse subjects I could not amuse,
You'll therefore permit me to merely resign
Myself to dropping a plain simple line,
And if not provided with delicate bait,
Pray pardon the angler for weakness of pate.

There's a chapter of life connected with fishing,
It has its uncertainties, like unto wishing.

Some fellow may sit him all day on a log,
And look like a mammoth unsanctified frog,
There wait for a bite, and but for the flies,
That longed for delight, he'd not realize,
And when at last he must quit his log,
To travel towards home with weary jog,

He'll nearly give vent to his wicked wishes,
That the very Old Nick had the flies and fishes.

The next time, perchance, he will follow some brook,
And drop his hook in some shady nook.
As the line twirls round in some giddy stream,
He feels a thrill of joy supreme;
With a nervous pull at his bending rod,
He lands his prize on the bank's green sod,
Then oh, what a pride his breast inflates,
His brain is delighted, his heart palpitates,
Like a lover accepted, 'tis little he waits,
Till newly his glittering hook he baits,
And feels well paid if he pulls out,
Bullhead or shiner, sucker or trout.

Now with poets it is always the law,
From all our writings a moral to draw,
And that this subject may be well impressed,
The following moral I would suggest.

Young people, when fishing in life's mighty ocean,
Are always encouraged with some very high notion,
And nine times in ten, will provide them a dish,
By far too large to carry their fish,
And when they anticipate trout for their meals,
They're as likely to breakfast on catfish or eels.

Thinking, perhaps, your patience I'm tiring,
And as I'm from great mental effort perspiring,
I'll try to write something to suit you better,
Lest you pronounce this a scaly letter.

Yours of the 15th was received last Friday noon.
Its contents were sweeter than "Balm from a spoon,"
And the kind words and feelings its lines did convey,
Were grateful as odors of that lovely bouquet.
'Tis a truth you may search among earth's brightest
 bowers,

The fragrance is sweetest exhaled from the flowers
That bloom in the heart, and their beautiful shade
In sunshine or storm the least likely to fade.

To divert the subject a little
And hang over another kettle
 Of fish to fry,
In all goodness and love allow me to reprove
 Your bigotry!

In seeing you class a Universalist Church next
To a theatre, I must say made me feel rather vexed,
For of this one thing, I'm sure, there's as good Chris-
 tian people,
As e'er collected beneath a church steeple,
Who sincerely believe that God's creatures he loves,
And all of their sins in this world he reproves,
And when they cross o'er to eternity's shore,
Their sins and their sorrows shall trouble no more.
'Tis a most pointed truth, we're the work of his hands,
Acting out not our own, but His mighty commands,
And is it a sin to believe that above,
We all shall be saved in the "Ark of His love?"
'Mongst wrangling sects there's such disparity,
We should employ our largest charity,

And ere we put our armor on to fight,
Be sanguine which we strike for, wrong or right.
Trusting you will agree to this moral creed,
With something else I now will proceed.

Permit me next, if you please, to speak
Of the pleasant scenes I enjoyed last week,
Four evenings at home with my friends I spent,
With chatter and music they merrily went.
On Wednesday eve, if you will believe,

 I went to the sewing society,
And saw the compound, which is usually round,
 Of frolic and sobriety,
Some women troubled, 'bout who's to be doubled,
 And doubting the propriety,
Some men distressed, with tightness of vest,
 After eating to satiety;
And perhaps an old maid, uncommonly stayed,
 Distressed, she thinks, with piety.

A sewing circle is a lovely scene,
Embellished with its shades of light and green,
A place for gossipers to ply their trade,
A sort of nest, where gossip's eggs are laid,
And these are eggs that e'er so big a batch,
'Mongst setting women never fail to hatch,
With little feed the chicks are sure to grow,
The pullets cackle and the roosters crow.

If you have time, my dear, please take my arm,
And we will look in upon this buzzing swarm.

Here are three rooms: the first contains the men,
Talking of crops and stocks and wondering when
'Twill rain or come off fair or whetler this or that,
Will run up high or fall down very flat?
They talk of business and express their views,
About the politics and general news,
In fact, it may be said of them, that when
They finish up, they've acted much like men.

Next come the young folks in the largest room,
Here youth and beauty bud and blush and bloom,
Stand in a ring so straight and laugh and sing,
With hearts as gay and light as birds in spring.
Enraptured, lost in bliss, the younger sips
The melting kiss from forty honeyed lips,
Until from sheer exhaustion he retreats,
Like loaded bee, half surfeited in sweets.
The little maiden feels supremely blest,
To "Go and choose the one she loves the best."
I think the world ought to show the deference,
To give the ladies larger rights of preference,
And yet I should not dare to trust the day
When "women's rights" held universal sway.

The next room, somewhat smaller than the rest,
Contains the women huddled in a nest,
With heads and faces drawn quite close together,
Discussing every why and what and whether.
One wonders if Joe Smith admires Kate Stokes,
And how the match would set on the old folks?

Old Mrs. Brown tells how her Polly Ann,
Is "gunter" marry a rich "gentleman,"
And then "they say" that Sally So & So
Has been out west and really got a beau,
And Mr. Vine and wife, a happy pair,
After these dozen years have got an heir;
Some married, some are born, some sick abed,
Some run away, some courting, some are dead.
Their tongues ring all these changes, till their breath
Exhausts the stock of courtships, births and death;
But only stop, when the bold summons comes,
From their dear husbands to go to their homes.

This is a picture which no doubt that you
Can quite indorse as being very true.

And now to switch off on another train,
With a clerical turn of the subject,
Again.

On Friday eve I attended a party
At Dr. Davis'. We all had a hearty
Good time—music, singing and dancing,
Card playing and puzzles, kissing, flirting and prancing,
Shrewd speeches, smart sayings, sharp shots and keen
jokes,
(But free from all gossip about other folks.)
And many amusements our time did beguile,
To gladden the heart and encourage a smile,
I must own that I kissed so many sweet women,
That I felt like a bee in a honey-pot swimmin'.

For these kind of sociables we have a good reason,
And this was the first of the series this season,
Most of the ladies who attend these festivities,
Are very fat, and to avoid these proclivities,
Go to these assemblies, where they have a chance
To lessen their burden in the maze of the dance.
'Twould do you good to hear the great clatter
They make to shake off their oleaginous matter,
If ever you chance to come over this way,
I'll show you the beauties of such a soirée.
Where lean folks can laugh themselves jolly and fat,
And fat ones can dance themselves lean as a cat.
Last night, Sunday eve, I passed four pleasant hours,
At the town hall—Parson Wolley's oratorical powers,
Were applied in behalf of the temperance cause,
And a warning to drunkards in their habits to pause,
The choir sang some verses, denouncing their sins,
And we accompanied with three violins,
A big bass viol and a well-played piano,
Sustaining all parts from bass to soprano.

Your short interview with friend Putnam, I find,
Sent him away with a gratified mind,
But then it seems wicked almost, you should call
The fat jovial fellow a specimen small,—
I should hate to believe that this could be,
A slight backhanded thrust at me.
I must measure myself, but not by myself,
Lest perchance that my size may lay me on the shelf,
But if your ideal of beauty is height,
Why, just get me mad and I'm high as a kite.

Just imagine a big fleshy man, six feet high,
With a woman but four feet, quite shrivelled and dry,
Now doesn't it seem decidedly queer,
For one to embrace such an "orrid highdear?"
'Tis not with the adage of "Birds of a feather,"
But perhaps it's all right when "extremes meet together."

It seems that our Governor B. postpones
Thanksgiving one week, so the turkeys' bones,
With geese and ducks and nice spring chickens,
Will have a chance to defer their pickings;
The pantries of puddings and pies 'twill relieve,
With only a brief seven days' reprieve.
Then all kinds of poultry that through life have hobbled,
With turkey gobblers will have to be gobbled.
The chickens, poor things, give my feelings a shock,
When I think of their flutters and terrified squawk.

Now as to your visit I have only to say,
You must not expect to go back the same day,
There's no danger at all on the boat at night,
You'll be all safe and the boat won't bite.
And Mrs. H. says if you'll be good,
A visit of several days won't intrude,
And as she remarked, it would be quite befitting
To bring along your sewing and knitting;
Or to sum up the matter, she expects you to stay,
And make a good visit when you come this way.
Therefore make such plans if it meets your notion,
And to try your mind, I'll second the motion,
The vote being taken I hear from the chair,
That the ayes have it I'm bound to declare.

It's most ten o'clock and my sleepy head
Is getting tired ; I must go to bed.
So with love to all, let this rhapsody end,
And awaiting your answer, believe me your
Friend,

F. T. IVES.

The following are a series of light correspondence sent to Miss Ella C. Birdsey during my trips through the west, summer of 1869.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 6th, 1869.

SWEET ELLA :

Charming little girl,
Does this make you feel better?
I am going to give my pen a whirl,
And write you a beautiful letter.

You see at the top of the page,
I'm in the state of Indiany,
Feeling quite well for one of my age,
But for some days past have felt like an old g

This is a very nice country, indeed,
Fine weather seems to prevail ;
But it may surprise you to read,
That they ride me around on a rail.

The fields are green and beauteous to the view,
These adjectives describe the boys and girls as true,

If you should move from old Connecticut
Into this state, you'd be a butternut;
If in Ohio, when you chance to cry,
Your tears would then flow from a sad buckeye,
So to avoid pain, trouble, grief and sin,
You'd better stay in the state you now are in.

I write this caution as so many young women
Get thoughts in their heads that set 'em a-swimmin';
And make them feel anxious to wander astray,
And leave their good homes for some other way.
Perhaps on the banks of the O high Oh,
Where in anguish and sorrow, they'll cry O! dear O!

I hope this subject will seem clear to you,
(Although I present but a bird's-eye view,)
And that you'll discard all Persimmons and Murdocks,
And Griswolds and Catswolds and Catnip and Burdocks,
Assume a calm feeling, become sober and staid,
And resolve that you'll be a contented old maid.

I expect to travel some two weeks longer,
And by change of climate hope to feel stronger.

Since I saw you I've been in Cuba awhile,
But at Oil Creek was where I first saw the Ile,
In the course of this week, if my way I pursue,
I expect to inhale the fresh air of Peru.
Even in this day of rapid travel,
You may depend one has got to scratch gravel,

To see all these countries with speed of balloon,
Can only be matched by "the man in the moon."

Next in my travels I propose to wander
And become for a time a Michigander,
And if while there some bird should me choose,
She would make of herself a Micherable goose.
I guess when I get there I shall feel homesick,
And if I do I shall beat time double quick,
And put for Meriden, that lovely, lively city,
Where I address this amiable ditty,
To let you know I'm yet alive,
And if you behave well, until I arrive,
As a reward to balance the account,
I'll treat you well at Marvin's Polar Fount.

Addressed:

MISS ELLA BIRDSEY,
Meriden City,

where the boys are honest, the girls are pretty,
In Connecticut, that model state,
In which women are lovely and the men are great,
(I won't say what, it matters not).

CHICAGO, ILL., June 10th, 1869.

PRUNE ELLA:

How does this title suit?

Prunes, you know, are delicious fruit;
Are sweet and nice, so you'll pardon me,
For using this Ella-gant simile.

No doubt, ere this, my pretty little letter
Of last week, you've received, read, and feel better.
Since then I have enjoyed some pleasant views,
Which may your mind instruct, if not amuse.

I'll state, in brief, a few outlines and features
Of Indiana lands, its folks and creatures.
There is, where'er you go, on every hand,
Big towering trees, big swamps and lots of land.
The people are a sort of general mixture
Of everything; but an important fixture
Throughout the state is droves of spotted pigs,
Large herds of mules and just the blackest nigs.
Where'er you go, in every public street
Or in the byways, you are sure to meet
Great broods of pigs with their indulgent mothers,
And all seem friendly as a band of brothers.

Another feature, which I would note down,
Is how the country people come in town,
To bring their produce, butter, eggs and cheese,
And get their drygoods and their groceries.
Ofttimes I wish that I was born a painter,
But as an artist in that line, I ain't a
Very scientific character; if I could,
I'd draw some views, to see would do you good.

Their wagons have a box some ten feet long,
Four wide, two deep and everything made strong.
Their team is always made up of a span,
They come in strings just like a caravan.

The wagons have no seats nor steps, but chairs
Are used to substitute these small affairs.
The old man rides in front, when they've got him in,
The space behind is partly filled with women.

The balance of the space is packed in full
With hay and grain and packages of wool,
Hides, beeswax, chickens, pelts and various bags,
Of feathers, ginseng, dried apples and rags.

I think that every land and every age
Has scenes of oddities upon the stage,
And if they do, I'm sure, this is the day,
In this queer state for one to see the play.

Suppose we walk upon the public street
For twenty rods and see what we will meet,
If I was to make up an inventory,
I should call this an average category.

One hundred people come from out of town,
One hundred poor, lean pigs running up and down.
The women look like fits; the pigs all colors;
The men a hard, rough looking set of fellows.

Here are a dozen sitting round the door
Of a Jew's clothing or a grocery store;
Eating their lunch of corn bread, eggs and bacon;
How oft I wished their picture could be taken.

But after all, in candor I must say,
These people's lives are happier day by day,
Than those who trade and travel on Broadway,
Indulge in gluttony and fine array.

To moralize a little in conclusion,
These people have contentment in profusion,
And their continual feast in comfort finds
Its source to be in well-contented minds.
So let us be content that we were put
Down in the state of old Connecticut,
Nor turn our noses up in scornful manner,
Towards the pigs and folks in Indiana.

ELKHART, July 15th, 1869.

MISS ELLA C. B.:

Please listen to me,
While I rehearse a ditty,
About country life, away from strife,
Outside of bustling city.

I daily think how you must shrink,
Pent up 'mid bricks and noise,
While I expand and feel so grand,
Among the country boys.

The air so pure, 'tis very sure
'Twould make you grow to breathe it;
So that your gown to get around
Your waist, you'd have to *squeathe* it.

Your pallid cheeks in a few weeks,
Would blush like damask roses,
Your form and face have style and grace,
Like the aforesaid posies.

The country air would make you fair,
Fat, happy, good and witty,
Your rarely find folks of this kind
Brought up in any city.

Pestilence crawls 'mid city walls,
And pounces on its victim,
Laughs at his groans, plays with his bones,
When of their meat he's picked them.

There, darks and damp, robbers and tramps,
Assail in street and alley,
The brawls and fights and noises nights
Would frighten your aunt Sally.

There's few believes what horrid thieves,
In cities play their part,
Unless you keep one eye from sleep,
They'll steal your precious heart.

They are so bold, it has been told,
Ofttimes without reflections,
They boldly stalk or slyly walk,
Right into your affections.

They flatter misses with sugar kisses,
With winning smiles they greet them;
Girls not discreet, think they're so sweet,
These cannibals would eat them.

These shocking features, these wicked creatures,
Who have no sense of pity,
Shrewd, foxy chaps, with snares and traps,
Abound in every city.

Not so in country where the verdant fields,
The fertile valley and the meadow yields
The lavished bounty of the fruitful soil,
To compensate the laborers' hardy toil.

Here Nature opens out her bounteous hand,
And spreads content and sunshine o'er the land,
She gives the sturdy yeoman joy and health,
A rich exchange 'gainst cities' crime and wealth.

In country, fathers work and earn the bread,
With which their offspring daily must be fed,
Their lives are humble and each goodly liver,
Acknowledges with gratitude the Generous Giver.

The mothers make a home and teach the girls
To keep things straight instead of making curls.
They teach their boys to go where'er they send 'em,
And if their pants get torn, the mothers mend 'em.

The boys grow up strong, healthy and robust,
Trained to be honest, virtuous, noble, just,

Devoted hearts, brains filled with common sense,
Hands large for good as that of Providence.

The girls in health and beauty naught surpasses
They are superlatively the sweetest lasses,
Joy of their parents, brothers, friends and lovers,
No spot on earth but their affection covers.

The contrast now shown between city and town,
I'll promenade round and conclude,
And hope that each word to your mind will afford
A soothing and nourishing good.

Although 'tis a pity you are squeeze in a city,
Just try and breathe free as you can,
Much in firmness depends, tell your feminine friends,
To stick and hold fast to a man.

And don't let this story that I've placed before ye
Oblige you to lose any sleep,
On retiring at night just lock the door tight,
And you'll wake up as safe as a sheep.

Life in the city lasts but scarce a day,
Like hot-bed plants, quick growth and quick decay,
The country is the garden fair and wide,
Where life and peace and sunshine can abide.

With great tenderness in my breast,
And concern for your interest,

I remain, Yours truly.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, August 22nd, 1869.

MISS ELLA:

Miscellaneous news

Sometimes instructs, if it does not amuse,
And as of late, my journeyings have been
Mixed up somewhat of dangers now and then,
I feel constrained to trespass on your leisure,
To grant me the felicity and pleasure,
Of telling some of my hairbreadth escapes,
Of shunning pain in many direful shapes.
Some few weeks since I left my peaceful home,
With cheerful hope o'er this fair land to roam;
The days passed off securely and serene,
As free from trouble as a courting scene,
When suddenly four miles from Titusville,
Occur'd a scene which gave my blood a chill.

The soil upon a lake had made a cover,
Across this lake the railroad did run over,
And just the day before we came along,
This upper crust, not being very strong,
Three cars sank through into the lake's calm bosom,
(Which made the company feel bad to lose 'em).
But as the road sank down from mortal eyes,
It *railly* carried all its earthly ties;
And down in mud and water fathoms deep,
'Mongst eels and pollywogs must ever sleep.

Now if the train that I embarked upon,
Into this hole the day before had gone,
No doubt that I and all the rest within it,
Would have been drowned and strangled in a minute.

But we escaped from cooling off our blood,
In that big slough of water, bogs and mud.

Other escapes to which I would refer,
Are such as do not frequently occur;
Though not from being sunk in dangerous bogs,
They were from jaws of aggravated dogs.

As we were swiftly riding o'er a plain,
A savage dog came rushing at the train,
His looks were wild, and anger filled his eye,
His bark was loud, his tail he flourished high,
The train and passengers seemed doomed to be
Destroyed as quick as you could kill a flea.

Just as this monster was about to pitch
Upon the train, he fell into a ditch,
And while upon his back in reeds and grass,
The train in safety was allowed to pass.

Imagine now the sense of great relief,
To get away from this bloodthirsty thief,
And safely go upon our fleeting passage,
And not be stock for "goot bologna sausage."

Our next great fright was at Kalamazoo,
Where for a time we didn't know what to do,
While coming in, the train was slacking speed,
We were exposed unto the wrath and greed
Of still another dog, whose anger boiled,
And yearned to have us of our lives despoiled.

From a small house that stood back from the street,
He wildly rushed—madness impelled his feet,
Upon his back the bristles stood erect,
This was, no doubt, done muchly for effect;
His eyes flashed fire, his jaws extended wide,
With hideous teeth showed they were well supplied.

There seemed no way his anger to evade,
But to submit and helplessly be slayed,
What wild emotions gathered in each breast,
The women screamed and were with fears distressed.
Some were hysteric, many of them fainted,
And all were pale as ghosts but those who painted,
And in their panic and extreme alarms,
The women for protection rushed to arms.

The suddenness and force of the attack,
The men caused for a time to sally back,
But they worked calmly and kept self-possessed,
Assuaged the women's fears, calmed and caressed.
Used camphors, cordials, ointments, antidotes
Of various kinds upon their necks and throats,
Embraced them, kissed them, squeezed their nerveless
 hands,

Pressed lips to lips and cooled their brows with fans,
Called them endearing names, breathed in their ears
The softest words to dissipate their fears,
But all to no avail, this would not do,
The women still more scared and fainter grew.

What might befall us all cannot be told,
But for a woman eighty-nine years old,

Who during all this most tumultuous scene,
Had kept from fainting and was all serene.

She told the men instead of their caresses,
To just unloose their waterfalls and tresses,
And then instead of kisses and embraces
To pour a cup of water in their faces.
Magic effect! soon as the water poured
Most perfect quiet was at once restored,
All were delighted and the wonder grew,
To think how much that good old woman knew

Now to resume about that awful dog,
Who for the train was rushing down good jog,
Across the master's yard, and in his heart
Anger was sharp as Satan's fiery dart,
Thirsting for blood, with murder on his brain,
He seemed resolved to swallow up the train,
And when we seemed abandoned to our fate,
And must be gobbled like a piece of bait,
We were preserved again by Providence,
Which by a modest little picket fence,
Stopped this insatiate monster's mad career.
From drinking down our blood like lager beer,
His joy suppressed from crunching on our bones.
Or feast his ear with music of our groans.

If he had caught us, his fermenting rage,
Would given no respect to youth or age,
His wicked teeth would bitten through our necks,
With no regard to beauty, fame or sex,

Our flesh devoured and stripped our shivering limbs,
Without saying grace or singing any hymns.

His meal to him would seem a little bite,
Served in a manner very impolite,
But when with carnage he had tired his jaws,
His meal completed, he would had *to pause*,
And we, poor souls, with all our traps and togs,
Should been reported as "Gone to the dogs."

Now stopping here before your patience fails,
About these dogs, *I'll just cut off their tales*.

With some instructive words to benefit,
Yet, ere I close, your mind should needs be lit

That you may know in trials how to act,
From these *dogs' tales* this moral I'll extract:

MORAL.

This world is filled up with narrow escapes,
That look quite appalling, but most of our scrapes,
We some way get out of, we still live and hence
Are saved by some "if," "ditch," or "picket fence."
Dear ladies of beauty, if youthful in years,
Whenever your minds are distracted by fears,
And dangers affront, lose no time for reflection,
But calmly fall back on the men for protection.

When you faint away don't be in a flurry,
Don't try to come out of your swoon in a hurry,

Men never will tire of attention and care,
To revive any lady who is blooming and fair.

But as beauty departs and the women grow older,
Men's notice of fainting is o'er the left shoulder,
For it wakes no compassion in the breast of a saint,
To see an old woman make a face up and faint.

Letter to Cousin Mary Rogers, Danbury, Conn.

WATERBURY, CONN., February 12th, 1861.

MY DEAR COUSIN MARY:

How is your health, your joy and your wealth,
Your much beloved mother's,
Your sanctified brother's,
And all of the others,
Who in family claim a relation?
You cannot reply, by your presence most high,
And gratify me, sweet *divinity*,
For distance is *lieing between us*,
We models of Apollo and Venus,
So we cannot hold free conversation.

Yet still, I think, that paper and ink
Can form a link, through which we can drink,
Of friendly news or political views,
Life's aches and toils, its troubles and broils,
Its sweets and smiles, and comforts' "iles,"
Occasionally a swallow,
Provided the link is hollow,
And our own inclinations follow.

As for news, dear,
(This may sound rather queer to your delicate ear,)
There isn't much here.

Some have dyed, of both sexes, I've heard,
The women their cheeks and the men their beard,
Of those that got married, I need hardly speak,
For this news is only the "Noose of the Weak."
And business foots up such very small figures,
On account of the troubles about a few niggers.
That could you consider in me 'twas a sin, eh!
To wish the black rebels in Tophet or Guinea?
And if they'd take with them the Republican party,
I assure you they'd have my concurrence most hearty.

But I will digress from political topics,
And leave out these subjects that belong to the tropics,
Or a place somewhat hotter than on the equator,
Or hotter than claimed for the earth's deepest strata;
For surely such *holheads* as now trouble the nation,
Must spring from the very last depths of Creation.

For a subject next, to take for my text,
Most agreeable to you, I'm somewhat perplexed.

I like to talk about pictures and flowers,
Of "love in a cottage," and "courtship in bowers,"
Of moonlight walks and "love's honeyed kisses,"
Or any other of life's choicest blisses.
For these give me pleasure beyond depth or measure,
And are things which 'tis pleasant in one's mind to
treasure.

I expected this winter,
To have entered into
Some young lady's *partnership*;
But the pressure, I fear,
Of the times, this year,
Will affect my finances
So much that the chances
For this consummation will slip.

I'm sorry, for while men are getting old,
Their bodies and affections must grow cold,
And woman was for both by Nature's plan,
Made for a universal warming-pan.
Oh! joy for him who tastes the sacred sweets
Of shoving such a pan between the sheets.

Thus much for love and women and such toys,
Mixed in the cup with other earthly joys,
From which we drink of pleasures and of sorrow;
Sunshine to-day and thunder storms to-morrow.

I'll now relate up to this date,
The shape and state of our family affairs;
How we enjoy ourselves,
Like so many happy elves,
In our sitting-room upstairs,
And how Mrs. Hall,
Ever since last fall
Has taken to putting on airs;
And how Albert, my son,
At name of Republican,

Is so mad, he almost swears ;
 And Ada, you must know,
 Has got another beau,
To soothe her anxiety and cares ;
 Sarah dances, Eliza prances,
 Anna watches her chances
To catch a new beau in her snares.
 And Ed. and Fred
 Are almost dead,
Running after the girls everywhere.
 But as for me,
 To the fullest degree,
 I maintain my dignity,
And don't allow women to increase my gray hairs.

Although the hard times our patience is stinging,
Still much of enjoyment we're constantly bringing,
Through eating and drinking, talking, fiddling and sing-
 ing.

We wash down our troubles with a glass of good wine,
And sigh for the days of "Auld lang syne."
If you'll come next summer, I'll promise you fair,
To play "Pop goes the weasel," and "Begone, dull care."

When you wrote us last, I marked your good wishes,
That I might partake of luxurious dishes,
Regardless of times, although they are hard,
You did not from life's comforts wish to have me
 debarred.

Luxuries and comforts of *all* sorts, I expect,
Hard times of necessity cannot effect.

Wherefore, I have hopes with those that are fair,
To get meted out my proportionate share.
May a wife be given amongst the profusion,
Though perhaps I'd ought not to hug such a delusion.

So I'll not be fishing
For women or wishing
For all such plans,
In wedlock's pans
Are eternally squishing.

To turn from my ease,
I would now embrace,
This occasion to know
If you've got in tow
Some widower beau, or bachelor slow,
Who have got the dough?

If they've pockets full of money,
Dispositions sweet as honey,
And don't look very funny,
With age on the sunny
Side of—shall I say, forty-two?
If so, I'll tell you what to do,
For those that sue and a heart would woo,
Must understand well how to bill and coo.

If he's handsome and rich, just let out a stitch,
And be determined you'll live him:
By foul or by fair, no pains would I spare,
If coaxing won't do, you may drive him.

If he's chicken-hearted, there's no better coops
For sheltering chickens than women's hoops;
But above all things, you must this recollect,
It's not good for chickens to be henpecked,
Hoping to hear of your final success,
I hasten to finish this foolish mess.

So now in conclusion, I have but this to tell,
That as to our health, we are all pretty well,
And all unite in sending their love,
To thee, darling Mary, my sweet turtle-dove.

AMERICAN HOUSE, ELMIRA,
Sitting by the fire, a
Rather cold day,
For 1st of May.

DEAR LUCY,

You see

That I have survived

And at this place arrived,

Since writing you last my time has been passed

In shifting about,

My talent displayed in traffic and trade,

To bring profit out,

It is rather late in this part of the state,

To make much money;

If I don't increase my treasures, I enjoy some little
pleasures,

To make life sunny.

I saw yesterday on a fence by the way,
The following prescription :
Magic Oil will kill pa—the next board was ajar,
Which might have changed the inscription.

Frank Leslie's special artist is here taking views,
To fill up his paper in place of the news.
He is a person of much self-possession,
And very apt to receive an impression.
The thing is done as quick as a flash,
Of a house or a horse, as quick as that—
He can copy a group while taking tea,
A laughing child on its mother's knee,
Kittens while playing on the floor,
An organ grinder in front of the door,
Or anything that is pleasing to view,
I think he might get a good picture of you.

I met yesterday Henry Lord from New York,
We dined together, enjoyed a social talk,
He was former partner of Walter Brown,
'Tis pleasant to meet friends when out of town ;
Have chanced also other acquaintance to meet,
Who afforded me much satisfaction to greet.

To-morrow morning by train, I shall speed o'er the
plain,
As far as Wellsbury village,
And then explore the country o'er,
To find tobacco tillage.

I cannot guess with what success
My journey to pursue;
Unless I find much to my mind,
On Tuesday I get through.

Thursday occurs our public sale,
I must be present without fail,
And thence I can leave,
And be home Thursday eve.

And then shall I hear a kind word of cheer,
From you, little dear,
Of course I will,
For each kind thought and word doth its pleasure afford,
And makes joy bubble up to o'erflowing, the cup
Of my happiness, fill.
No rose in the beauty and freshness of bloom
Can exhale to the sense such a grateful perfume,
No symphonies falling from angelic sphere,
Or singing of birds can enrapture the ear,
No fruits in the circle of earth are embraced,
Can yield such delicious response to the taste;
No beauties of nature or art to the sight,
Can give such a glance of unsullied delight;
No passion for kindred or treasures of earth,
In our holiest feelings can find place of birth.
To compare with that sense of all others above,
The enjoying sweet thoughts of the one that we love.

REFLECTIONS FROM BYRON'S "ADDRESS TO
THE OCEAN."

Scrap of letter to L. A. M. R. (Subsequently my wife.)

There is a pleasure with the one I've wooed,
Who dwells adjacent to the Sound's calm shore,
She is society, let none intrude
With only her, no other I adore;
I love her not the less, but life the more,
From these our interviews in which I steal,
From what I may be or have been before,
To mingle heart with heart, to think and feel,
What poorly I express, yet cannot all conceal.

Thou beauteous charmer, whose seraphic form,
Dresses itself in conquest, in all time,
Calm and composed, no breeze or gale or storm,
No icy soul, or heat of passion's elime
Doth thee disturb; but woman true, sublime,
The image of divinity; thy radiant zone
Should be perennial; and may life's growing prime
Devotions deep make up, before thy throne,
May I enjoy without distrust thy love entire, alone.

For I have loved thee, L—y, and this joy
Within my breast has caused my heart to be
Borne light as bubbles onward; from a boy
I've waited for thy promise: this to me
Is a delight, and mayst thou live to see

I am no terror, frowning and severe;
But that I'll prove a guardian true to thee.
So trust my pillow, I invoke thee, dear,
And rest thy hand in mine, without a doubt or fear.

TO MRS. L. A. M. R. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BRANFORD, CONN.

If rightly I remember, the 11th of September
Is your birthday,
And, as when mine occurred, you gave advising word
With this prolonged delay,
I acknowledge the receipt of that message pure and sweet
And in reply, must say,
That I am well agreed its good advice to heed,
At least, I'll try, and trust (God help) I may.

As thoughts go tracing back adown life's bygone track,
They meet with many acts of folly,
And while my memory brings to light some pleasant
things,
They're also tinged with hues of melancholy.

Each birthday is the line whereon my thoughts incline,
To give the passing time a brief review,
And if for me, 'tis well to heed the warning knell,
Of the years as they pass, 'tis well for you.

These days in which we stand and see the shifting sand
In our glass, most emphatically say,
That we, like all of earth, are mortal in our birth,
And youth and strength and hope must pass away.

How many things our memory brings,
To please us in their happy recollection,
The smiles and joys, the youthful toys,
And all that claimed dear childhood's warm affection.

Yes, memory sends us back to friends,
The loved, the kind, the true,
In fancy's ear, we seem to hear
Their voices tuned anew.

We've passed through years of smiles and tears,
Of conquest and defeat,
Lived in and out of hope and doubt,
Drank bitter cups and sweet.

And each birthday, on life's highway,
Is but a milestone on our devious road;
On which to read the rapid speed,
With which we hasten to our last abode.

But as each friend and joy of life departs,
And idols crumble which engage our hearts,
We'll give them tears as due to comrades slain,
And treasure more the ones that still remain.

The past has its sorrows and griefs and frowns,
Its glitters, its baubles, its sceptres and crowns,
Prosperity's spring has bright flowers displayed,
And many have dropped in Adversity's shade.

But adieu to the past, let us turn a new leaf,
And hope for a page less mingled with grief,
If troubles beset, may Love lighten the load,
And the light of God's love keep us straight in the road.

The present and future engages our thought,
With pain or with pleasure they both may be fraught.
The result is with us, and 'tis wisdom to plan,
To gild them with sunlight as much as we can.

So, my dear, sweet friend, and my fair little woman,
With the evident fact that we are both human,
May we firmly resolve for each other's enjoyment,
To make true devotion our future employment.

Let us bear and forbear with each other's weakness,
Perform all our duties with patience and meekness;
And before I conclude with this rhyming and jingle,
For your own special self let this sentiment mingle.

My much beloved Lucy, of all earth most dear:
As you step o'er the threshold of this sacred year,
May it be with fresh hopes and expectancy bright,
May your comforts be many, and burdens be light.

And ere Time revolves us an annual round
In Hymen's soft band may we be fondly bound,
United in sympathy, heart, hand and life,
To taste the best joys of a Husband and Wife.

THE HUNTER.

There was a wondrous hunter in the west country,
By far the greatest hunter that ever you did see:
He hunted for all sorts of game, for lions, wolves and
bears,
He'd take the hairs off from their skins and take the
skins from hares.

Soon as his breath was give to him, his hunting he began,
He hunted from a little boy until he grew a man;
But not for fleeting honors or heritage of fame,
For offices or stations, these were no kind of game,
From which he hoped to get a pelt, to clothe him up
a name.

He was a man of giant strength, by history is told,
Of stature large, commanding look, of courage very
bold;
By nature kind and peaceable, and slow to wrath, but
when
His anger rose, he was a match for any hundred men.

Far from the busy scenes of life his presence he withdrew,
His home was in a cavern, obscure from public view,
And there in innocence he lived, scarce knowing how to
sin,
And when from weariness he lay upon his bed of skin,
Within his cave, he often felt as if he was caved in.

To fowl or fish or any beast, he was a source of fear,
They learned that with his presence their end was al-
ways near,
For with his stock of weapons, or heart or hand or fist,
'Twas all the same, for none of these in life had ever
miss-ed.

His weapons were a rifle, which was both tried and
true,
A monstrous dagger that to wield, the men are very few ;
He kept a lion for his dog, a tiger for his cat,
Besides a noble pack of hounds, all very sleek and fat.

He lived on choicest fowl and fish, sirloins of fattest
deer,
And drank their blood as freely as a Dutchman does his
beer ;
When he got his fullness, their carcasses he threw
Unto his hounds, who picked their bones, and fat upon
them grew.

He let his lion lie on hay, his tiger lie on straw,
And all intruders learned to pause before his lion's paw.
He lay in line with these two pets, before the cavern
door,
And when that aught disturbed the row, the lion he
would roar.

His riches were his comrades, and conscience clear and
bright,
And all the wealth he ever stored were deeds both true
and right ;

Though golden eagles oft he caught, we yet are strangely
told

In all his life he never saw an eagle made of gold.

He never gambled in his life, although so fond of game,
And anything unfairly won, was thought by him a
shame ;

And though he relished fowl and fish, when either well
or sick,

He spurned foul play, and foul intent and every scaly
trick.

With fishing seines and other scenes, he shuffled off his
time,

Until Old Age came creeping on, and cut his manly
prime ;

'Tis thus he deals to all at last, although he long for-
bears,

Yet not for playing any joke, he crowned him with grey
hairs.

He always lived a temperate man, but as his strength
did fail,

His mouth was parched, his tongue was dry, and he be-
gan to ail ;

To quench his thirst, regain his strength, and shun life's
fatal brink,

With teas of herbs and various plants, from these he
took to drink.

He was a very honest man, this hunter brave and bold,
True to his race, and by his lips a falsehood ne'er was
told,

But when disease consumed his frame, and age be-
dimmed his eye,
Upon his bed for the first time he was constrained to
lie.

He passed a calm and quiet life, as one might wish to
spend,
In all his life was never known to borrow or to lend;
His only theft was, when at last, from life he stole
away,
And nature's debt the only one he ever had to pay.

With body bent and vigor spent, he took his load of
years,
Time rammed him down and picked his locks and
charged his mind with fears,
And with his honest armor on, this hunter old and
brave,
Rested his peace in Death's grim hands and shot into
his grave.

REFLECTION.

Now safely home, he stacks his arms on yonder peace-
ful shore,
Where men or bears, wars, pains or cares, can ne'er op-
press him more;
And he, no doubt, the fact ascribes of his Celestial
birth,
To be, because his life was spent, in "preying" when on
earth.

SWEET GRAPE.

The following are copies of labels put on several bottles of wine sent to Rev. D. Henry Miller, while Chaplain of the 15th Conn. Vols., while on duty during the war.

This vine was made, digestion to aid,
And give to one's blood a lovelier shade,
One glass we are told by ancient tradition,
Gives unto the drinker a lamb's disposition,
The second glass brings out the lion, we're told,
Makes a man feel courageous, gigantic and bold,
The result of the third we cannot desire,
It produces the hog, that rolls in the mire.

So, whoever drinks me, lord, lady or lass,
It perhaps would be well to take but one glass;
But two at the most, for remember the third,
The Devil returns to his s-wine-ish herd.

DRY GRAPE.

Many the uses for fruit of the vine,
The most legitimate, making wine;
For a healthful drink, for good begot,
Not pressed as it was, to intoxicate Lot,
So that of his acts he could not be apprised,
And still worse for him could not be realized;
For here I think one adage makes a miss,
It cannot be such ignorance is bliss,

So drink this wine as prudent as you can,
And you may be a wiser, better man.

BLACK CURRANT.

The fruit for this wine, the next line will explain,
It punningly means—Sable, Dog, torn in twain,
It's good for jaundice, gout or canker,
And for general health, is a very safe anchor.

BLACKBERRY.

Whene'er you attend the obsequies
Of a deceased descendant of Ham,
And amid the mournful sympathies,
Plant him as you would a yam;
You then perform the very same act,
In name, if not in essential fact,
That a person does whenever he goes
To gather the fruit that his wine doth compose,
For colics and cramps its virtues appear,
But more especially for diarrhœa.

RED CURRANT.—DRY.

In these times of Panic and Wars' devastation,
When financial revulsions embarrass the nation,
When shipplaster and treasury notes are but trash,
Or at a great discount from genu-wine cash,
This wine forms a medium for circulation;
A draught that is Current all over Creation.

CURRANT.—SWEET.

To the Currency Wine I claim to be kin,
For further particulars inquire within.

ELDERFLOWER WINE.

My first of this wine
Is a title of thine.

MY SECOND.

A counterpart of thee cannot be reckoned,
But sometimes when religious truths you teach,
You intersperse it haply in your speech;
It also dwells by many a cottage door,
In the gay walks of life and with the poor,
And as my First, all socially respect,
From rudeness likewise it should me protect.

My whole when blended in this precious wine
Creates a compound bordering on divine.

Soft as the words that drop from lovers' lips,
Sweet as the kisses that he fondly sips,
Light as the heart in midst of festal hours,
Lovely as Courtship 'neath ambrosial bowers,
Refreshing as to earth the summer showers,
So to the tongue is this choice balm of flowers.

A man who passes through life without marrying is
like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished; the

half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the useful. A bachelor is only the moiety of a man, a sort of garnish for a dish, or a prologue to a play, a bow without a fiddle.

Old bachelors never cut their wisdom teeth.

NO SIGNATURE.

The following lines were in reply to the suggestions included in the above, after becoming well satisfied as to the origin of the gentle admonition therein:

MISS ———.

The lines which follow, I deduce,
From your fine text, which I produce;
But my ideas to seduce,
And get them here to introduce
A few brief words that might conduce
To your enjoyment may induce
A shocking fever, and reduce
My constitution like the deuce.

However, Miss, grant me the bliss, that you will listen
to my lay;
And I'll proceed with all due speed, that you may read
what I shall say.

Fair Goddess! once thy gentle ear incline,
Permit me now to worship at thy shrine;
Extend thy hand and ease the burning dart,
That from thy bow is rankling in my heart.

Rest for the weary! on thy peaceful breast,
My troubled soul would feel supremely blest;
And once enfolded in thy tender arms,
Would crown my life with most transcendent charms.

Perhaps, fair maid, these favors, you'll deny,
Unless I give some proper reasons why,
You should consent to lend your gracious aid,
To give my life and hopes a brighter shade;
And then, if you decline, the blame will be
Upon yourself, and cannot rest on me.

To follow out original intentions,
And not indulge too many circumventions,
There's nothing more in order, than to next
Discuss the subject mentioned in our text.
A bachelor—to most this would not seem
At casual glance a very *fruitful* theme.
One who grows old, sedate and gray,
Whose heart grows cold, from day to day.
He is perchance the ripened grain,
If sown, might beautify the plain,
Reward the Husbandman his toil,
When planted in the Virgin soil;
But yet, alas! 'tis sad to say,
Too oft his life is passed away,
And ends in profitless decay.

His life of single toils and cares,
Our text thus properly compares—
He's like a mansion left undone,
Which thus will soon to ruin run;

Or like a story just begun;
Or like a snow house built for fun;
Unfinished mansions, if neglected,
Must soon decay it is expected,
And when the builder makes intent
To finish up and ornament,
'Tis very wrong, whene'er he can,
To not complete a worthy plan.
And thus, a bachelor, whose life
Is passed away without a wife,
A clever fellow though he be,
Of man is but a moiety:
He's like a dish without its garnish;
Like furniture that lacks the varnish;
Or like a man who wastes away
A smiling, bright, sun-shiny day,
To make and cock his crop of hay.

He's sometimes likened to a bow;
Whether of *promise* I don't know,
Most likely not, they rarely make
Engagements which they are apt to break.

If Beaus are meant to wait upon young ladies,
There's instances, I think, where this their trade is;
For some I've seen extremely fond of girls,
Delight to squeeze them and upset their curls,
Press their soft hands, and clasp their slender waist,
And from their lips "Love's honeyed kisses" taste,
To see the eye say yes, the tongue deny,
And feel the bosoms throb, and hear the sigh.

'Till lost to sense, when ecstasy imparts
A flood of rapture to their mutual hearts.

Of this last class, I say it in all *meekness*,
I'm quite inclined to imitate *their weakness*.

And yet there is another kind of Bow,
That has its use as all musicians know ;
And ere you guess, I will divulge the riddle
Without such bow quite useless is the fiddle.
A fiddle it may be in tune complete,
All nicely strung, of tone most pure and sweet,
Of polished back and handsome swelling breast,
A graceful head and neck, and all the rest
That it requires to have it finished well,
'Tis yet for music but an empty shell.
Young ladies are but vain and gaudy shows
Mere fancy Fiddles if they're lacking *Bows*,
Thus I'd advise the girls the prudent plan
To get *Bows* for their *Fiddles* when they can.

And bachelors should not for once suppose
That they are anything but stupid *Bows*;
They should get *Fiddles* if they wish to play
And with nice music drive their griefs away.
'Tis time with victory the *sword to sheath*,
But bachelors don't cut their wisdom teeth ;
And good advice and counsel are in vain ;
They shed it like the duck's back sheds the rain.

A Bachelor may be a good musician ;
May play the shifts up to the seventh position ;

May beau, and finger well, and keep good time,
Have a nice ear, and taste almost sublime ;
Play Breves, and Crochets, play in sharps and flats,
Play smooth as oil, or discordant as cats,
Play soft, or loud, tones quite subdued, or full,
Like Paganini, or like Ole Bull,
Unless he had a *fiddle* it is sure
You'll wait in vain to hear his *overture*.

Now as no sermon, or complete oration,
Can be well put without an *application*,
And to reverse the ordinary plan
Of giving physic to another man ;
Although I preach, yet egotistic *I*,
Unto myself the subject will apply.

I am a bachelor ; not very old ;
Extremely modest, form of perfect mold ;
Very fine looking (so the ladies say),
Immensely rich, and adding more each day ;
Temper as mild and sweet as any dove,
An object no one can forbear to love ;
Ladies can't see me without being pleased,
Or grasp my hand without their feeling eased ;
Complexion white as snow, expressive eyes,
Brilliant of speech, clear judgment, virtuous, wise,
Have splendid whiskers, wear a stand up collar ;
To see me dance is worth at least a dollar ;
I'm handsome, wealthy, pious, kind, and witty,
Virtues combine in me ; yet what a pity !
I'm but a *Bow* ; no Fiddle I possess,
On which to play through life's dark wilderness.

So, in conclusion, I have but to say
 I lack a Fiddle upon which to play.
 And as you gave the hint some time ago,
 Please be *my* Fiddle, and I'll be *your* Bow;
 When during life we'll play that jolly tune
 Called "Kiss Me, Darling, Through the Honey Moon."

In our Alphabet we have two useless letters,—
 In fact, confusing and worse than nothing.
 The first is Q and the *absurdity* W;
 As proof read the following poems, and form
 Your own opinions as to which is the most
 Ridiculous, the poems or use of the above letters.

A maxim kuite old and familiar in use
 Suggests ue be mindful of our P's and Q's;
 The P's are all right, but let the Q's go;
 How needless they are this short poem will sho.

An angler set forth uith a box full of uorms,
 A riggling mass of kuerls, riggles, and skuirms;
 He drifted his hook in the brook and the lake;
 In shallos and pools, and holes deep and opaque.

A hunter with gun, ammunition, and uad,
 Uent forth to the field to shoot game by the skuad.
 His gun was old-fashioned and fired with a flint,
 But his aims never seemed to have the right skuint.

One hunted, one fished, they tramped nearly a ueek,
 Till their poor, tired joints you could almost hear
 skueak.

The Hunter brought back not so much as a kuail;
The angler naught but the old fisherman's tale,
That he'd lost a fish off his hook as big as a huale.

W.

It is a useless letter;
It's as uell to say single u anyuay,
But to use u single is better;
To sho hou double u is abused,
In the following poem it is used and unused:

An unlucky farmer once lived in the west;
Uhose goose had the trait of forsaking her nnest.
Or another trope uill express it this uay;
His plans aluays "Flashed in the pan," as they ssay,

His favorite cous never failed to have wens,
And pip or roup killed his best laying lhens;
His farm seemed a center surrounded by woes;
His corn uas aluays pulled up by the cerows.

He was never surprised if a neighbor brought word
That black tongue and murrain infected his herd;
Or his hueat was destroyed by chinch bug, and weevil,
His potatoes all rotted and gone to the UDevil.

Fires at times suept his fields, his fences, and woods
His creditors levied on all of his ggoods;
His garden uas ravaged by vermin and uorms;
His buildings uere shattered by lightning and sstorms.

He made his investments and laid out plans which
Some evil misfortune would give the rong ttwitch;
The same made by others would have ended in wealth,
But his life's only solace were his uife and good hhealth.

One comfort proved true, it was his good wife,
Uho divided the burdens of his unlucky llife;
For no matter huich way their expectations went,
They took, without murmur, huatever was ssent.

They had three chilren born, the first puny and weak;
The next didn't know much; the third was a ffreak;
They died prematurely, and none of them wed;
Is it strange that their parents should not uish them-
selves ddead?

At the close of their lives it is hoped that they won
The meed of good servants and of having uell ddone;
They bore earth's rebuffs, and afflictions so well,
It is hoped in the next world they uill have no more
hhell.

But be full fledged Angels with strong spreading wings,
Have the best golden harps tuned with unbreaking
sstrings.

May eternity favor with most heavenly weathers
For playing or flying without their ffeathers.

In conclusion, do angels have feathery wings?
Or are they like bats, sort of leathery tthings?
Are their bodies feathered to shun cold and wet?
And like birds, do they make nests, and lay eggs, and
sset?

Lines accompanying the return of a little tin cup
which was left at my house by a young lady.

This little cup, which you left up
At my house Friday eve,
I herewith send unto the end
Its loss you shall not grieve.

There may appear a symbol here,
In this small tiny thing,
Reminding you that draughts are drew
In cups, from out life's spring.

In all our talks and daily walks,
Whatever our employ
We're quaffing up some little cup
Of bitterness or joy.

May this cup be a type of thee,
So well adorned outside
As to invite and please the sight
Without vain show or pride.

And yet within, as free from sin,
One clear and spotless white:
With graces filled and sweetly willed
As Saints' lips to invite.

This cup's complaint had no restraint
For being left alone,
Poor, tiny thing, I heard the ring
Of its entreating tone.

You'll pardon, Miss, my sending this,
Ere you're regretting, too,
'Things left loose ends have taught your friends,
To be *forgetting* you.

THE DAMFLY.

(Meditations of a Dogday Morning.)

When weary man belated goes to bed
To rest his tired bones and sleepy head,
And wants to have a happy morning doze;
What is there in this world of toil and care
Incites his wrath, impels his mouth to swear;
As when a Damfly lights upon his nose?

He partly wakes, and broken of his nap,
Rolls over mad, and gives his face a slap;
The quick-winged pigmy safely flits away;
While with the sheet the victim shrouds his head.
The black, persistent torment haunts his bed,
For when the Damfly comes, he comes to stay.

(Moral, with nice, parliamentary advice):
Early to bed, and then early to rise,
Are the few words suggested to the wise;
In Morpheus' arms by daylight don't repose;
"Git up and git," not lie in bed and snore
While larks are singing, but adjourn before
Some Damfly *moves* to try the Eyes and Nose.

The following was enclosed to Almer I. Hall, then residing in Duarte, Cal., but a native of Wallingford, Conn. His new home led him to slander and traduce the climate of New England. Hence the reminder of what he was going back on. The "Homes and Seasons of New England," written in mid-Winter in reply to some adverse comments:

'Mid sunshine and flowers, where'er one may roam,
There is naught to compare with a New England home;
In its valleys, through which many sweet waters flow
From the hills spread with mantles of beautiful snow.

Here comfort, contentment and happiness dwells,
Peace springs up like streams from her rock-bottomed
wells;

'And while sin and pollution in other fields grow;
Here, all things are pure, as the beautiful snow.

In a New England winter you get out your sleigh;
Invite some nice girl, a short distance away;
She accepts your invite, and flying you go
Wrapped in robes as you glide o'er the beautiful snow.

The drifts may be deep, and the air keen and cold;
You throw your arm round her, thus safely to hold;
She nestles quite closely, for safety, you know,
As she fears to be bounced in the beautiful snow.

It is so, I fear, Almer, with your parched up soul;
Which in sin has persisted, till black as a coal;

How I wish you could turn on virtue's arch foe,
And become as pure as the beautiful snow.

How pleased I should be to see you hand in hand
Walking and shouting in Gabriel's band;
With a harp to play, or trumpet to blow;
And face white and radiant as the beautiful snow.

How much better than live where everything shakes,
With reptiles, vile insects, mosquitoes and snakes;
To live where Angels would laugh, coo, and crow;
To see now and then some beautiful snow.

It is life to live in our New England hills;
Breathe her pure air, and drink her sweet rills;
Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter, in turn, each bestow
Flowers, foliage, fruit and beautiful snow.

ORTHODOXY.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The biggest rascal can return.

From youth to age in Sin can revel,
Steal, lie and cheat and "Raise the Devil,"
And when Life's clock is past eleven
Profess religion and go to Heaven.

AGNOSTICISM.

If man's last breath speaks faith, hope and belief,
Who all his life has been a knave and thief,
And makes success to gain the great reward,
Gives doubts as to the judgment of the Lord.

Absurd such faith, professions are a cheat,
The good we do is what makes life complete;
With unbelief, an honest life should have
An honored memory and a peaceful grave.

This creed seems safe. Be always true and just,
Nor fear God's wrath when we return to dust,
Or that our souls the vaults of hell will fill,
Do right, and when Death calls, let come what will.

Lines addressed at the tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs.
George Howell. (George Howell—Annice Burrows.)

It was ten years ago when this story began,
Of a nice young girl and a nice young man;
Who fell in love, a very queer passion,
Which always has seemed to be in fashion.

This nice young man, as sly as a mouse,
With nimble feet sought this nice girl's house;
He rapped at the door and soon heard a hummin',
And a voice sweet as mint from his Annice said, "come
in."

He walked right in, and found his love there,
Who bade him sit down in an easy chair,
The truth I must tell and nothing forge,
She sat down close to his side, "by George."

He whispered her ear of his loving intent,
'Twas a mistake to know, or not know what he meant,
And from her fond lips these words tenderly fell,
"My George, I do love you, you don't know how well."

The sequel 'tis easy for any to guess,
Drawn snug to his bosom he gave her a press,
She melted away in a rapture of bliss,
As their lip printed vows were sealed with a kiss.

Of course, they were married and formed such good
habits,
That their lives have been spent as happy as rabbits,
How well they have prospered, and time never furrows,
The face of a man that goes into such burrows.

And may they still flourish for many long years,
Their days free from sorrows, misfortunes and tears,
May their cup of enjoyment be full to drink in
Nor their pantries or pockets be wanting for tin.

During the early part of the nineteenth century a great deal of military ardor existed throughout our country, growing out of the wars of the Revolution and the later conflict of 1812. Military discipline was

kept up as thoroughly in every community as the system of common schools.

Every house where able-bodied men lived had its stock of accouterments such as flint-lock guns, bayonets, swords, horse pistols, cartridge boxes, troopers' caps, trimmed with furs and adorned with stub feathery plumes, belts and various uniforms to conform to the legal requirements of doing duty *training days*. A cartridge box was made of a slightly circular block of wood to fit the side of the body, and covered with leather. In this block were 24 holes to receive the cartridges, which were protected by a leather flap. Cartridges if made for actual service included a ball same as modern paper shells are made, but for practice the ball was of course omitted.

The powder was put in and a slight wad over it to hold the ball in place when loading. Instead of the cartridge being inserted in the breech, as in these times, the powder end must be broken or bit off so as to allow the charge to run out with the muzzle of the gun, and the rest to follow, being rammed down with the old iron ramrod. The necessity of breaking or biting open the powder end required good teeth, and any one not possessing such was disqualified for military duty.

Every town had its training company and those competent with good teeth and legal equipments, performing duty, were exempt from poll tax, but if at fault for suitable outfit on inspection, were subject to a fine and often more severe penalties. The requirements for training in time became odious as the discipline seemed

unnecessary to be so rigorously enforced, and to get relief from the exacting requirements the trainers took advantage of their privilege of electing their officers by vote of the ranks, which soon led to the whole system of militia training becoming a complete farce.

Men would be appointed for officers as unfit for the positions as sheol is claimed to be for a powder house. Companies when ordered out would appear in every uncouth uniform they could invent, guns without locks, some imitations of wood, and all entirely useless for defense unless to pound woodchucks. Cartridge boxes filled with cobs and everything studied to disregard proper regulations.

This state of things led to the appointment of the most lax and inefficient men to office, who felt a pride at their exaltation, while perfectly incompetent for their positions. As was designed, this system sent discipline to the winds. The following biography is of a man who was actually appointed a regimental drum major and is submitted as an evidence of the decline and fall of militia trainings in Connecticut, some sixty years ago.

As this man was a very innocent and pleasant character, he was always greeted respectfully by men, women and children. Not given seriously to drinking habits, yet he needed something in his declining years to brace up his wasting energies, and several of his long-time acquaintances contributed from time to time to his solicitations. This biography was furnished that the public at large might know the worth of his services,

and sacrifices to the nation, and show the need of a more general subscription for his comfort.

This history was written in a common grocer's pass-book, the left-hand pages being devoted to his life and services, and the right-hand pages left blank for subscriptions, beginning with \$1,000 and downward, with a sliding scale to cast off clothing, and good advice. This Manuscript book was taken up by a local printer and six hundred copies put out in the first edition, which found ready sale at twenty-five cents each, and one thousand more called for.

The latter would have been issued with his frontispiece in uniform, but for his untimely death by being run over by a train of cars, thus blighting the hopes of his admirers, and ending the phenomenal career of this G. O. D.

The subject of the following biography was a character. Major David Bradley was egotistically proud of his style of drumming, like some authors of their simple rhymes and poetry, among whom the writer of this stupendous work may be classed. The principal charm and satisfaction for writing the events and adventures of this precious life were realized in the subject giving his living approval and indorsing all as strictly true.

With the commendation of the survivor of this interesting and diversified history, the author offers these truthful pages for the instruction and consolation of a dying world, wrapt in wickedness and rolling in a horrible pit of miry clay.

“LIFE OF MAJOR GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON
DAVID BRADLEY,
Champion Drummer.”

Birth, Youth, Marriage, Religion, Politics and Adventures of Major General George Washington David Bradley, the embodiment of Christian virtue, of sterling political integrity, and the acknowledged

CHAMPION DRUMMER,

who has lived since the days of Abraham, or ever can live.

His drumming; Oh, the joyful sound
'Tis music to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound
To wipe away our tears.

Entered in the Clerk's office according to Hoyle,
April 1, 1875.

PREFACE.

It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that history only attempts justice to the memory of past heroes who have achieved glory by dyeing their hands in the blood of their fellows, or in some bold political rascalities.

This little volume is written to introduce to futurity a character of countless worth, and spotless virtue, a name that redounds to the ends of the earth as the Champion Drummer of the universe as far as heard from.

He is glad that Salvation is free.

INTRODUCTION.

Maj.-Gen. George W. D. Bradley is a Miracle.

It is with a sense of great delicacy and weakness that the author attempts to portray his inimitable powers in drumming, and transcendant Christian character to the bewildered and astonished gaze of an admiring and agonizing world. As a heritage of greatness to his age it is the purpose in these pages to preserve so precious a legacy for rising generations.

“Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.”

BIRTH.

Drum Major Bradley was born in the town of North Haven in the early part of his life and of this century. As an infant, he was a prodigy. He was the Star of Bethlehem to his parents. Musicians and poets came and recognized him as the long expected champion. He proved to be the right baby.

“Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveller, o’er yon mountain’s height,
See that glory beaming star.”

YOUTH.

George Washington David's early taste for drumming was displayed by a free use of pans, pails, kettles, barn-doors, barrelheads, boys' heads, chamber furniture, board fences, etc.

It was thought by some that the famous red beans of his native town conduced much to his youthful vigor and precocity. He persisted in drumming, not omitting schoolmates, brothers, or sisters. He started in the world right; full of glory, full of heroic juices, full of drumming.

“There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.”

“Blessed are the poor in heart.”

Opposite.—Gifts of \$100 and upwards.

MARRIAGE.

So wonderful in the cause of his country, so sweet a drummer, so bold in the face of death; yet the major's heart was susceptible of love. His looks were pleading, his words convincing, his drum winning.

Underneath the well-barred window,
Where asleep his love was lying;
How he'd drum, you can't begin to
Think, to save yourself from dying.

Roll and trill and whirl and flutter,
Tumult, glory, discord, hum,
Hallelujah, street and gutter,
Echoed to his glorious drum.

She awakes, and all the neighbors
Think the Judgment day is coming;
While the major, sweating, labors;
They *swear*; they never heard such drumming.

Uriah's beauteous wife,
Made David seek his life.

Dollar gifts and over.

RELIGION.

The virtuous major was born a Baptist and was always fond of water and took right to total abstinence and close communion. He had faith and zeal. Was dipped with two incipient cases of small-pox, one of itch, two of scrofula, three lepers, three colored men, and six beautiful young ladies. He is not at all particular in his tastes, only give him cold water; no changing and he is happy.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares can fill his breast,
Oh! may our hearts in tune be found,
Like major's drum, of solemn sound.

There is that giveth that tendeth to riches. Try it yourself.

Dime gifts.

POLITICS.

Champion Drum Major Bradley is a true blue Jacksonian Democrat. Marched with Gen Jackson in battle, and drummed at his reception in this state. He never drinks, unless for influence and example to his associates. Never takes more than ten dollars for his vote, and says no d—d Whig or Republican can buy it for less than that amount next election. He wrestles with the Lord for a return of Specie to our pockets, that he may once more sing:

“Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.”

Remember Lot's wife and Major Bradley too.

Donations of cast-off clothing.

JACKSON'S WARS.

The great Champion marched side by side with General Jackson through scenes of strife and seas of blood. During seven weary years he laid down his life on many a gory field, frequently perishing from cold and hunger. His obnoxious daring was the theme of praise and indignation throughout the land. Of Jackson's fame the

Major was the chief Corner Stone. When Jackson met him in New Haven in 1833, he pressed him to his bosom, and with tears of blood flowing from his eyes, told the people how he loved him.

Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom,
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the cheerful tomb.

If you want to be an angel give to the major.

GENERAL SCOTT'S WARS.

The mighty major led General Scott's troops to victory against the British and the Indians, wherever the incomprehensible roll of his drum could reach their ears. During these affectionate struggles, the Major often yielded up the ghost to Him who gave it, and walked the elysian fields of the blest. At the Battle of Lundy's Lane, he was mortally wounded, and when the spirit fled, he was laid on the dissecting table for post-mortem examination. Two balls were found in his body which he carries (it is supposed) to this day.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Fits like a new kid glove.

INDIAN WARS.

During King Philip's Wars he was taken captive and kept in a cave for one whole year with nothing to subsist upon but water and his drum. Every day the stirring roll of his drum could be heard. At last the Indians trembled and with fear opened the cave, bowed down and worshipped him. His face shone like the full moon; though persecuted and annihilated, he smiled upon his cringing foes and lifting his palsied hands, said: "My beloved Indian friends, Salvation is free." His heart is full of forgiveness.

"Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move,
Thy hands hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with my love."

Good advice—taken.

BLACK HAWK'S WARS.

In this bloodthirsty conflict, the dauntless Major came to hand-to-hand conflict with the bloodthirsty Tecumseh. He dashed his drum over the head of the savage and would have taken him captive, but instantly being surrounded, after defending himself valorously and stabbing a score of warriors to the heart with his drumsticks, like Marco Bozzaris, "He fell bleeding at every vein." With a smile and a blessing on his lips for his enemies, "The mortal put on immortality," and he was left upon the field, a noble prey for Indians, robbers and turkey buzzards.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, who lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

Whatsoever measure ye mete.

MODOC WAR.

The implacable Modocs would have to this day infested the Lava beds but for the Major's drum.

Soon as the drum began to roll,
Captain Jack prayed "Forgive my soul."
Boston Frank began to parley;
And groans were heard from Bogus Charley;
Bad smelling Shonchin, cold and grim,
Fell on the breast of Shack Nasty Jim;
And the whoops and yells that rent the air
Sounded as if the devil was there.
But when they saw Major, the Indians and squaws
Surrendered at once and offered their paws,
And said: "Our dear Major, pray how do you do?"
Said Major politely: "I'm well, how are you?"
Oh! I love you dear Indians, as well as my life."
Then gave them his blessing and kissed Capt. Jack's
wife.

Come, ye disconsolate, and give the Major a quarter,
and you'll feel better. Many that withhold become poor
cusses.

APPEAL TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The beloved Major is approaching his final dissolution. After suffering crucifixion, dissection, extermination, decay and death. After being beheaded and twice buried on the field of battle, twice drawn in quarters, blown to atoms from the cannon's mouth, and all for our good, *will* the American people prove recreant and ungrateful to this martyr, whose spirit is now whispering to us through the unbiblical depths of the ethereal firmament and whose soul breathes an effluvia of harmonious sweetness to cheer our pathway to the silent tomb.

Decay, thou tenements of dust,
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A noble mansion 'waits the just;
The Major he is on the way.

Church contributions.

PERORATION.

In dropping the curtain on the precious life of Major Bradley, will the citizens of this fair "land of the free" forget to drop a generous donation in the hand of this heroic drummer? Shall we deny him the tribute due from every true American? No! From the depths of ocean rolls up a thundering wave exclaiming: "No!!" Let the mountains respond from the mouths of a thousand volcanoes: "No!!!" Let the winds over every hill-top blow their "Noes!!!" Let every friendly hand

and pulsing heart open with liberal response to the wants of him who has drummed to the dismay of our enemies and the delight and salvation of the human race.

Give and your reward shall be great.

The Major will now take up a collection.

Contributions from old Comrades.

NOTICES OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1st, 1875.

This thrilling volume reviewing the life of our country's *greatest hero*, I have perused with profound satisfaction. It recalls the time when a plow-boy, and in later life, after hauling wood to market some long cold day, I used to sit on the knee of my beloved grandmother and listen to her telling about the tale of this wonderful drummer.

My grandmother loved him;

Reading this book has learned me to love him,

And to remember my grandmother.

“To see him is to love him,

To name is but to praise.”

Love is the golden chain that binds

Two happy hearts together,

And strangely true, it always winds

Them closer in cold weather.

Yours truly,

A. S. S. GRANT.

Gifts of wearing apparel.

Testimonials of great and good men and women continued:

"He drummed for his country."—George Washington.

"He loved the nigger."—Horace Greeley.

"He was temperate."—Mary Perce (colored).

"He was poetical."—Luther G. Riggs (Editor Meriden Literary Recorder).

"He was modest."—Anna Dickinson.

"He was honest."—Benj. F. Butler.

"He was virtuous."—Henry Ward Beecher.

"His country's glory, the Star Spangled Banner of our hopes, the Fourth of July, and Hurrah for the Major."—Tom Collins (ubiquitous).

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Advertised in this work:

Witticisms, by Ed. Lawrence (Non compos).

Precious Truths, by N. Brainard (Prince of Lyres).

Orations on Putty, by Geo. W. Rogers (Windy Orator).

Poems on love, moonlight, twilight, dewdrops, fog, white frost and honey suckle juice. Coming out all the time, by Luther G. Riggs (Editor, Meriden Recorder). Dr. Stephen Bailey's Treatise on Cathartics and Regulation of the Bowels, after reading the aforesaid. All bound in calf. (Author resident of Stag County, near Meriden Driving Park.)

The following localities are strangely not down on Rand & McNally's maps, which must have been an unusual oversight in these otherwise very correct gazetteers. Turkey Range in ancient times included the later principalities enumerated, all of which are now located in the eastern parts of Meriden and Wallingford, in New Haven County, Connecticut.

HISTORY OF TURKEY RANGE.

The ancient history of Turkey Range, which includes the modern kingdoms of Federalsburg, or Blueville, Spruce Gutter, Muckville, Charity Farms, Misery Swamp, Arab Hollow, North Farms, Hog Lane, Wildmare, and Whirlwind.

A. M. 1 to 1,000 years.

Of the early history of Turkey Range, we have no very authentic account, the discovery of the Western Continent by the Eastern Nations not being made until 1492, preceding which date our information is derived entirely from tradition. It seems by old traditions that the Western Continent was peopled as soon as the Eastern, and that man was an inhabitant of both hemispheres at the same time. We are informed by sacred writ that Adam was created in the garden of Eden, doubtless the most lovely spot that the ancients could conceive of; their first parents being introduced to the world. But the contemplation of Eastern Eden should not make us blind to the delights and romances that surrounded the Elysian of the Western world, and upon the best authority that can be gathered we are led

to believe that the Western Paradise must have been within the limits of Turkey Range.

The traditionary account is as follows:

At a remote period of antiquity, the earth was but a small lump of clay upon the planet Saturn. Although this history may seem strange, still we must consider the vast size of Saturn compared with the earth, and the inhabitants of Saturn are more than proportionally large. They could at one stride, step over the Himalaya Mountains as easy as the tallest man of our day would straddle a broomstick. They could walk through the Atlantic and scarcely go in over their shoes; they were so tall, they could use our moon for a lantern, and their voices were heavier than the loudest thunder. They were possessed of such immense strength that they could work cold iron in their hands as easily as our strongest man can work new butter.

Moreover, upon Saturn there lived a race of giants much greater and stronger than the common people heretofore described.

It happened in one of the great cities of Saturn, where the giants lived, they had a gala day, which they devoted to all sorts of sports and games. The hero of the day was Giant Herth, from whom, as tradition shows, our earth took its name. One of their feats was to pull up large trees by taking hold of their tops with their teeth. We can imagine something of the size of these trees when we are told that the Washington Giantea, of California, 500 feet high, were but little plants, which they made herb drinks of for their children.

Another was the jumping over of a high mountain

near the city. The Great Ocean lay in sight of the top of this mountain, although a long ways off, and one giant laid a wager of a hogshead of wine to drink with his supper, that he could jump into it. He made a great spring towards the sea, and, having on a large cloak and a strong wind being in his favor, he was carried into the ocean a thousand miles from land. Having frequently been as far on a pleasure trip, he turned to and swam for the shore, but wind and tide were against him and he was drifted where the water was so shallow that he had to wade. His great weight sank him so deep in the mud that he was unable to get ashore or to be helped out and here he was fed by ships until he died. The saltness of the water preserved him and he soon became a great island, which in future years became much celebrated for its guano.

In the evening the giants held a great feast. This was cooked in the following manner. Near the City of Giants was a great volcano, from the crater of which always poured forth immense flames of fire. This was a great convenience in cold weather for the giants to warm their hands by. For the feast 200 cattle were slain, which, compared in size with ours, would be like comparing whales with pollywogs or elephants with mosquitoes. One hundred giants went up to the feast, each carrying an ox under each arm, which when they arrived at the crater, they stuck upon forks and roasted in the blaze. After they had eaten, they ran around the mountain to shake down their suppers, which was probably the origin of the time honored practice of running around chimneys.

The only mention made of the ladies of Saturn is in this connection, therefore, we are led to believe that the ladies participated in these festivities. The crater of the volcano was fifty miles across, which made a circuit of over 150 miles around. One of the ladies, being hard pressed in the chase, in attempting to dodge, slipped into the crater, but her hoops shutting over the top of the mountain saved her life, and she was rescued by her lover without any injury, but being slightly singed. From the mountain they returned to the city, and drank 500 hogshheads of wine. By this time the giants began to feel quite merry and some felt disposed to quarrel. At last several of them got into a fight. The giants struck each other with great force, oftentimes knocking their opponents' heads entirely off. One giant struck so hard and missing his mark that his fist came off. The contest was so great that showers of blood, bones, brains and hair fell every day or two for several weeks. Thirty giants were killed and many wounded.

But with those that were merry, the time was differently spent. They engaged in displays of fireworks, holding cannon in their mouths and firing them off, and throwing stones at the stars, several of which they hit and knocked them helter-skelter.

Now Giant Herth was an expert marksman. He laid a wager that he could, on the following day, throw a stone so as to extinguish the sun, because he had succeeded in throwing a ball of mud and spattered over one side of the moon. Giant Herth, from whom the earth, no doubt, takes its name, owned great possessions in Saturn and he had gained many of them by perform-

ing some of the greatest exploits ever performed by man.

There was no animal in Saturn that could stand before his mighty strength. The lion that Samson killed would not have been of sufficient strength to have given his head a pleasant scratching. It was supposed by the people of Saturn that the comets were but animals running through the skies and that their sagacity taught them better than to approach too near on Saturn for fear Giant Herth would catch them by their tails. He even flattered himself that he might accomplish this feat some day, but the circumstances which are next related put an end to this fallacy of Giant Herth's.

As before stated Giant Herth laid a wager of one-half of his vast estate that he could blot out the sun, and the next day, after their festivities, he undertook this great adventure. He supposed it to be but a few thousand miles to the sun, not imagining that there could be the great distance that really existed. So when the sun rose in the morning he went up onto a high hill, carrying several large stones and a great ball of mud much larger than that which he threw at the moon. He commenced throwing his stones at this shining mark, but they soon disappeared from sight and did not seem to do any execution. After throwing until his patience was quite gone and fearing that he might lose his wager, he resolved to construct a great sling with which to throw the ball of mud, it being too soft to throw with his hands. So he made a sling and put in his great ball of mud. At the foot of the hill, on which the giant stood, was a village of little people, called Pimps; although shaped like the giants themselves, the giants

would almost need microscopic aid to ascertain their shape. It so happened that two of these little Pimps and their wives, led by curiosity to see the giant, got into the sling and crawled up on the ball of mud on opposite sides of it to get a better view, and being so small, Giant Herth did not see them. All things being ready, he made one more mighty effort and slung the ball of mud, and the little Pimps being on it, went with it. One of these Pimp's name was Adam, whose wife's name was Eve, and the other's name was Edon, in honor of which Adam named his new home, which is now called Eden. The name of the wife of Edon was Morn.

Pimp Edon saw the last scene of which we have any account on Saturn. The conclusion is that Giant Herth in his exertion to hurl the ball burst a blood-vessel and fell down and died on the spot. Pimp Edon from his side of the ball saw him fall down and a large stream of blood gush forth from his mouth and run down the hill, so large that it doubtless drowned all the little Pimps who lived in the valley.

This account we have handed down through tradition from Pimp Edon, as he seems to have been most familiar with the scenes on his native planet. After leaving Saturn, Edon gives a short account of their aerial voyage.

He states that for a time they suffered great privations for want of food. This may account for Adam's eating forbidden fruit, but the ball on which they were travelling had many roots and seeds, peculiar to Saturn, of the smallest kinds, which they had for a long time to subsist on. After a while they found they were

coming near the sun, as they began to feel plainly the warmth imparted by it. They then lived several days in great fear of every moment being dashed against it. But days, weeks and months passed away and still they seemed no nearer and they imagined, as their descendants did for a long time after, that the sun had moved out of its usual place in order to escape the blow intended for it. But from later calculations it is proved that the distance from Saturn to the sun was so great that the ball after leaving the orbit of Saturn digressed from a straight line to the sun some 95,000,000 miles, but the power of gravitation being the same then, as now, it was kept within the sun's orbit, consequently it formed a new system in the material universe. The history of the earth under its new system here commences.

The earth derived its name from Giant Herth. Of the early history of the earth which was peopled by the descendants of Adam and Eve we have a somewhat authentic account, although in fact founded on tradition, as is also the history of the west, which is now to be related.

Pimp Edon sought for a long time to find a suitable place to abide with his companion, or wife, whose name was Morn. At length, in their travels, they came to the top of a high mountain which overlooked the most beautiful country that their eyes had yet seen. By the sun's warmth every seed and root which slept in the earth had come forth again. The beast and birds, which were but the insects of Saturn, seemed to possess new life. On every side wherever they looked they were delighted with the sight of the luxuriant vegetation.

The little streams leaped from the mountain side and ran in every direction as far as the eye could see over the beautiful country. The beasts that had made their pilgrimage with them offered no harm, as they were tamed by the bounties that were here spread on every side. The birds poured forth sweeter melody than had ever before fallen upon mortal ears, and all the new creation seemed to join in one glad anthem of joy.

Edon and Morn now felt that their troubles were near to an end, and with thankful hearts they laid themselves down on the top of the Mountain Besek, which signifies a place of repose. After descending this mountain into the valley on the west they passed over a hill into the beautiful vale where they took up their abode. Here they spent the remainder of their days, tilling the soil, feeding their flocks and multiplying and replenishing the earth. The history and exploits of Edon's and Morn's immediate descendants are mostly lost in antiquity.

The first of their descendants of whom we have any details was Sweepstakes Moulton. This remarkable man flourished about the tenth century. The kings who reigned during this time in Turkey Range were Bohudgeon, Bekadezzar, Bumfuzzar, Peshgazzar, Fuzguzzar, Shamalazzar, Bohuzzar and Shaekolumsquizzar, who reigned successively, all living to a great age. At the death of the last king, a republican government was formed and Moulton was first president. Moulton descended in a straight line from his first parent, Edon.

The generations of Moulton are these:

Edon begat Mush. Mush begat Squash. Squash be-

gat Pumpkin. Pumpkin begat Rootabaga. Rootabaga begat Long John. Long John begat Bullhead. Bullhead begat Poggy. Poggy begat Catfish. Catfish begat Woodchuck. Woodchuck begat Bulldog. Bulldog begat Moulton.

Sweepstakes Moulton was a very mighty man. His father, as his name implies, was a very tough customer. His mother, whose name was Kitty, could whip her husband, and Sweepstakes at the age of only ten years could lick his mother. At twelve he could lift himself in a bushel basket; at fourteen could take himself by the collar and hold himself out at arm's length. When he arrived at his full strength, he could jump across a fourteen-foot ditch with a 40-gallon cask of cider under each arm. He could throw his feet into the air and walk a mile on his little fingers. He was so limber that he could tie a knot in the middle of his body. He could keep his feet in one position and turn his body five times around. His sense of seeing was so sharp he could shoot a bat on the wing the darkest night, and his hearing so nice that he could hear an eelworm crawl in the ground six feet below the surface. Being a great hunter he was the terror of all the beasts and birds of the forest. His manner of obtaining the skins of animals was quite ingenious. Knowing of the fear in which he was held by them, on discovering a company of animals together he would place some of his clothes in a position so as to attract their attention. When they saw or smelled his clothes they would flee for their lives. Moulton would select some place where they would pass and as they went

rushing past in their fright he would catch them by their tails. Their speed would be so great that they would rush out of their skins and run away with their naked carcasses while Moulton would bundle up their pelts and go home.

From Moulton descended Lunnon and the renowned Horton and other noted characters who will be noticed in their proper places. The age of Moulton was distinguished for its wonders in natural history. The animal creation was the most remarkable. The terror of the forests was the savage Catawampus and prowling Bozygurd, each spreading destruction in his path wherever he went. The Swampadag, Guyuscutus, Fuzzyguzzle, Conywiggle, Baumguzzle, Wizzler, Jerrybungle, Ichthyosoggar and mighty Hythumifogon, were the dread of the nations. The conywiggle was noted for its exquisite beauty and agility. His eye was of a diamond brilliancy, he could charm birds like a serpent, his ears were like ears of corn, and his skin the softest that ever was felt. His hair was delicate as that of a mouse. He could jump fifty feet and turn around in the air and strike back where he started from. He could balance himself on the tip of his tail, which was quite long and would be an interesting subject to the student of natural history. He was the most beautiful animal known and could kill and eat a man in a minute. But the king among beasts was the Hythumifogon. This monster caused every living thing to tremble at his approach. His eyes were like the full moon, his head like the Rock of Gibraltar, his body of mountainous proportions, his legs like the cedars of

Lebanon, his teeth like huge pillars of ivory, his skin like thick plates of iron, and his roarings would shake the earth. He could eat the city of New York at a meal and the Croton Reservoir would no more than fill his bladder. His animal food was elephants, alligators, hippopotami and other small game of those times. The baumguzzle was noted for his ferocity. His eyes were like lightning, his roarings like thunder, teeth like broad swords, feet large as a small house, and hide eight inches thick. His hair always stood straight up on his back, and when he was mad it stood straighter. When he growled he would shake the rocks out of their places, jar down houses, dislocate barposts, and shake the bark off the trees for miles around. His tail was two rods long, and a foot and a half through at the butt. His usual diet was upon children that did not attend Sunday school.

The history and habits of the other animals would be highly pleasing and interesting, but they will be passed by for other subjects which require to be noticed.

The sea in earlier times was filled with huge and terrible monsters. They multiplied so rapidly as ultimately to arrive at such numbers that there was nothing for them to subsist upon, and they died from starvation and devouring each other. Whales were so numerous and large as to exclude commerce from the ocean. They could swallow the largest vessels afloat as easily as a turkey can swallow a grasshopper. The names of the most noted of these wonderful creatures was the Gunnerlopion, the Mungwaddle, the Longgobble, the Thungdummer and the Fum.

The last named was supposed to be the largest among them and was never known in the Atlantic Ocean on account of the water being too shallow for him to swim in, and not wide enough for him to turn around. He was, therefore, only to be found in the Pacific, but from their immense size, like the large animals in land, they early became extinct. In the Atlantic were found the Longgobble, Mungwaddle and Gunnerlopion. The Longgobble was a reptile of sea serpent nature. His length was nearly equal to the Atlantic cable, and when full grown was some thirty feet in circumference. He very often became the food of the Fum in the Pacific and the Gunnerlopion in his more accustomed element. The chief embarrassment to these creatures in eating him was his immense length, and usually required many months to swallow and digest him. But his flesh was exceedingly fine and delicate, and when they had him swallowed, he lasted a long time.

The Thungdummer was a very strange creature. In size as large as the Gunnerlopion, and covered with an enormous shell some twenty feet thick and hard as a rock. He was very peaceable in his disposition, and possessed the faculty of burying himself in the bottom of the ocean and boring into the earth under the mainland, often penetrating a long distance from the water. He being covered with sharp pointed scales on the top and sides of his shell, made it difficult for him to turn about sometimes, particularly when following up under the bed of a river and wedging in between hills and rocks, would oftentimes become inbedded in the earth and die. Being in his structure very fat and oily

he is presumed by some to have been the source of the great oil deposits in various parts of the world.

The whales were then as much larger than the modern as the whales of this day are larger than bullheads. The celebrated cave, known as Fingal's Cave in Staffa, is supposed by some to be only the skeleton of one of these antiquated whales.

The feathered creation assumed the same mammoth proportions. There were eagles whose breadth of wing was a thousand feet. They could pick up the Bunker Hill monument in their beak, and the capitol at Washington in their claws and fly off with them. The dry dock at New York would no more than hold one of their eggs. They made their nests in the craters of volcanoes and trusted to the heat of internal fires to hatch them. They fed their young with mastodon and carried them their drink in the half shell of an egg, which in hatching always parted in the middle. Their flight was far beyond the clouds, and the moon was their frequent roosting place.

The Coodooledoo was the most singular of the feathered tribe. His legs were some five hundred feet long, free from feathers their entire length and covered with a bright red skin. His feet were very large, each toe being a hundred feet in length and covered with spurs on the bottom. These were of great service to the ancients to use for harrows. This bird never flew, his only means of escape depending upon his legs. He was very shy and difficult to catch when awake, and the only means of capturing him safely was to chain his legs together while asleep. Unless thus secured, he

was very dangerous, as his bill was very sharp, and when assailed he would peck right through a man in a moment, killing him at once. But as his safety, so was his courage in his legs, and when once he saw they were bound, he would offer no resistance whatever, but hang down his head and submit to his doom. His eyes were very remarkable, being exceedingly clear and brilliant, and possessing the power of reflection equal to the finest mirror, so that a whole landscape could be viewed by looking into his eye, on a grander scale than can be produced by modern cosmoramaic art. The Coodooledoo was said to yield from three to five tons of feathers and his flesh was a great delicacy. His habits in eating were similar to the modern ostrich, and were many times a source of great annoyance. He would eat horses and wagons, anchors, telegraph poles and wires, railroad iron, stone walls, brick houses, rail fences, steeples off from churches, (but not the members) lightning rods, iron fences, steam engines, stone forts and gunboats. From his rapacious habits great pains were taken to destroy him, and when caught, they usually sawed off his legs and let him tumble to the ground.

There were also great bats, or flying dragons, with wings as large as the sails of a ship. They could eat up an elephant at a meal and drink a hogshead of blood. When creatures were asleep or oppressed with heat, these bats could produce so agreeable a coolness with their wings that the sleeping victim would never awaken until he was devoured. They were easily caught themselves when fully gorged with blood, by

cutting out the lining or web of their wings, which deprived them of the means of escape.

There were, likewise, great snakes of prodigious length and prodigious speed. The Skinnyboger was the most remarkable. He was some hundred miles in length, smooth as an eel and shone like a glass bottle from head to tail. He could run as well on his back as on his belly. His tail was pointed sharp as a dagger and hard as steel. He could strike it through a plate of iron two feet thick and run it through a hill a mile in diameter. His breath was so hot as to burn and his venom so powerful as to kill objects within a mile of him. He marked his track with death wherever he went. But luckily, these Skinnybogers were rare and were all exterminated by an ingenious device of making them bite themselves.

There were mosquitoes larger than the largest birds of the present day, with bills as long as an elephant's trunk and possessed of great power. They could suck the blood from a pair of oxen or a dozen men at one meal. Flies were as large as modern geese and turkeys, and lice on hens and children as big as mud turtles.

In fact, it was a mammoth age and everything grew with gigantic proportions. Every hair on a mouse was as large as a broomsplint, and a hummingbird's feathers were large as a goose's wings. Grass grew as large as a canebrake, mayweed as tall as the cedars of Lebanon, whortleberries the size of pumpkins, and babies were born gaints.

In contrast with these gigantic phenomena, Nature always produces the other extreme.

We freely express wonder and surprise at the great things, the mountains, the worlds in space, and all the immensities of creation, but observation of the small side of the scale is quite as remarkable and interesting. An elephant excites curiosity for his bulk and we are naturally led to ask ourselves why he is made so big and cumbersome. But for beauty and ingenuity of mechanism he is simply a monstrosity when compared with a flea or many other specimens still smaller in the world of parasites. This foretold age of wonder abounded as much relatively in Lilliputian specimens as in the Brobdignagian. There were swarms of fairies to be found in all the caves, in the gloomy depths of forests and in cellars of old, abandoned houses, as frequently and plentifully as in any more recent history. They were of different varieties and names, such as Gogles, Gubbers, Shipperals, Kuniphs, Winkets, Kiphs, Fidders, Iffets, Squits, Gumps and Sques.

The larger fairies, such as the Gogles, Gubbers and Shipperals, were very beautiful, having skins like those of one's teeth by which narrow escapes are sometimes made, wore coats like those on a fever coated tongue, pants like a hart's, and shoes tanned in puppy's bark.

They feasted on roasted mice and fried bats with which the caves abounded. Omelets of hummingbird's eggs, served in small acorn bowls with wines from the honeysuckle juice to wash them down, were considered great delicacies.

The Kuniphs, Winkets and Fidders were still smaller

and very difficult to find, as they could change their color to conform to the surroundings like a chameleon. A favorite bill of fare for them was bedbugs on the half shell with pickled mosquito legs and flies' brains, and drinking distilled dew gathered on wild wood flowers. A Sque could crawl through the hair of a mouse and into women's ears, hearing all their thoughts and what news they had gathered in the neighborhood on courtships, marriages and prospective births, and what their general views were of each other.

A Sque could travel through the anatomy of a potato bug as easily as Joshua stopped the Sun to give time to kill a few more heathen by daylight.

They lived on bugs, worms, crickets and grasshoppers, from which habit we may infer they were the progenitors from which has evolved our modern Skunk.

Of all the fairies, the Iffets were the smallest. They subsisted on extracts from flies' wings, condensed breath of infants, some mild kinds of poetry, pollen from butterflies' wings and for a time dieted on miserly people's souls, but losing flesh on this food, they restored their avoirdupois by a tonic soup made from microbes found in the livers of hen lice.

A dewdrop falling on a colony of Iffets would overwhelm them with a flood as disastrous as overtook the hosts of Pharaoh. 'Tis thus we see the extremes of animated nature which existed in this new world of which mankind has remained so long in ignorance.

In conclusion, when asked what we have ever seen much larger or smaller than things enumerated in this history, cannot a safe and truthful reply be *nothing*?

It's often a question that arises, "Why is nature so profuse in the production of the infinitesimal world in size, and so limited in the larger species?" Where one Jumbo is produced countless millions of ants and an endless variety of insects swarm throughout the earth. While elephants and mosquitoes have a slight resemblance it is not easy to believe that either has been evolved from the other. While an elephant has its uses in war, for exhibition and for domestic purposes, performing many feats of labor and as an article of food could afford sustenance to a famishing community, on the other hand, are billions of mosquitoes, not only useless for food, labor or show, but designed merely to suck our blood, annoy our nights and create habits of profanity. A few gigantic sequoia grow in California and eucalyptus in Australia, while the earth is covered by the smaller growth of trees and bushes spring up spontaneously in every hedge row. All the needed and valuable grains and fruits require the utmost care to preserve, while weeds and worthless fruits are next to impossible to exterminate. It is only here and there during centuries and ages that a Washington, a Lincoln, a Euclid, a Raphael, an Angelo, a Copernicus, an Edison, a Mareoni, an Ingersoll is born to dispense light and liberty to the bodies and minds of men, but in all time the world is as lively as an ant hill with every lower strata in society and intellect, with a large percentage of what may be classed as nothing more or less than human vermin. The mammoth specimens we find remains of belong to the remote past of animals, birds and aquatic life, have all had their day and now ex-

cite our curiosity and wonder at their enormous size. While these gigantic freaks of creation have become nearly extinct the world of little things seems to be in a thriving condition. The ancients hunted elephants, Ichthyosaurus, Bozygards, Hythomfogons, Mammoth Swamperdags, lions, tigers, bears and crocodiles. In modern times, the hunt is after heathens, infidels, Quakers, Indians, witches and anybody that differs in religious or political views and any game encroaching upon puritanical or fanatical rights. A hundred years ago this country was the sportsman's paradise for every species of choice game, but now, behold how changed. To the ambition of the hunter little is left. The big and desirable game is gone with the great auk, the bison, the conywiggler, the coodooledoo, wild turkey and pigeon, and their places substituted with the English sparrow, the potato bug, San Jose scale and microbe.

Let us pause for a minute, take breath and think of the days of Giant Herth, of what the earth was in the days of Edon and Morn, of Adam and Eve, when snakes walked upright and women were made of men's ribs, and when vegetables grew without sunlight, when Noah was the proud possessor of the biggest show, and had the earth all to himself and family, when the hythumifogon and bozygard roamed over the hills and plains, and the gunnerlopion and fun looked upon modern whales as mere catfish and pollywogs and the coodooledoo flapped his wings and crowed at daylight on the highest peaks of the Alps and Andes. It seems a proper time to stop and reflect, and seriously ask our-

selves if we are evolving? If so, which way? And at which end of the horn are we coming out?

An episode in the early history of Turkey Range, concerning Timothy Range and Clara F. Hyde, who fell in love:

ADVENTURES OF TIMOTHY RANGE AND
CLARA F. HYDE.

Near the great Besek Mountain, called by some Turkey
Range,

In Connecticut, the wooden nutmeg state,
In much state, I would state, dwelt a couple so strange,
That their story I fain would relate.

Jovial Tim—all the name he was known by in youth—
And Clara, a damsel of beauty;
And a *damn sell* she was, if I tell you the truth,
For to give them their due is my duty.

Clara's juvenile form, I have often been told,
Although trim, was repeatedly trim-med,
And you'd think that her beau must needs be very bold,
But Tim was exceedingly timid.

When Tim first saw Clara his heart felt a shove
From an arrow that could not be parried;
And right square on the spot, Tim's burden of love
For Clara was clearly declar-ed.

Tim bowed to her days, and beaved to her nights,
Until he got fairly bewitched,
And they both were tormented with Love's mosquito
bites,
Till apparently clear that each itched.

Tim's comfort had come, his spirits were light,
This question one day he indited,
"Clara dear, may I ask papa for you to-night?"
She said, 'Yes;" consequence, two united.

Now when they were married, Tim opened a mill,
Where he spent many years and made money;
But ere I forget, in this place I must tell
Of a little affair that seems funny.

Tim had for a long time felt strongly inclined,
Twelve children to have like his cousin,
And Clara, when asked, if it met with her mind,
Said, "It does," and they had just a dozen.

But Tim with his mill, his hands or his wits
Was unable to support such a rabble.
He drank, lost his money, at last packed his kits,
And took "Jordan the hard road to trabble."

The babies, poor things, were dispersed far and wide,
Through the valleys and over the hills;
And sad be the tale, these twelve children all died
At last, with the chilblains and chills.

Poor Clara, her days of adversity saw,
She looked woful wan as she wandered;
And Tim swore his labor on such an old squaw
As Clara, should never be squandered.

But Tim, one cold night, while out late, got elated,
(Such affairs have quite often arisen,)
And it said in a letter the next day Clara dated,
That she found her dear prize in a prison.

Of the bars he had drank at he to her did relate,
But these bars he pronounced very hateful,
And if she'd release him, a great fool, from this grate,
To her he'd forever be grateful.

Tim always had claimed, 'twas enough to be tight,
For titles his ambition ne'er soared,
And when his dear wife called her poor drunken wight
"A hero," Oh! then, Tim he roared.

But the woman she bought out her husband, of course,
With some money she had kept in a bag,
Which left not enough to buy them a horse,
So they bought them an old brindle stag.

Tim took a good horn and then with the help
Of the stag's horns, he got on astraddle,
Then lifted up Clara with a horrible yelp,
But she looked awful sad in the saddle.

They got up their whip and gave it a whisk,
Then took out their bottle and kissed it;
And when they'd have brindle to travel more brisk,
They'd hit him a cut round the brisket.

So Tim rode in the road all over the town,
With his hag and his countenance haggard;
Till the jaunt hurt their joints so that when they got
down
From off the old stag they both staggered.

From the stag they then steered for the tavern nearby,
But before they got into the inn,
They fell into a hot trough that stood near a sty,
Where the landlord kept swine and their kin.

The hogs all came out in a state of surprise,
And rooted and worked them like butter,
And Clara, I cannot well see with my eyes,
Why they didn't gut her right there in the gutter.

They both of them hollered, the man and his wife,
And Clara cried, "Whe" till she wheezed;
And Tim got as high as he could for his life,
And there on his knees, Tim, he sneezed.

What might have befell them cannot now be told,
Miss Fortune had not the rumpus waked her up
In the shape of a Quaker, so feeble and old,
He could scarce stir his foot in a stirrup.

The Quaker on horseback, with a whip in his hand,
Penned the pigs without asking a penny;
But why no one helped him, he could not understand,
As standing about, men were many.

The old man asked Clara her name by and by;
She never so much as replied.
“Is it aught but Clara?” She answered, “O fie!”
So he called her at once Clar-O-fied.

And Tim, when he asked him his name as he might,
Wouldn’t tell him, now isn’t that strange?
The old Quaker guessed it and guessed it right,
He called him bold Tim o’ the Range.

The Quaker and Clara and Tim finally died,
Ending days, shady, shiny, and sonny,
And folks sighed as they laid the old Friend by the side
Of Tim and his Clar-O-fied Honey.

THE END.

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